00023308

NOT TO BE ISSUED
OUT OF THE LIBRARY.

BOMBAY BRANCH
OF THE
ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.
TOWN HALL, BOMBAY.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 18 July, 2018

HEINRICH HEINE

VOL. II.

Shortly will be published,

BY THE SAME AUTHOR,

SECOND EDITION,

ATHENAÏS, OR THE FIRST CRUSADE:

A POEM,

IN SIX CANTOS, IN SPENSERIAN METRE.

Also

QUARTERLY ESSAYS:

A Selection of Essays from the *Edinburgh, Quarterly,* and other *Reviews.*

THE

LIFE, WORK, AND OPINIONS

OF

HEINRICH HEINE

BY

WILLIAM STIGAND

AUTHOR OF 'ATHENAÏS, OR THE FIRST CRUSADE'

23308

IN TWO VOLUMES—VOLUME II.

LONDON
LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.
1875

All rights reserved

23308

LONDON : PRINTED BY
SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE
AND PARLIAMENT STREET

CONTENTS

OF

THE SECOND VOLUME.

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	HEINE IN PARIS	1
II.	HEINE AND FRENCH ART	18
III.	MUSIC AND MUSICAL CRITICISM	30
IV.	ON FRENCH POLITICS IN 1832	66
V.	BÖRNE AND SAINT SIMONIANISM	107
VI.	HEINE AS FRENCH AUTHOR	143
VII.	YOUNG GERMANY AND WOLFGANG MENZEL	169
VIII.	PARIS SOCIETY	203
IX.	MARRIAGE	229
X.	GUIZOT STEERS FOR MAELSTROM	261
XI.	'ATTA TROLL' AND THE TENDENCY POETS	294
XII.	THE FAMILY QUARREL	323
XIII.	LAZARUS IN THE SPIRIT	344
XIV.	LAZARUS IN THE BODY	379

LIFE

OF

HEINRICH HEINE.

CHAPTER I.

HEINE IN PARIS.

And thus Heine was settled at last in the delightful capital of France, the *alma mater elegantiarum* of Modern Europe, where gaiety and grace have for many past ages striven for dominion with the sublime, the tragic, the pathetic, the general *rendezvous* of enthusiasms for the choicest and most sacred interests of humanity—the fairest mural creation of modern civilisation, a capital whose inhabitants bear the greatest resemblance to the Athenians of old—*αἰεὶ βαίνοντες διὰ λαμπρότατον αἴθερα*—a capital in whose fascinating and kindly air kings have longed to resign for ever the trammels of state, and become simple citizens on the boulevards; a capital where the poet and the man of genius of every nation feel invested at once with the *droit de cité*; a capital whose charm grows daily by intercourse, so that, to one who has long sojourned there, existence elsewhere seems dull, and coarse, and insignificant.

Strange indeed is the witchery which the fair city has exercised over the hearts and the imaginations of all indwellers from the days of the Emperor Julian, who regretted

the charms of his 'dear Lutetia' amid the Oriental splendour of Antioch and the imperial grandeur of Rome. In the mediæval times kings flocked to it as to the very head-quarters of that chivalrous spirit which has not ceased in some way to assert itself there even amid the unromantic influences of the inventions of Watt and Stephenson.

No one has better expressed than Montaigne that sempiternal charm of the Parisian capital. 'Paris,' he says, 'a mon cœur dès mon enfance, et m'en est advenu comme des choses excellentes. Plus j'ai vu depuis d'autres villes, plus la beauté de celle-cy plaît et gagne sur mon cœur. Je l'ayme tendrement jusqu'à ses verrues et à ses taches. Je ne suis Français que par cette grande cité—grande en peuples, grande en félicité de son assiette, mais surtout grande et incomparable en variété et diversité de commodités, la gloire de la France et l'une des plus nobles ornaments du monde.'

But why go back to the sixteenth century, and to Montaigne, when an English poetess, in whose verse vibrates some of the noblest accents of our language, has rendered splendid tribute to the beauty and grace of the glorious city:—

So I mused
Up and down, and up and down the terraced streets,
The glittering boulevards, the white colonnades
Of fair fantastic Paris, who wears trees
Like plumes, as if man made them, spire and tower,
As if they had grown by nature, tossing up
Her fountains in the sunshine of the squares,
As if in beauty's game she tossed the dice,
Or blew the silver down-balls of her dreams
To sow futurity with seeds of thought,
And count the passage of her festive hours.
The city swims in verdure beautiful
As Venice on the waters, the sea-swan.
What bosky gardens dropp'd in close-wall'd courts,
What miles of streets that run on after trees,
Still carrying all the necessary shops,
Those open caskets with the jewels seen!

And trade is art, and art philosophy
In Paris. There's a silk, for instance, there
As worth an artist's study for the folds
As that bronze opposite! Nay, the bronze has faults:
Art's here too artful—conscious as a maid
Who leans to mark her shadow on the wall,
Until she lift a vantage in her step;
Yet art walks forward, and knows where to walk.
The artists also are idealists.
Too absolute for nature, logical
To austerity in the application of
The special theory—not a soul content
To paint a crooked pollard and an ass,
As the English will, because they find it so,
And like it somehow.

People are sometimes heard to say that they like Paris but not the French people, as if that very geniality of intercourse, grace of life, and splendour of architecture which give existence an enhanced charm in Paris were not the natural expression and creation of the French nation. No more illogical or more ungrateful sentiment was ever uttered. The character of a people is as thoroughly expressed in the fashion of its cities and its ways of life as in any other form whatever. The great poetess from whom we have above quoted has not failed to take note of our English prejudices in this way:—

The English have a scornful insular way
Of calling the French light. The levity
Is in the judgment only, which yet stands;
For say a foolish thing but oft enough
(And here's the secret of a hundred creeds:
Men get opinions as boys learn to spell,
By reiteration chiefly), the same thing
Shall pass at last for absolutely wise,
And not with fools exclusively. And so
We say the French are light, as if we said
The cat mews, or the milch-cow gives us milk.
Say rather cats are milked and milch-cows mew.

And the poetess, in proud scorn of the dull intellects who keep up the false and vulgar cry about French levity, and with that deep insight with which her clear-eyed passionate poetic nature endued her, adds:—

> And so I'm strong to love this noble France,
> *This poet of the nations*, who dreams on,
> And wails on (while the household goes to wreck)
> For ever after some ideal good,
> Some equal poise of sex, some universal love
> Inviolate, some spontaneous brotherhood,
> Some wealth that leaves none poor and finds none tired,
> Some freedom of the many that respects
> The wisdom of the few. Heroic dreams!
> Sublime, to dream so: natural, to wake:
> May God save France.

Of the political aspects of Paris and of France, and of the wild draughts of freedom which for a while intoxicated the soul of Heine, we shall have occasion subsequently to speak. We will confine ourselves at present to the personal, social, and æsthetic influences exercised on him by the capital.

In his 'Confessions,' published in 1853, he thus describes his entry into the city he was destined to inhabit till his death:—

'In St. Denis I awoke out of a sweet morning sleep, and heard for the first time the cry of the *coucou*-driver (the *coucou* was the Parisian hackney-coach of the time)—"Paris! Paris!" as also the jingle of the vendors of *coco*. Here already one breathes the air of the capital, which is visible in the horizon. An old rascal of a *cicerone* tried to get me to visit the graves of the Kings, but I was not come to France to see dead Kings. I contented myself with hearing the legend of the place narrated to me by that *cicerone*—how, to wit, the wicked heathen king had the head of Saint Denis struck off, and how the latter, with his head in his hand, ran from Paris to St. Denis in order to get buried there, and to have the place called by his name. "When one thinks of

the distance," said my narrator, "one must wonder at the miracle of any one going so far without a head; yet," he added, with a peculiar smile, "dans des cas pareils il n'y a que le premier pas qui coûte." That was worth two francs, and I gave them to him "pour l'amour de Voltaire," whose witty smile I met here for the first time.' (The *mot*, however, is one of Madame du Deffand's, which Heine does not seem to have known.) 'In twenty minutes I was in Paris, and passed through the triumphal arch of the Boulevard St. Denis, which was originally built in honour of Louis XIV., but now served for the celebration of my own entry into Paris. Truly the crowd of well-dressed people surprised me, who were dressed so beautifully, like the pictures of a *Magasin des Modes*. Then I was impressed much with the fact that they all spoke French, which with us is a sign of belonging to the polished world. Here, however, the people are as polished as the nobility with us. The men were all so courteous, and the pretty women all so smiling. If anyone gave me inadvertently a shove without immediately making apology, I might stake any money upon it he was a fellow countryman; and if ever a fair lady had a somewhat sour aspect, she had assuredly either eaten *sauerkraut* or could read "Klopstock" in the original. I found all so amusing, and the heaven was so blue, and the air so amiable and so generous, and, besides all, there still flickered here and there the light of the sun of July. The cheeks of the fair Lutetia were yet red with the flame kisses of the sun, and on her breast the bridal bouquet of flowers was not yet withered. At the street corners the *Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité* were in truth here and there again rubbed off—honeymoons pass away so quickly.

'I immediately set about visiting the *restaurants* to which I was recommended. Their patrons assured me that they would have received me well without letters of recommendation, since I had such an honest and distinguished appearance that it recommended itself. Never would a German clown of a

victualler have said to me anything of the kind. Such a churl thinks he must be silent as to what is agreeable, and that his German frankness obliges him only to say unpleasant things to our face. In the manners and also in the speech of the French there is so much precious flattery, which costs so little and is yet so charitable and comforting. My soul, poor sensitive plant, which, with perpetual dread of the coarseness of my countrymen, had shrunk up so closely, opened itself again to the flattering tones of French urbanity. God has given us tongues wherewith we may say something pleasant to our fellow neighbours.

'I wandered about upon flowers, and roasted ducks flew into my open gaping mouth one after another. How much that was amusing did I see on my arrival! All the notabilities in which the public delighted, and the officialities at which they laughed! The earnest Frenchmen were the most amusing. I saw Arnal, Bouffé, Déjazet, Debureau, Odry, Mademoiselle Georges, and the great *Marmite* in the palace of the *Invalides*. I saw the *Morgue*, the *Académie Française*, where also many unknown corpses are laid out, and finally the necropolis of the Luxembourg, wherein all the mummies of perjury are embalmed in the false oaths which they have sworn to all the dynasties of the French Pharaohs. I saw in the *Jardin des Plantes* the true palace of the apes, the giraffes, the goat with three legs, and the kangaroos, who were very funny. I saw also M. de Lafayette and his white hair: the last, however, I saw separately, since it was set up in a *medaillon* which a pretty woman wore on her neck, while he himself, the hero of both worlds, wore a brown peruke, like all aged Frenchmen.'

An equally lively account of his first impressions of Paris did Heine give in the fragment of a novel called 'Florentine Nights,' published in 1836:—

'Paris delighted me with the cheerfulness which is apparent in all its aspects, and which also exercises its influence on the gloomiest dispositions. Strange! Paris is

the stage where the greatest tragedies in the world have been performed,—tragedies at the remembrance of which, even in most distant lands, hearts tremble and eyes are wet with tears; but it fares with the spectator of these tragedies in Paris as it fared once with me at the Porte Saint Martin, where I saw the *Tour de Nesle* produced on the stage. I was sitting behind a lady who wore a bonnet of pink gauze, and her bonnet was so large that it filled up the whole view of the stage: so I saw all the tragedy on the stage through the pink gauze of the bonnet, and thus all the horrors of the *Tour de Nesle* appeared to me in the most cheerful and most rosy light. Yes, Paris is filled with such a rosy light, which lightens the gloom of all tragedies there for the nearest spectator, in order that his faculty for enjoying life may not be sacrificed. Even the horrors which one brings in one's own heart to Paris lose there their disquieting pangs. Sorrows are wonderfully lightened. In the air of Paris all wounds heal quicker than elsewhere. There is in this air something as high-spirited, as rich in gentleness, and as amiable as in the people itself.

'That which pleased me best in the Parisian people was its polite ways and its distinguished aspect. Sweet pine-apple odour of politeness! how beneficially didst thou console my sick spirit, which had swallowed down in Germany so much tobacco vapour, smell of *sauerkraut*, and vulgarity! Like the melodies of Rossini did the pretty phrases of apology of a Frenchman sound in my ear, who had gently pushed me in the street on the day of my arrival. I was almost frightened at such sweet politeness, I who had been accustomed to boorish German knocks in the ribs without any apology at all. During the first week of my stay in Paris I tried purposely to get pushed in the streets from time to time in order to have the pleasure of being apologised to so musically. But not alone on account of this politeness, but also on account of its language, did I find the French

people to have a certain dash of high-breeding, since the use of the French tongue with us in the north is among the distinguishing attributes of the high nobility, and I had from a childhood associated the speaking of French with the idea of good-breeding. And thus a Parisian *dame de la halle* spoke better French than a German canoness of sixty-four quarterings.

'The French people, on account of this language, which invests them with a distinguished air, possessed in my eyes something most charmingly fabulous. This sprang again out of another reminiscence of my childhood. The first book, in sooth, in which I learnt to read French was the Fables of La Fontaine: the naïve reasonings and fashions of speech of the birds and beasts had stamped themselves ineradicably on my memory, and when I came to Paris and heard French spoken on all sides, I bethought me continually of La Fontaine's fables, and imagined always that I was hearing the well-known cries of the beasts: now the lion spoke, then it was the wolf, then the lamb, the stork, or the dove. Not seldom did I fancy that I heard the fox, and to my memory the words were many times re-called:—

> Eh! bonjour, monsieur du Corbeau:
> Que vous êtes joli! que vous me semblez beau!

'Such reminiscences of fable were awakened in my soul most often when I came into those higher regions which are called the world. This was even that world which had offered to the blessed La Fontaine the types of his animal characters. The winter season began shortly after my arrival in Paris, and I took part in the *salon* life where that world more or less gaily plays its part. That which struck me as most interesting was not so much the equality of fine breeding which one finds there, as the difference of its component parts. Many times when I have observed in a large saloon the people who were collected so peaceably there, I

imagined that I was in one of those curiosity-shops where the relics of all ages rest higgledy-piggledy—a Greek Apollo near a Chinese pagoda, a Mexican Vizleputzli near a Gothic *Ecce Homo*, Egyptian idols with dogs' heads, holy little imps of wood, of ivory, of metal, &c. Here did I see old *mousquetaires* who had once danced with Marie Antoinette, Republicans of the mild kind who had been idolised in the *Assemblée Nationale*, pitiless and immaculate *Montagnards*, old members of the Directory, which was enthroned in the Luxembourg, the dignitaries of the Empire before which all Europe trembled, the ruling Jesuits of the Restoration—in short, just the faded mutilated deities of all ages in whom no one believed any more. Their names clashed with each other on paper, but the men themselves were seen to live peacefully and friendlily together, like the antiquities in the before-mentioned shops on the *Quai Voltaire*. In German countries, where the passions are less held under discipline, a social gathering of such heterogeneous persons would be something quite impossible. Also with us, in the cold north, the need of conversation is not so great as it is in the more genial land of France, where the greatest enemies, when they meet each other in a *salon*, no longer observe a gloomy silence. Also, in France the desire of pleasing is so great that people zealously strive to please not only one's friends, but one's foes. Then comes a constant draping of themselves and play of pretty looks, and the women are terribly put to it to surpass the men in coquetry—but they do it nevertheless.

'In this observation I meant no wicked inuendo, on my life—nothing wicked as respects French ladies, and least of all as respects the ladies of Paris. Of these I am a great adorer, and I honour them yet more on account of their failings than of their virtues. I know nothing more opposite than the legend which declares that the Parisian ladies came into the world with all possible failings, but that a gentle fairy had pity on them and attached a

charm to every one of their failings, whereby each of these became a fresh incentive to love. This gentle fairy is Grace. Are the Parisian ladies pretty? Who can decide upon that? He who can look through all the intrigues of the toilette, he who can decipher whether that is genuine which the *tulle* betrays, or whether that is false where the swelling silken tissue fascinates the eye. And if the eye has managed to pierce through the rind, and we have the idea that we are about to examine the fruit, then this envelopes itself again in a fresh rind, and then again in another, and with this unceasing change of fashion mocks at all male scrutiny. Are their faces beautiful? Even this it were difficult to find out exactly. Since the features of their countenances are in perpetual motion, every *Parisienne* has a thousand faces, each one more smiling, more witty, more divinely sweet than another, and puts the man in confusion who would try to pick out among them the fairest face, or divine its real character. Are their eyes large? How can I tell? We do not scrutinise the size of the cannon's mouth when the balls are flying at our head; and him whom they *do* hit, these eyes, him do they at least blind with their fire, and he is happy enough to place himself in a sure place out of shot-range. Is the space between the nose and mouth large or small? Sometimes it is large, when they shrink their little noses; sometimes it is small, when they curb their upper lips scornfully. Are their mouths great or small? Who can tell where the mouth ends and the smile begins? In order that a correct judgment may be formed, the critic who is to pass judgment, and the subject of the decision, must find themselves in a condition of repose. But who can be in repose in front of a *Parisienne*, and what *Parisienne* is ever in repose? There are people who think they could examine a butterfly accurately if they could stick it through with a needle upon paper. That is as foolish as it is cruel, since even a butterfly pinned through and in repose is no more a

butterfly. The butterfly must be observed as it is hovering round the flowers, and the *Parisienne* must be observed, not in her homely retirement, where she has the needle stuck in her breast, but in the *salon*, in soirées, in balls, as she flutters along with her embroidered wings of gauze and silk under the glittering crystal crowns of joy! Then is revealed in them a palpitating passion for life, a thirst for sweet confusion, a frenzy for intoxication, whereby they are beautified almost awfully, and win a charm which at once delights and agitates the soul.

'This thirst for the enjoyment of life, as though death were about to call them away in the next hour from the bubbling fountain of delight, or as though this fountain was about to be dried up in the next hour—this haste, this rage, this frenzy of the *Parisiennes*, as it is especially to be seen at balls, reminds me of the tales of the dead dancing maidens whom we call the *Willis*. These are, in truth, young brides who have died before the day of their wedding, but have preserved in their hearts the unsatisfied love of dancing, so that they nightly rise up out of their graves and collect themselves by swarms on the country roads, and give themselves up at the midnight hour to the wildest dances. Adorned with their wedding clothes, with crowns of flowers on their heads, with sparkling rings on their pale hands, laughing in a fearful manner, and irresistibly beautiful, the Willis dance in the moonlight, and they dance ever and anon the more deliriously, and the more impetuously, the more they feel that the dancing hour which is permitted them is running to an end, and that they must descend again to the icy coldness of the grave.'

In these accounts of first impressions of Paris there must naturally be some allowance made for hasty conclusions, and especially here, where the Parisian lady seems to be considered as a mere creature of *salons*, and unfitted for domestic life. This is the superficial view of such foreigners as have

but a slight acquaintance with French society; moreover, dull and homely natures find a certain vindictive pleasure in repeating that French women have not the domestic virtues, and are only suited to shine in the flashy brilliancy of *salon* life. The fact, however, is quite the contrary, for French housewives are at once the most thrifty, the most dexterous, and the most elegant housewives in Europe. They have made housekeeping an art in which they are as accomplished as they are in the taste of their dress and their furniture, and in refinements and grace of manner; and a Parisian lady can be as good a woman of business, and even as clever in the management of the *casserole*, as she is in the art of receiving in a *salon*. If there is, however, anything constant in this world, it is that grace and genius never fail to rouse the spite and the enmity of the clownish or the dull; and the oafish in manners as well as in intellect find consolation for their deficiencies in an offensive and thick-skinned moral conceit.

We shall see later that Heine found in the domestic charms and tenderness of a genuine *Parisienne* his chief consolation and support during many years of almost unexampled affliction.

There is yet another passage in one of the letters of correspondence sent by Heine to the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, written in 1832, which is worth quoting:—

'France resembles a garden from which the prettiest flowers have been plucked to make a nosegay, and this nosegay is called Paris. It is true that this nosegay has not such overpowering fragrance as it had in those days of blossoming of July when whole nations were intoxicated with its odour. It is, however, always beautiful enough to glisten in bridal fashion upon the breast of Europe. Paris is not alone the capital of France, but of the whole civilised world: it is the *rendezvous* of all spiritual celebrities. Here is everything collected which is great by love or by hate, by feeling or by

thinking, by science or by understanding, by fortune or by misfortune, in respect of the future or in respect of the past. If one regards the community of famous or celebrated men which are collected together, one must regard Paris as a Pantheon of the Living. A new form of art, a new religion, a new life is brought into being here, and the creators of a new world feel here active and full of joy. The authorities may bear themselves pitifully, but the people are grand, and feel their awfully sublime destiny. The sons would vie with the fathers who have gone down to the grave so gloriously and so holily: mighty days are dawning, and unknown gods would reveal themselves: and at the same time there is everywhere laughing and dancing, everywhere the most cheerful tone of banter prevails, and the lightest of jesting.'

Heine thus appears to have passed the first months of his residence in Paris in a continuous state of rapture—one prolonged honeymoon. He wrote to a friend: 'If anyone asks how I find myself here, say "Like a fish in water," or, rather say that when a fish in the sea asks another how he is, the reply is, "Like Heine in Paris."' Even the commonest things in Paris at first had a charm for him. Indeed, one of the most amusing passages of the 'Confessions' is an account of his visit to the *Grande Chaumière*, where he went after a visit to the Pantheon, which he calls a kind of empty stone balloon, and where he says, he found a long dry Englishman walking about with his 'Paris Guide' in his mouth, and his thumbs in the arm-holes of his waistcoat. After making merry with one of the women guardians of the Pantheon over the aspect of the Englishman, he asked her where were the great men of whom the inscription on the frontal of the building spoke. The woman confessed that the harvest of great men for the present was rather scanty, but for the great men of the future she referred him provisionally to the *Grande Chaumière*, a dancing-garden for the students, well known to old *habitués* of Paris.

'In a few minutes I reached the provisional Pantheon of the future great men of France, which is called the *Grande Chaumière*. It is a name to which apparently republican thought gave a special significance, for *le chaume* (thatch) is the emblem of a frugal and laborious life, and will be the symbol of those proletariates who will destroy the proud palace of aristocratic arrogance in order to erect in its place the hearth of good morals and of virtue, the great "thatched cottage of the people." I stepped into the holy of holies of the establishment which has this symbolic name, and I really had no cause to regret the ten sous which I had to pay at the entrance. I saw there, in fact, the future great men of France upon whose brow already the morning-dawn of their fame threw some resplendence, whose life and more or less glorious achievements will be described by some Plutarch who is yet to be born, or who at the present time is being suckled at the breast of his mother, if indeed he is not being brought up by the bottle. All these people were devoted to the republic, and wore the costume of immutable convictions —namely, a great felt hat, and a waistcoat of virtue *à la Robespierre* widely thrown back, and as white as the conscience of the incorruptible! *Chacun* was there with his *chacune*, and the young Jacobins danced with their gay Jacobinesses. There were there Catos of law and Brutuses of medicine, Sempronias of the needle, and Portias of the jacket and trousers —in short, the bloom of the schools.'

From this humoristic version of Heine's first acquaintance with Paris it will be seen that he plunged, with the usual avidity of the stranger, on his first arrival in the capital, at once in the bubbling effervescing sea of life around him, and rushed into all the rounds of sights and pleasures which the fair city offers to every guest, though he may not have any of those letters of introduction with which Heine was plentifully provided. Day by day he sauntered unweariedly along the boulevards, and cheered himself with the gay aspect of the passing

crowds, and the tasteful and brilliant displays of bronze, marble, jewels, costly silks and gossamer tissues in the shop windows. He was too often to be seen sauntering in the afternoon up and down the *Passage des Panoramas*, exchanging glances with the laughing Hortenses, Léonies, Dianes, and Angéliques of the *Neue Gedichte*, who never failed to be tripping along there. He visited the cathedrals, churches, historical monuments, and picture-galleries: he 'saw the exhibition of corpses,' he says, 'at the *Morgue*, and that other one too at the *Académie Française*,' which he calls a nursery for old authors grown children again. He saw too the chamber of peers, which he styles the 'Necropolis of the Luxembourg,' wherein he found 'all the mummies of perjury embalmed with the false oaths which they had sworn to all the dynasties of the Pharaohs.' And he did not fail to make *queue* night after night at the doors of all the theatres of Paris, one after another, theatres where the poet and the *connoisseur* would meet with such entertainment as could not be rivalled by all the theatres of the whole civilised world put together; and he soon became acquainted with the distinguishing excellences of the splendid graces of Mademoiselle Georges, the tragic passion of Rachel, the dashing vivacity of the immortal Dejazet, and the finished comedy-styles of Arnal and Bouffé, Debureau and Odry.

Indeed, Heine had come just at the right period of time, and at the right moment to enjoy the society and life of Paris. Moreover, his travels in Germany, England, and Italy; his poetic and æsthetic studies; the turn of his mind—all combined to prepare him for appreciating the beauty, the splendour, the art-glories, and the intellectual fascinations of the unrivalled metropolis of European taste. He at once, by means of introductions from Varnhagen and others, found, as we have said, entrance into some of the best *salons* of Paris. One of the *salons* he thus early frequented was that of Lafayette, who, as Heine relates, on his first visit to him, put into his hand at parting the Declaration of the 'Droits de

l'Homme' of 1792; and through his uncle's recommendations the *entrée* was made easy for him into the *salons* of Rothschild, the great *millionaire* banker, whom he got to know, as he said, *famillionairement*, dining even sometimes with the financial Crœsus *tête-à-tête*—a fact astounding to some of the greater as well as lesser notorieties of the financial world. But naturally the literary *salons* had for him a greater charm, and he became soon admitted into the fraternity of the musical world of Paris: and what a world it was at that time! —a world in which Pasta and Malibran, Rossini and Meyerbeer, were the chief stars, around whom crowded hosts of lesser constellations, composed not only of Parisians, but of the chief artistes of every country in Europe, who flocked to Paris as to the metropolis of taste, without whose approving stamp no reputation was valid. In this world the German poet became especially intimate with Rossini and Meyerbeer. Felix Mendelssohn, the friend of his university days at Berlin, he used also to meet constantly at the commencement of his Paris life, and this not only in musical circles, but at the shop of the German booksellers, Heideloff and Campe, in the Rue Vivienne, which was a daily *rendezvous* at that time for travelling Germans of distinction in art and literature. At the same place he met Alexander von Humboldt and the Oriental scholar, Julius Klaproth. Here, too, he encountered Wilhelm von Schlegel, who had now become the silly old coxcomb whom he describes in his 'Confessions,' as already noticed. Besides these circles there was moreover a goodly band of refugees in Paris, of whom Börne was the recognised chief; men who, like himself, had found the political atmosphere of Fatherland dangerous to their constitution; they too had fled from visions of stone cells and fly-broth at Spandau, and had a presentient horror of iron chains on the legs, which gaolers might forget to warm in winter time. Heine, however, from the first instinctively shrank from intimate and frequent contact with these gentry, as will be seen when

we shall consider his relations with the German refugee world at Paris in treating of his famous quarrel with Börne. With his quick capacity for enjoyment, and his sympathetic poetic and artistic nature, he was in no mood for burying himself in dull and dirty haunts, amid the strong smelling pipes of unwashed German conspirators. Operas, theatres, balls, concerts, art-exhibitions, the best society in Paris, invited him, and he had the ever-moving streams of the boulevards to wander in under the bright sunshine. Such company and such scenes he preferred to herding with the envious Cassiuses and hairy unkempt Brutuses of Teutonic breed in the back dens of the faubourg Montmartre.

The impressions of life in Paris at this time, and the contrast he made of it with that of Hamburg, may be gathered from a letter to Varnhagen written at this time:—'I have lately had in Hamburg a most desolate existence. I did not feel myself secure, and since a journey to Paris had for some time dawned upon my spirit, so was I easily persuaded when a great hand beckoned for me considerately. . . . . My deepest sorrow consisted in the fact that I was obliged to leave my little family, and especially my sister's youngest child. And yet duty and prudence advised my departure. I had the choice between laying down my arms completely and a life-long conflict; and I chose the latter, and in truth not in levity of spirit. However, if at last I seized my weapons I was impelled thereto by the arrogance of strangers, by the insolence of pride of birth—*in my cradle lay my line of march marked out for my whole life.* It cannot be worse here for me than in my home and country, where I have nothing before me but struggle and want, and where I cannot sleep in security, and where all the sources of life are poisoned for me. Here, in truth, I am steeped in the whirlpool of events, of the waves of time, of the roaring Revolution; moreover, I now seem wholly made up of phosphorus, and while I am drowning in the wild ocean of humanity I am burning away of my own nature.'

CHAPTER II.

HEINE AND FRENCH ART.

THIS first experience of the charms of the Parisian capital lasted for Heine three months—from the beginning of May till the beginning of August, when he went to Boulogne-sur-mer, to brace his spirits anew with the sea-breezes which he loved so well. On his return to the capital in the autumn he set about completing a series of articles on the Exhibition of French Paintings in the *salon* of 1831, which he had already commenced before leaving Paris for the seaside.

In spite of the tragic and pathetic interest of the political events of the time, Heine could not but feel emotion on making acquaintance with the masterpieces of the great modern French school of the Restoration, whose importance was not even then suspected in Germany, and was even slower to obtain recognition in other parts of Europe. Although Heine, by reason of his acquaintance with Cornelius and the artists of Munich, and by means also of his subsequent travels in Italy, was in a measure prepared for the business of art-critic, yet, as might be expected, his criticism rather turns on the ideal qualities of the pictures of which he treats than on their technical merits. That the poet was impassioned with admiration even to enthusiasm by the aspect of the productions of French artists then to be seen in the Louvre was natural enough, when we learn that Ary Sheffer then for the first time exhibited his 'Faust and Mar-

guerite;' that Eugène Delacroix put forward all his opulence of colour in the 'Revolution of July;' that Paul Delaroche then showed his fine historic faculty of conception in the picture of the dying Richelieu in his barge on the Rhone, trailing behind him his victims Cinq Mars and De Thou, and in that of its contrast, the 'Deathbed of Mazarin,' surrounded by card-playing ladies and frivolous courtiers; and also in the imposing representation of Cromwell gazing on the features of Charles I. in his coffin. Horace Vernet, too, then for the first time exposed to public gaze his grand picture of 'Judith and Holofernes;' the deep, rich, varied, and fertile genius of Décamps was then in its noonday splendour; and the glorious picture of Léopold Robert, 'The Harvesters of the Campagna,' that heroic pastoral of Roman life, was then fresh from the easel, resplendent with Italian sun and colour glowing through the noble lines of classic form. These productions of the chiefs of a school greater than any since the decline of the grand period of Italian art, were accompanied with such a crowd of pictures of lesser merit as must needs have impressed a stranger with the wondrous activity of French artistic nature, and of the universality of taste in the country.

Nevertheless the anxious state of politics all over Europe was such that political considerations were seldom absent from Heine's mind in forming his art-judgments. Delaroche's picture of 'Cromwell and Charles I.' necessarily called up a crowd of comparisons between Charles I. and Louis XVI., between Cromwell and Napoleon, between the wonderful similarity of the cause of the English and French Revolutions, and the quasi-legitimate Royalty in which both had resulted. He has stated in this essay that he intended to give to the world some day the conversation which he had overheard among the spectators in front of Delaroche's picture, and which he describes as being characteristic of the period; and this perhaps he has done in his 'Memoirs.' One only

observation does he chronicle, and this was addressed to him by an Englishman (who may, however, have been an American). This individual, as Heine stood in meditation before the picture, observed in English, 'Don't you think, sir, that the guillotine is a great improvement?'

These art-criticisms are in their way admirable, and contain touches which none but Heine could have introduced; and throughout the whole course of the article the fierce roar of political and revolutionary conflict heard from without breaks in upon the quiet atmosphere of æsthetic repose.

France was yet palpitating with the throes of the revolution of July, hunger was abroad in her streets, cries for reform and shrieks of starved and down-trodden men and women were heard from England, and the announcement that 'order reigned at Warsaw,' told that Poland lay prostrate and bleeding at the feet of her Muscovite despoiler.

The comparison between Delaroche's 'Cromwell' and Leopold Robert's 'Harvesters of the Campagna' is as characteristic of Heine, perhaps, as any other part of the essay:—

'The picture [of Delaroche] hung over the entrance of the long gallery, and close by Robert's equally significant work, speaking at once of consolation and reconcilement to existence. In fact, if the rough warrior form of the Puritan, the terrible reaper with the shorn-off head of a king, stepping forth from the background, agitated the spectator and stirred up in him all political passions, his soul was again tranquillised by the aspect of those other reapers returning home with their fair wheat-sheaves to the harvest-feast of love and peace, and glowing in the purest light of heaven. If we feel in front of one picture that the great duel is not concluded, that the earth yet trembles beneath our feet; if we hear yet the roar of the storm which threatens to whelm the world in ruins; if we see yet before us the yawning abyss which greedily engulphs the streams of blood, so that a ghastly fear of ruin seizes hold of us—yet we see in the other picture how

sure and quiet the earth remains, and ever rich in love brings forth her golden fruits, although the whole world-tragedy of the Roman Empire, with all its gladiators, and its emperors, its crimes, and its elephants, has gone trampling by. When we see in the one picture that story which rolls by so wildly in blood and mire, and often stands still as it were for centuries, and then in a clumsy fashion jumps up in haste, rages this way and that—a story which we call the history of the world; yet we see in the other picture that still larger history which yet finds sufficient room for itself on a waggon with a yoke of buffaloes—a story without a beginning or end, which eternally repeats itself, and is as simple as the sea, the heaven, and the seasons—a holy history which the poet describes, and whose archives are to be found in every human heart—the story of humanity.

'In truth it was a goodly and wholesome thought to have placed Robert's picture side by side with the picture of Delaroche. Sometimes when I had regarded the "Cromwell" for a long time, and lost myself before it wholly in reflection, so that I almost heard his thoughts grievously growled and hissed out in harsh monosyllables in that English fashion of speech which resembles the distant growling of the sea and the screams of birds of the storm; then the quiet magic of the picture close by drew me to it, and it seemed as though I heard the laughing sounds of melody, as though I heard the sweet speech of Toscana chimed forth on Roman lips, and my soul was soothed and exhilarated.

'Alas! much need was there that the dear imperishable melodious history of humanity should comfort our souls amid the discordant clamours of the world's history. I hear at this moment, outside there, more threateningly, more bewilderingly than ever, that discordant clamour, that soul-confusing uproar; the drums are angrily rolling, arms are rattling; the people of Paris, like an excited sea of men, delirious with sorrow and curses, rolls itself through the

streets of Paris, and roars forth "Warsaw is fallen! Our vanguard is fallen! Down with the Ministry! War with Russia! Death to Prussia!" It is difficult to sit quiet at the writing-table, and to finish my poor art correspondence, my peaceable picture-criticisms; and yet, if I go out into the streets, and am recognised as a Prussian, then shall I get my skull driven in by some hero of July, so that all my art-ideas will at once be snuffed out, or I shall get a bayonet-thrust in my left side, where my heart is already bleeding of itself; and perhaps I shall, over and above, get arrested for being a foreigner and a violator of the peace.'

A portentous day, indeed, for Europe was that of the fall of Warsaw, for who can tell what expiations Europe has yet to undergo for having tolerated the partition of Poland, not to speak of the later spoliation of Denmark?

Heine goes on:—'Thoughts and images get confused and dislocated with such a noise. The Goddess of Liberty painted by Delacroix appears to me now with a changed face, almost with anguish in her wild eyes. The picture of the Pope, by Vernet, has a miraculously changed aspect. The old weakly Vicegerent of Christ looks young and sound again, and rises from his seat with a smile, and it seems as though the stout bearers (of his chair) would open their mouths and sing *Te Deum laudamus*. The young English prince sinks to the earth, and in dying looks at me with that well-known friendly look, with that sorrowful cordiality which is peculiar to the Poles. Even the dead Charles I. gets another aspect, and changes suddenly; and if I look closely, it is no king who lies there, but murdered Poland in a black coffin, and before it stands, not Cromwell, but the Czar of Russia, a noble imposing form, quite as magnificent as when I saw him some years ago in Berlin, when he stood near the King of Prussia on the balcony and kissed the hand of the latter. Thirty thousand curious Berliners shouted hurrah, and I thought in my heart, God be merciful to us! I recognised

the old Polish proverb, "The hand which one would cut off one must kiss." Alas! I would that the King of Prussia had then let him kiss his left hand, and had with his own right seized his sword and met the most dangerous foe of our Fatherland as duty and conscience required. These Hohenzollerns have taken upon themselves the province of guardians of the empire in the north; therefore they should also protect its boundaries against the encroachments of Russia. The Russians are a fine people, and I would willingly love and esteem them, but since the fall of Warsaw—the last wall of protection which divided us from them—they have drawn so near to our heart that I am terrified. I am afraid, if the Czar of Russia visits us again, then it will be our turn to kiss his hand. God be merciful to us all! Our last wall of defence has fallen, the Goddess of Freedom grows pale, our friends are beaten down, the great priest of Rome stands erect with a malicious smile, and the victorious aristocracy stands triumphantly by the bier of the people.'

The concluding pages of Heine's essay are interesting as giving us some considerations on the future of art, about the action of politics upon it, and about the necessity of the creation of new forms to correspond to new ideas; but he does not seem very hopeful that such will be created, and his foreboding seems of the same nature with the suggestions of his melancholy picture of the starved, frozen, and exiled muses which we have already given in our preface:—

'If art blooms with greater vigour in Paris than it does anywhere else, yet are we disturbed in our enjoyment of it here at every moment by the rough tumult of life; the sweetest tones of Pasta and Malibran are spoiled for us by the cry of embittered poverty; and the intoxicated heart which has just drunk in with delight the voluptuous colour of Leopold Robert becomes quickly sobered at the sight of public misery. One should in this city be almost as egotistical as Goethe to arrive at an undisturbed enjoyment of art,

and to what a degree art-criticism is made difficult to me, *that* I feel even at this present moment. I was able yesterday to continue writing this report, although I had just come in from the Boulevard where I had seen a man sink down from hunger and distress. But when a whole people falls down at once on the boulevards of Europe, then is it impossible to write further in tranquillity. If the eyes of the critic are wet with tears, his judgment is then of little value. Not without grounds do the artists at this time complain of civil discord and of the general predominance of hostile passions. It is said that painting especially has need of the olive of peace. The hearts which await with anxiety the sound of the war-trumpet can assuredly hardly give attention to the sweet strains of music. The opera is heard with deaf ears, and the ballet is only gaped at without interest. "And for this is the accursed Revolution in fault," sigh the artists; and they swear at freedom and pestilent politics, which engulf everything, so that nobody any longer takes notice of himself.

'As I hear—though I can hardly believe it—theatres cease to be talked about in Berlin, and the "Morning Chronicle," which announced yesterday that the Reform Bill had passed through the Lower House, tells us also that Dr. Raupach (a bad writer of plays) is now in Baden-Baden, and complains of the age, that his artistic talent is ruined by it.

'I am, of course, a great admirer of Dr. Raupach, and never missed seeing his "Schoolboy Jokes," his "Seven Girls in Uniform," &c.; yet I cannot deny that the fall of Warsaw has given me greater pain than I should have experienced from the loss of Dr. Raupach and all his art-talent. O Warsaw, Warsaw! not for a whole forest of Raupachs would I have sacrificed thee!

'My old prophecy of the end of the art-period, which began with the cradle of Goethe and will end with his bier,

seems to be near fulfilment. The present form of art will come to an end: since its principle is rooted still in the old *régime*, in the Holy-Roman-Empire period, which has seen its day. On that account, like all the withered remains of the past, does art now stand in the most unedifying contrast with the present. This contrast, and not the movement of the time itself, is prejudicial to art: on the contrary, this movement of the time must turn out profitable for it, as was formerly the case in Athens, where art unfolded her most glorious blossoms amid the wildest storms of war and faction. Of a truth, those Greek and Florentine artists led no isolated egotistical life of art, with leisurely poetic souls hermetically sealed against the great sorrows and joys of their age. On the contrary, their works were the very dreaming mirrors and images of their time, and they themselves were men whose personality was as various as their productive power. Phidias and Michael Angelo were men of one piece, like their creations; and as these were suitable to their Greek and Catholic temples, so did those artists stand in divine harmony with all around them. They did not separate their art from the politics of the day; they did not work with a miserable private inspiration which stamps itself easily upon any convenient matter. Æschylus has sung the Persians with the same truth with which he fought them at Marathon, and Dante did not write his Divine Comedy as a poet engaged on commission, but as a banished Guelph, and in exile and in stress of war. He did not complain over the downfall of his talent, but over the downfall of freedom.

'In the meantime a new age will also produce a new art, which will be in inspired harmony with itself, which will not need to borrow its symbolism out of the faded past, and which will bring forth a new style of workmanship different from all before it. Till that happens may self-intoxicated subjectivity, individuality free from worldly

restraint, God-free personality, make itself felt with all its living passion, which is however more fruitful than the lifeless *simulacra* of the old forms of art.

'*Or, over and above all, is there to be a sorry termination to art and the world?* That overweening spirituality which yet displays itself in European literature is perhaps a sign of near dissolution, as is the case with men who at the hour of death suddenly become *clairvoyant*, and utter, as their lips grow pale, supernatural revelations. Or will grey Europe grow young again, and is the flickering spirituality of its artists and writers not the marvellous faculty of prevision of the dying, but the shuddering presentiment of a new birth, the spiritual breath of a new spring?

'The exhibition of this year lends with many a picture help to repel that spiritual fear of death, and announces a better promise. The Archbishop of Paris awaits all salvation from the cholera, from death. I expect it from freedom, from life. Therein does our faith differ. I believe that France, out of the heart-depths of its new life, will also breathe forth a new art. This difficult task will also be accomplished by the French,—by the French, by that volatile, fickle people which we so gladly compare with a butterfly.

'But the butterfly is also a symbol of the immortality of the soul, and of its eternal youth!'

But, alas! instead of a new birth of art, the yearly exhibitions of art in France have, as they have elsewhere, been yearly getting worse and worse. It is now forty years since Heine passed this judgment, and the number of new artists even of the second rank is lamentably small, while not one has arisen worthy to compare with the great names of Delacroix, Ingres, Scheffer, Delaroche, and Decamps, whose creations adorned the walls of the Louvre when Heine arrived in Paris. The exhibitions, indeed, degenerated rapidly immediately after 1831, so that Heine at last ceased to notice

them at all. In the report which he gives of the exhibition of 1833, he marvels already at the lamentable falling-off: in fact, with Louis Phillipe, who symbolised well the prosaic mediocrity of the coming generation, already began to set in the age of stock-jobbing, vulgar and often dishonest commercialism and industrialism, and these have gone on ever increasing in prosperity and in absorbing influence—the rule, in fact, of brute rapacious opulence, than which nothing can be more deadly to poetry and romance, and all artistic creation. More clear had this become to Heine in 1843. On looking then along the rows of thousands of mediocre pictures which covered the walls, he endeavoured in vain, he said, to evolve some kind of order of precedence out of the chaos of paintings which were expanded before the eyes—to find therein the thoughts of the time or any leading characteristic which stamped them with a relationship to their age. Such a characteristic, he observes, may be found even in the pictures of Watteau, Boucher, and Vanloo: such a characteristic may be found in the paintings of David, Gerard, Proudhon, and Gericault.

'But,' he asks, 'what will our descendants, when they look at the paintings of the artists of our age, recognise there as bearing the stamp of the time? Through what common peculiarities will these pictures, at first aspect, be recognised as productions bearing the stamp of the time? Has perchance the spirit of the middle classes, of Industrialism, which now pervades the whole social life of France, made itself also so powerful in the arts of design, that every picture of our time bears impressed on it the trade mark of the new supremacy? The Scripture pictures, in which this year's exhibition is so rich, excite in me such a conjecture. There is in the long saloon a picture of "Christ being Scourged," whose chief figure, with its grievous face, resembles exactly a director of an unfortunate joint-stock company, who stands before his shareholders and has to give

them up his accounts: in truth, the shareholders are also to be seen in the picture in the forms of Pharisees and executioners, who are horribly incensed against the *Ecce Homo*, and appear to have lost much money by their shares. The painter is said to have painted the likeness of his uncle, August Leo, in the chief figure. The faces in the historical pictures proper put us in mind of retail shops, 'Change speculations, Mercantilism, and Philistinism. There is a William the Conqueror to be seen on whom you have only to put a bearskin cap and he resembles exactly a National Guard who mounts guard with exemplary zeal, pays his bills of exchange regularly, adores his wife, and deserves the cross of the Legion of Honour. Most of the faces have such a pecuniary, selfish, displeased appearance, which I can only explain by the fact that the living original only thought at his sittings of the money which his portrait would cost, while the painter was continually regretting the time which he must spend over his deplorable mercenary service.'

In fact, it would seem that in the same way as the art of painting gets vulgar, physiognomies take care to keep pace with it in the march of vulgarity; and if the portraits of the present age ever reach posterity in any quantity, they will need no other explanation of the reason of the dearth of poetry and art in our time. The lawyer, the engineer, the contractor, the brewer, the distiller, the money-lender, and the fishmonger may be very honest men, but no force of art could hardly bring them within the domain of the sublime and beautiful, and this the more especially if they become opulent, which is the only chance they have now of making a figure in either a portrait or in that most frightful of artistic horrors—a bust.

We conclude this chapter with a characteristic notice of Horace Vernet and his prodigal activity:—

'Horace Vernet has the reputation with the crowd of being the greatest painter of France, and I would not

altogether contradict this popular view. In any case he is the most natural of French painters, and he excels them all in his fertility of productive power, in his *demoniacal* exuberance, in the eternally blooming rejuvenescence of his creative faculty. Painting is a born gift with him, as spinning is with the silkworm, singing with the bird; and his works appear to be the productions of necessity. He knows no style but nature, and his fertility borders on the ridiculous. A caricature has represented Horace Vernet on a tall horse, with a brush in his hand, riding along a monstrously long outstretched piece of canvas at full gallop: as soon as he arrives at the end of the canvas, the picture is ready. What a crowd of colossal battle-pieces has he painted for Versailles in these last days! In fact, with the exception of Austria and Prussia, no German prince possesses so many soldiers as Horace Vernet has already painted! If the pious tale is true, that in the day of the resurrection every man shall be accompanied by his works to the judgment seat, then will Horace Vernet assuredly be accompanied to the vale of Jehoshaphat by a hundred thousand infantry and cavalry. However terrible may be the judges who sit there to pass judgment on the dead and the living, yet I cannot believe that they will condemn him to eternal fire on account of his picture of "Judah and Thamar," since, firstly, the picture is so excellently painted that even on this account the accused might be acquitted. In the second place, Horace Vernet is a genius, and to genius are things permitted which are forbidden to ordinary sinners. And, finally, the man who comes marching at the head of a score of hundreds of thousands of soldiers, to him will much be forgiven even though he were in reality no genius.'

CHAPTER III.

MUSIC AND MUSICAL CRITICISM.

AVOIDING, then, the office of yearly chronicler of the decline of painting, Heine turned his attention to music. Music, in fact, in the decline of the art of poetry, began from that time to assume that overwhelming dominion over the public taste, which it has maintained up to the present hour—a dominion to which indeed, except during the periods of decline of its sister arts, it never does attain. Heine himself, in chronicling the musical triumphs of his day, did not fail to recognise this truth, and therefore it was somewhat *à contre cœur* that he undertook the office of musical critic at all.

One does not like to seem ungrateful to an art to which all persons who have the ordinary supply of senses, and enjoy ordinary opportunities, are indebted for much exquisite pleasure; however, it argues no lack of appreciation of the work of a Vattel or an Ude to assert that the art of a Vattel or an Ude is not precisely on the same level with that of a Dante or a Michael Angelo;—and music has this at least, in common with cookery, that it begins to affect us by physical modifications, and is in great part a sensual art, and just as the lower forms of cookery are are capable of being appreciated even by animals, so too the lower forms of music are capable of giving pleasure to birds, beasts, and even to reptiles. A *gourmet*, who is nothing else but a *gourmet*, looks with something like indifference on all matters but matters of the *cuisine*; so, too, the exclusive devotees of music, being in the main persons of in-

ferior intelligence and inferior culture, arrogate for music an importance among the arts out of all proportion to its merits or significance. If, too, there is one thing more patent than another with respect to music, it is that its effects upon any given mind vary with the idiosyncrasies of the individual subject. Even a piece of dance-music will be differently interpreted by a dancing bear than it will be by creatures of higher organisation; and persons of high imagination and enthusiasm are presumably capable of being moved to nobler emotions by the strains of Mozart or Beethoven, than are possible in the case of the frivolous and the grovelling. The clown, after drinking champagne, can but feel a clownish exhilaration, while a Schiller has been moved under such excitement to sing the sublimest hymns to the Ideal. And music, like wine, can impart no thought, although it may be an incentive to thought. Music, however, since the days in which Heine began to write, has been ever acquiring a wider and more exclusive empire. The honours which have been paid at times to silly *sopranos* and fatuous *tenors* would have been extravagant if they had been paid to the heroes and redeemers of mankind, not to speak of the prodigal fortunes which a giddy public has poured out at their feet.

The unpoetic English public, so little capable of any enthusiasm at all in æsthetic matters, singularly barren too as the country has been in the way of musical creation, or even in the production of musical artists, has yet outdone all countries in the world, with the exception perhaps of America (where æsthetic taste is at a still lower level), in the strange antics with which they have greeted the success of clever performers. The nation which was styled by Sir Philip Sydney 'the step-mother of poets,' which starved Spenser, did no honour to Shakespeare—in his lifetime at least—let Milton die in solitude and poverty, made an exciseman of Burns, drove Chatterton to suicide, and Byron into exile, which upon the whole of its disinherited sons of genius

expends the generous sum of twelve hundred pounds a year, while it gives to its head church official fifteen thousand, ten thousand to a lawyer, and as much, or nearly as much, to mere solemn *figuranti*, went wild—bishops and all—about Jenny Lind; and the accounts of the brainless frenzy excited by the Swedish Nightingale, which reached Heine across the Channel, represent pretty accurately the extravagance of the Jenny Lind *furore*, and will certainly be registered by the historian as one of the most striking characteristics of the time.

The following notice, written in 1847, which records these strange vagaries of the English public, was singularly enough the last thing in the way of musical criticism which came from his pen:—

'Since Gustavus Adolphus,' he writes, 'of glorious memory, no Swedish reputation has made so much noise in the world as Jenny Lind. The reports which come over to us about this from England border on the incredible. A friend told me of an English cathedral town (Norwich) where all the bells were rung when the Swedish Nightingale made her entry into it; the bishop of the see celebrated the event in a remarkable sermon, delivered in his Anglican episcopal robes, which is not unlike the costume of a *chef de pompes funèbres*. He mounted the pulpit of the cathedral, and greeted the newly arrived singer as a saviour in woman's clothes, as a lady redeemer who had come down from heaven to save by her song our souls from sin, while the older singers were so many demons, who warble us into the avenging fire of Satanas. The Italian *prime donne*, Grisi and Persiani, must now be getting as yellow as canary-birds with envy and vexation, while our fancy, the Swedish Nightingale, flutters from one triumph to another. I say our Jenny Lind, since at the bottom the Swedish Nightingale does not represent little Sweden exclusively—she represents the whole community of the German races, the division of the Cimbri as well as that of the Teutons; she is a German just as much as her nature-

grown, plant-sleepy sisters on the Elbe and the Neckar; she belongs to Germany as, according to the assurance of Franz Horn, Shakespeare also belongs to us, and as in the same way Spinoza, considered in his inner nature, can only be a German. So with pride we say *our* Jenny Lind! Shout in triumph, Uckermark, even thou hast thy share of this new glory! Leap thou, Massman, with thy most joyful *Vaterlandish* leapings, since our Jenny speaks no Romish outlandish jargon, but Gothic, Scandinavian, the most German of German; and thou canst call her thy countrywoman, only thou must wash thyself before thon givest her thy German hand. Yes, Jenny Lind is a German woman; the name Lind suggests the *Linden*, those green cousins of the German oaks; she has no black hair, like those outlandish *prima donnas*; in her blue eyes there is a swimming of northern *gemüth* and moonshine, and her throat is melodious with the purest maidenhood! Thus is it—"*Maidenhood is in her voice*;" so have all the *old spinsters* of London declared; so have declared, with rollings of the eyes, all the prudish ladies and pious gentlemen, the still existing *mauvaise queue* of Richardson, and all Great Britain has *fêted* in Jenny Lind a singing maidenhood, a besung virginity . . . . The chaste feeling of the *prima donna immaculata* reveals itself most livelily in her horror of Paris, the modern Sodom, which she expresses at every opportunity, to the extreme edification of the lady patronesses of morality on that side the Channel. Jenny has most decidedly vowed never to expose her singing virginity to the French public. "This rugged virtue makes me gasp!" would (Schiller's) old Paulet say. Is perchance the legend not without foundation which declares that the nightingale of to-day has been in Paris in former time, and even had her share of the sinful teachings of the Parisian *Conservatoire*, like other singing birds who since then have become very loose finches indeed? Or does Jenny fear that frivolous Parisian criticism which judges

of a singer, not by her morals, but by her voice, and holds the worst immorality to be a want of art? However that may be, our Jenny will not come this way and sing the Frenchmen out of the mire of sin in which they flounder. They remain given over to eternal condemnation.'

This glorification of an art the most sensual and the least intellectual of all, at the expense of the others, of which the Lind *furore* was a culminating example, is viewed with all the more disfavour by the poet and man of culture, since it seems to be a prophetic sign of the extinction of art altogether. The remarks of Heine on this head present us, it is true, with a melancholy view of the future of humanity, but they are not discordant with the conclusions of other thinkers. These remarks are found at the beginning of his article on the Musical Season of 1841:—

'The *salon* [of pictures] this year was but a manifestation of incapacity in all sorts of colours. One must almost be of opinion that the rejuvenescence of the plastic arts of painting and sculpture has come to an end: it was no new spring, but only a sorry old woman's summer. Painting and sculpture, and even architecture, took a new flight immediately after the revolution of July, but their wings were only stitched on externally, and after a forced flight there was a pitiful fall. Only the younger sister-art, music, lifted itself up with original individual power. Has she already reached her summit of glory? Will she keep her place long thereon? Or will she soon again fall down? These are questions which only a later generation can answer. In any case it appears as though in the annals of art our present time will especially be characterised as the age of music. With the gradual spiritualisation of the human race the arts also have progressed in symmetrical step. In the earliest period architecture must necessarily come forward alone, glorifying brute unconscious magnitude in the composition of masses, as was the case with the Egyptians. Later we behold in the Greeks the

florescence of the art of sculpture, and this asserts again an external mastery over matter—the soul chiseled in stone with presentient expressiveness. But the soul found again stone was far too hard for its increasing need of revelation, and it chose colours, variegated shadows, to represent a new and dawning world of love and sorrow. Then arose the great period of painting, which unfolded itself in splendour at the end of the Middle Ages. With the development of the life of consciousness all plastic genius disappears amongst men: at last even the sense of colour, which is attached to decided outlines, fades out, and exalted spirituality, increased abstraction of thought, seizes on tones and tunes to express a lisping transcendentalism, which is perhaps nothing else than the dissolution of the whole material world. Music is perhaps the last word of art, as death is the last word of life.

'I have commenced with this short preface to explain why the musical season terrifies more than it delights me. That people here are being simply drowned in music; that in Paris there is not a single house wherein one can take refuge as in an ark against this deluge of sound; that the noble tone-science is overflooding our whole existence—this is for me a very critical sign, and brings upon me sometimes a fit of ill-humour which degenerates into the most morose injustice against our great *maestri* and *dilettanti*.'

It will be as well here to conclude our notice of Heine's relations to music, and of his musical criticisms—to get rid, once for all, of a distressing subject. If Heine expressed himself at times somewhat ungraciously about music, something must be allowed to the delicacy of nerves of a man who, as we have seen, was, when he was staying with a friend, obliged to ask to have the clocks stopped in the next room to the one in which he passed the night in order that he might get to sleep. Again and again he writes piteously of the pianoforte torture to which he was subjected in various residences by

the pitiless activity of busy fingers on neighbouring instruments—a torture which he generally ascribed—in his whimsical imagination perhaps—to 'daughters of *la perfide Albion.*' This torture was horrible enough both from its unavoidable character and its frequent recurrence, but not equal in intensity to the horrors of the so-called musical *soirée*, to which so many have been subjected more or less. And here we speak not of the *soirées* of people of real taste or sentiment, but of such as affect refinement according to their power, and of those to whom music is an affair of fashion and ostentatious conceit. What hours of torture have not unfortunate souls passed in such contingencies, when the fingers of the brazen-faced self-sufficient wandering knight of the piano, the bepetted of wire-nerved heartless conceited women, went dashing with diabolical acrobatic dexterity along the keys of the piano, which then becomes a veritable *mitrailleuse* of horrors, raking, rasping, and shattering all the nerves of existence. The souls of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, in the midst of their fiery furnace, are to be envied in such moments: a furnace of fire is as nothing to a furnace of Philistine sound, intensified by the affected raptures of Philistine men and women.

'Yes,' says Heine, writing of the piano, 'the piano is the instrument of martyrdom whereby the present elegant world is racked and tortured for all its affectations. If only the innocent had not to endure it with them! (Alas! my neighbours next door, two young daughters of Albion, are at this moment practising a brilliant study for *two left* hands.) These sharp rattling tones without a natural "dying fall," these heartless whirring tumults, this archi-prosaic rumbling and tinkling, this *piano-forte* mania, kills all thought and feeling, and we grow stupid, insensible, and imbecile. This hand-over-hand dexterity of the piano, these triumphal processions of piano *virtuosi*, are characteristic of our time, and prove utterly the triumph of mechanic power over the soul.

Technical ability, the precision of an automaton, identification with the wire-strung wooden machine, this sounding instrumentification of humanity, is now lauded and exalted as the highest attainment of man. Like swarms of locusts do these piano-magnates flock every winter to Paris, less for the sake of gaining money than for that of making a name here which shall procure them so much the richer pecuniary harvest elsewhere. Paris serves them as a sort of immense advertisement-board on which their names shall be read in colossal letters.

'The *matadors* of the present season (1843) are Messieurs Sivori and Dreyschock. The first is a fiddler, and as such I rank him above the last—the terrible piano-thrasher. In the case of the violinists, their *virtuosity* is not altogether the result of finger-dexterity and of pure technical skill, as with the piano-players. The violin is an instrument which has almost human caprices, and has, so to speak, sympathetic relations with the mood of the performer. The smallest discomfort, the lightest disturbance of the spirits, a breath of emotion, finds in it an immediate echo, and such may be the case because the violin, pressed close to the breast, participates in the beatings of the heart. This, however, is only the case with artists who really have a heart in the breast which does beat, and also, above all, have a soul. The more prosy and the more heartless the violin-player is, so much the more regular will his execution be, and he can reckon on the obedience of his fiddle-bow at any hour and in every place. But this belauded certainty of execution is only the result of spiritual mediocrity, and the greatest masters especially were those whose faculty of playing not unfrequently depended on outward and inward influences. I have never heard anybody play better, and also at times nobody worse, than Paganini; and the same thing I can say of Ernst. This last, Ernst, who is perhaps the greatest violin-player of our day, resembles Paganini as well in his failings

as in his geniality. Ernst's absence this last winter was much regretted. Signor Sivori was a very poor substitute, yet we heard him with great pleasure. Since he was born in Genoa, and perhaps as a child in the narrow streets of his native town, where everybody must meet everybody, may at some time have met Paganini, people have said that he was a pupil of the latter. No: Paganini never had a pupil, since the best part of what he knew—that which is the highest in art—that can neither be taught nor learned.

'What, however, is the highest in art? That which in all manifestations of life is the highest—the self-conscious freedom of the soul. Not only a piece of music which is composed in the fulness of that consciousness, but even its performance, can be regarded as the highest in art, when there is breathed upon us that wonderful sense of infinity which immediately reveals to us that the *executant* stands on the same level as the *composer*, and that he too is a free man.

'As for Dreyschock, he has earned great praise, and I report truly that public opinion has proclaimed him to be one of the greatest piano-*virtuosi*. He offers a hellish spectacle. Since on the evening of his concert the wind was in the south-west, you might perhaps have heard the mighty clangour he raised in Augsburg: at such a distance its effect is surely agreeable. Here, however, in the Department of the Seine, the drum of one's ears might easily be driven in when this piano-thrasher begins to storm.'

However, that Heine was able to do honour to really great artists on the piano is seen by his notices of Liszt, Thalberg, and Chopin, with each of whom he was intimately acquainted. In 1837, Heine, at the village of Condry, in the neighbourhood of Fontainebleau, wrote a series of brilliant letters for the 'Allgemeine Theater-Révue,' then edited by his friend August Lewald, and published by Cotta, of Augsburg, which letters were translated into French

for the 'Révue Musicale du 19e Siècle,' published in Paris, and re-published again for the *Salon*, and in the collected edition of his works. In speaking of Liszt, who found at last a refuge for his speculative mystical yearnings in the bosom of the Roman church, he says:—

'I need not speak to you of the talent of Liszt: his fame is European. He is indisputably the artist in Paris who finds the most unlimited enthusiasm, as well as the most zealous opponents. It is a characteristic sign that no one speaks of him with indifference. Without positive power can no one in this world excite either favourable or hostile passions. One must possess fire to excite men to hatred as well as to love. That which testifies especially for Liszt is the complete esteem with which even his enemies speak of his personal worth. He is a man of whimsical but noble character, unselfish and without deceit. Especially remarkable are his spiritual proclivities: he has great taste for speculative ideas, and he takes even more interest in the essays of the various schools which occupy themselves with the solution of the great problems of heaven and earth than in his art itself. He was impassioned some time back for the beautiful world-theories of the Saint-Simonian school; later he got deep in the mist of the spiritualistic,or rather vaporistic, thoughts of Ballanche; now he is enthusiastic about the republican catholistic ideas of a Lamennais, who has planted the red cap of the Jacobins on the top of the Cross. Heaven knows in what spiritual stable he will next put up his hobby-horse! It is, however, praiseworthy this indefatigable yearning after light and divinity; it is a proof of his taste for the holy, for the religious. That such a restless brain, which is driven about into confusion by all the aspirations and doctrines of the time, who feels the necessity of troubling himself about all the needs of humanity, and loves to take a sniff at all the pots and pans in which *der liebe Gott* is cooking the future; that Franz Liszt can be no quiet piano player for quiet citizens and

peace-loving nightcaps, is plain enough. When he sits at the piano, and has dashed back his hair again and again over his forehead, and begins to improvise, then not unfrequently does he rage deliriously over the ivory keys, and a wilderness of conceptions rages forth high as heaven itself, between which here and there the sweetest flowers scatter forth their odours, so that one is affected with both anguish and delight —yet with anguish more than delight.

'I confess to you, however much I like Liszt, yet his music makes on my spirit no agreeable impression, and this the more that I am a *Sonntagskind* and see the ghosts which other people only fear; since, as you know, with every tone which the hand strikes on the piano, the corresponding figure of a sound rises at the same time on my fancy—in short, since music becomes visible to my bodily eye, my understanding yet trembles in my head at the remembrance of the concert at which I last heard Liszt play. I was present at the concert for the unfortunate Italian exiles in the hôtel of that fair, lovely, noble, and much-tried princess, the Princess Belgiojoso, who represents so lovelily her corporeal and spiritual Fatherland—Italy and Heaven . . . . . You have without doubt seen her in Paris—that ideal figure which is only the prison wherein the holiest of angel-souls is incarcerated. But this person is so fair that everyone stands before it as though held with magic and wonder. It was at the concert for the benefit of the Italian exiles that I heard Liszt play in the past winter; play I know not what, although I could swear that it was variations of some themes of the apocalypse. At the commencement I could not plainly see them, the four mystic beasts. I heard only their voices, especially the roaring of the lion and the shrieking of the eagle. The ox with the book in its hand I saw quite plainly. The valley of Jehoshaphat, however, was the part he played the best. There were lists as at a tournament, and the nations arose from out their graves, pale as death and trembling, and they

crowded as spectators about the monstrous space. First Satan galloped into the lists, in black coat of mail, on a milk-white steed. Slowly behind rode Death upon his lean horse. At last Christ appeared on a black steed with golden harness, and with his holy lance he smote first Satan to the earth, and then Death afterwards, and the spectators shouted. The most tumultuous applause was aroused by the performance of Liszt, who left the piano exhausted, and bowed before the ladies. Around the lips of the fairest flickered that melancholy sweet smile which reminds us of Italy and makes one dream of heaven.'

Thalberg performed also at the same concert, and Heine takes occasion to remark, on comparing the two players:—

'Yes, it is only needful to compare the musical characters of both to convince oneself that it is as great a proof of malice as it is of narrowness of vision to praise one at the cost of the other. Their technical perfections are then only weighed in the balance, and so far as regards their spiritual character there can be no sharper contrast than the noble, soul-full, intelligent, gentle-humoured, quiet German, yea, Austrian Thalberg, and the wild, storm-lightening, volcanic, heaven-storming Liszt.'

Then of Chopin:—

'It were unjust if on this occasion I neglected to speak of a pianist who is *fêted* the most next to Liszt. This is Chopin, who not only shines as a *virtuoso* by reason of his technical perfection, but also as a composer has reached the highest point. This is a man of the first rank. Chopin is the darling of the chosen few who seek in music for the highest spiritual enjoyments. His fame is of an aristocratic character; he is perfumed by the praises of good society, and he is as distinguished in manner as in appearance.

'Chopin was born of French parents in Poland, and has had a part of his education in Germany. The influences of these nationalities render his personality a very remarkable

phenomenon; he has especially assimilated the best of all which characterises the three peoples. Poland gave him its chivalrous feeling and its historical sorrow; France its light charm, its grace; Germany gave him its romantic depth of feeling. Nature, however, gave him that delicate, slender, somewhat lank form, the noblest of hearts, and genius. Yes, to Chopin must men ascribe genius in the fullest sense of the word. He is not alone a *virtuoso*, he is also a poet; he can bring the poetry forth to view which lives in his soul; he is a tone-poet, and nothing resembles the enjoyment which he procures for us when he sits at the piano and improvises. He is then neither a Pole, nor a Frenchman, nor a German—he betrays then a far higher origin. People observe then that he is a denizen of the country of Mozart, Raphael, Goethe—that his true fatherland is the dream realm of poetry. When he sits at the piano and improvises, then it seems to me as though a fellow-countryman out of the loved poetic home came and related to me the most curious things which have passed there during my absence. Oftentimes I would interrupt him with questions—how fares it with the beautiful water fairy who knew how to wind her silver veil so coquettishly about her green locks? Does the white-bearded god of the sea ever persecute her with his foolish rejected love? Are the roses about our old home still so flamingly proud? Do the trees sing still so fairly in the moonlight?'

In the essay from which we have before quoted the passage which from the increase of musical dilettanteism prognosticates the decline and death of art altogether, Heine has another description of Liszt at his piano, which concludes with some remarkable words about the music of Beethoven, and of the strange calamity which afflicted the great composer:—

'Under these circumstances too cheerful a song of praise is not to be expected of me about the man whom the elegant world, and especially the hysterical lady-world, honour at

this moment with a jubilant expression of frantic enthusiasm, and who in fact is one of the most remarkable representatives of the musical movement. I speak of Franz Liszt, the pianist of genius, whose playing often appears to me as the melodious agony of a spectral world. Yes, Liszt the gifted is again here, and gives concerts which exercise a charm which borders on the fabulous. By his side all piano players, with the exception of Chopin, the Raphael of the pianoforte, are as nothing. In fact, with the exception of this last-named artist alone, are all the other piano players whom we hear this year in countless concerts only piano players; their only merit is the dexterity with which they handle the machine of wood and wire. With Liszt, on the contrary, people think no more about the "difficulty overcome:" the piano disappears, and music is revealed. In this respect has Liszt, since we last heard him, made the most astonishing progress. With this advantage he combines now a repose of manner which we failed to perceive in him formerly. If, for example, he played a storm on the pianoforte, we saw the lightning flicker about his features, his limbs fluttered as with the blasts of a storm, and his long locks of hair dripped as with real showers of rain. Now, when he plays the most violent storm, he still seems exalted above it, like the traveller who stands on the summit of an Alp while the tempest rages in the valley; the clouds lie deep below him, the lightnings curl like snakes at his feet, but his head is uplifted smilingly into the pure æther.

'In spite of all his genius, Liszt encounters the opposition here of severe musicians, who give the laurel to his rival, the imperial Thalberg. Liszt has already given two concerts, at which, contrary to all usage, he played quite alone, without the assistance of other musicians. He is preparing now a third concert for the benefit of the monument of Beethoven. This composer must, in truth, be the one the most in accordance with the taste of Liszt. Especially

has Beethoven advanced the spiritualism of art to that tuneful agony of the world of vision,—to that annihilation of nature which fills us with a terror which I cannot conceal, although my friends shake their heads over it. It seems to me a characteristic circumstance that Beethoven was deaf at the end of his days, so that not even the invisible tone-world had any reality in sound for him. His tones were but reminiscences of a tone—the ghosts of sounds which had died away, and his last productions bore on their brow the ghostly hand of dissolution.'

In one of the series of letters written for Lewald there are some profitable remarks on the value of mere proficiency of execution:—

'The comparison between *virtuosi* usually reposes upon an error which flourished once in poetry, namely, on the so-styled principle of "difficulty overcome." As, however, people have discovered since that time that metrical form has quite another significance than that of being a means of giving proof of the skill of the poet in dealing with words, and that we do not admire a beautiful verse because its production has cost a good deal of trouble; so will people soon see that it is sufficient if a musician can impart, by means of his instrument, all that he has felt or thought, or that another has felt and thought, and that all *virtuosistic tours de force* which give proof of nothing else than of "difficulty overcome," shall be thrown aside as useless husk, and be banished into the domain of jugglery, pun-making, swallowing of swords, egg-dances, and tight-rope dexterity.'

The following reflections on the ephemeral fame of the grandees of the musical world are remarkable:—

'But alas! let us not examine too minutely the homage of which the renowned *virtuosi* make present harvest. For the day of their vain renown is a very brief one, and the hour is already striking in which the Titan of the musical world (*Tonkunst*) shall shrink down to a town musician of

very undersized stature, who in the *café* of his locality recounts to its *habitués*, and assures them upon his honour that once bouquets of flowers, with the fairest of camellias, were hurled at him, and that two Hungarian countesses once flung themselves down to the ground, and fought till they bled for the honour of picking up his pocket-handkerchief! The ephemeral reputation of the *virtuosi* exhales and dies away desolate and trackless, like the flatulence of a camel in the desert.'

Heine touches but slightly on that utterly lost art, the ballet, yet we will not omit to give a sketch from his pen of one, the most perishable of artistic glories :—

'Only of Carlotta Grisi will I speak here, who among the highly respectable artists of the Rue Lepelletier beams forth with most wonderful loveliness, like an orange among potatoes. Next to a fortunate choice of the subject (which was taken from the writings of a German author), it was Carlotta Grisi for the most part who created an unheard-of vogue for the ballet the "Willis." But how splendid is her dance! When one sees her, one forgets that Taglioni is in Russia and Elssler in America; one forgets America and Russia themselves, yea the whole earth, and we float with her forth into the hanging gardens of that kingdom of spirits wherein she rules as queen. Yet she has the character of those spirits of the elements whom we think of as always dancing, and of whose wild fashions of dancing such fabulous stories are told by the people. In the legend of the "Willis" that passion for dancing so mysterious, so frantic, and at the same time so fraught with perdition to man,—a passion peculiar to the spirits of the elements—is also attributed to girls who die in the bridal hour: to the old heathen captivating pleasure-charm of land-fairy and water-fairy stories there were added the melancholy pleasurable awe, the dark sweet horror of mediæval ghost-fancies.'

From the performers of music we turn to the composers,

of whom Heine has handed down to us many sketches; and the future historian of music may glean from his pages many characteristic details of Spontini, Rossini, Meyerbeer, Berlioz, and the leading musical creators of the time.

His description of the grand but rugged genius of Berlioz, who died but a few years back, is a good example of the fancy of the poet applied to the interpretation of the genius of the musician:—

'*À tout seigneur tout honneur.* We begin to-day with Berlioz, whose first concert commenced the musical season, and was regarded, in fact, as its overture. Those pieces, more or less new, which here were set before the public, found due applause, and even the most sluggish spirits were torn along by the might of his genius, which reveals itself in all the creations of the great master. Here was a sweep of wing which betrayed no ordinary singing-bird. There was a colossal nightingale, a philomel of the size of an eagle, such as there may have been in the primæval world. Yes, the music of Berlioz has, in my opinion, a smack of the primæval if not antediluvian world; and it reminds me of races of beasts which have become extinct,—of fabulous kingdoms and their impieties, of impossibilities towered up heaven-high, of Babylon, of the hanging-gardens of Semiramis, of Nineveh, of the miraculous works of Mizraim, as we see them in the pictures of Martin the Englishman. Indeed, if we look round for an anology in the art of painting, we find the most sympathetic similarity between Berlioz and the wild Briton,—the same sense for the monstrous, the gigantic,—for material immensity. With the one the sharpest effects of light and shade, with the other the most crushing system of instrumentation; with the one little melody, with the other little sense of colour; with both little beauty, and no gentleness of humour. Their works are neither classic nor romantic; they remind us neither of Greece nor of the Catholic middle ages; but they transplant us far deeper

back—to the Assyrian, Babylonian, Egyptian period of architecture, to the passion for massiveness, of which it was the expression.'

The picture of Spontini is not an agreeable one. Spontini, the reader will remember, was the all-powerful royal musical director at Berlin in the days of Heine's university life,—the author of the 'Vestale' and 'Hernando Cortez,' works which will endure. He had, however, outlived his productive power and his reputation. He had lost his place as royal director of music at Berlin, and he had transplanted himself to Paris, where he attributed the decline of his musical power and reputation entirely to the intrigues of Meyerbeer, ran about Paris making piteous lamentations, and devising all sorts of ridiculous schemes to procure the downfall of his rival. The sketch of the unfortunate Spontini in the Louvre is most characteristic of the Heinesque vein of humour:—

'Lately some one found Spontini in the upper *salon* of the Louvre, where the Egyptian antiquities are arranged. The knight Spontini stood like a column, with folded arms, almost an hour long, before a big mummy whose splendid gold mask announced a king, a king it seems who is no less an one than that Amenophes under whose government the children of Israel left the land of Egypt. But Spontini broke silence at last, and spoke in the following words to his illustrious mummy: "Unhappy Pharaoh! thou art the guilty author of my misfortune. Hadst thou refused to permit the children of Israel to go forth from the land of Egypt, or hadst thou had them all drowned in the Nile, then had I not been driven out of Berlin by Meyerbeer and Mendelssohn, and I had even remained director of the great opera and of the court concert. Unhappy Pharaoh! weak king of the crocodiles; through thy half-measures has it happened that I now am in the main a ruined man, and that Moses, and Halevy, and Mendelssohn, and Meyerbeer have been victorious!"

Such was the speech of the unfortunate individual, and we cannot refuse him our compassion.'

Heine came to Paris about two years after Rossini had concluded his wonderful career of operatic triumph by the production of 'Guillaume Tell,' and when Meyerbeer was rapidly rising to the zenith of his fame—to the heights on which he produced the 'Huguenots' and the 'Prophet.'

Heine was present at the production of the 'Huguenots,' the immense success of which put a crown to the fame of Meyerbeer. His characterisation of the most striking differences which distinguish the productions of Rossini and Meyerbeer, and his subtle discernment of that relation of either artist to the spirit of the time which produced these differences, could only have been given by a man in whom the poetic and critical faculties were both active and abundant.

Heine was on terms of intimacy with both Rossini and Meyerbeer, and probably the interlocutor in the following anecdote of Rossini was none other than Heine himself:—'The *Académie Royale de Musique*, the so-called grand opera, is, as is well known, in the Rue Lepelletier, nearly in the middle, and opposite Paolo Broggi's restaurant. Broggi is the name of an Italian who once was Rossini's cook. As the latter in the last year came to Paris, he visited the *Trattoria* of his former servant; and after he had dined there he remained awhile standing before the door, looking at the big opera-house, sunk in deep thought. A tear stood in his eye; and as some one asked him why he appeared so sorrowful, the great *maestro* answered that Paolo had prepared for him his favourite dish *Ravioli*, with Parmesan cheese, as well as ever, but he had not been able to get through half his portion, and even this he found oppressive. He who once had the stomach of an ostrich could to-day only take as much as a love-sick turtle-dove.' The old *Spottvogel*, however, as Heine termed the sly jester Rossini, loved mystifying people, and would have

been the last man in the world to confess that the tear in his eye came from any sentimental reminiscences of his former triumph at the Italian Opera. Nevertheless he was a great *amateur* of maccaroni, and a *marchand de comestibles* on the boulevards had an immense respect for him, not on account of his genius as a composer, of which the good tradesman knew nothing, but as the greatest judge of maccaroni. One of Rossini's most pleasant mystifications was played off on Herr Richard Wagner, who about this time came to Paris with the view of initiating the Parisians into the mystery of the music of the future, but found them so occupied with the frivolous music of the present—Rossini, Meyerbeer, Mendelssohn, Auber, &c.—that he betook himself back to Germany. However, he expounded his views to Rossini about the great prospects of the music of the future, and the worthlessness of the music of the past. Rossini listened with a fine smile, and said 'Happy man! happy man! what a career you have before you! I too might have done something had I lived in better times'—a speech which the future author of Lohengrin took as an earnest adhesion to his views.

The letter in which Heine deals simultaneously with Rossini and Meyerbeer, and compares and contrasts their qualities, runs in part as follows:—

'But what is music? This question occupied me yesterday evening, hours long before I went to sleep. There is a quality of wonder in music; I might say music is miracle. She is intermediate between thought and vision; she stands as a sort of shadowy interpreter between spirit and matter; she is related to both, and yet separate from both; she is spirit, but spirit which has need of limitation in time; she is matter, but matter which can dispense with space.

'We know not what music is. But what good music is, that we know; and we know still better what bad music is, since it is of the latter sort that the greatest quantity

reaches our ears. Musical criticism can only base itself on experience, not on synthesis; it can classify musical works by their resemblances, and take in measure the impression which it has brought forth in its totality.

'With such a man as myself Rossini was sure to agree always better than Meyerbeer, and yet at certain times will he enthusiastically do homage to the music of the last, if not wholly abandon himself to it. For on the waves of the music of Rossini the individual joys and sorrows of man, love and hate, tenderness and yearning, jealousy and sulks, balance themselves most pleasantly; all here is but the isolated feeling of the individual. Hence in Rossini's music the predominance of melody, which is ever an immediate expression of individual sentiments, is the characteristic quality. With Meyerbeer, on the contrary, we find that harmony is the ruling power; in the stream of his harmonic masses his melodies die away—yea, they are drowned—just as the special sensations of the individual perish in the general feeling of a whole people; and into this stream of harmony does our soul willingly precipitate itself, if it is affected by the passions and joys of the whole human race, and becomes impassioned for all the great questions of humanity. Meyerbeer's music is more social than individual; the grateful present, which recognises in its music its inner and outer discords, its distinction of sentiments, and its battle of the will, its needs and its hopes, celebrates its own passion and enthusiasm in applauding the mighty *maestro*. Rossini's music was more suited to the time of the restoration, when after stupendous struggles and disenchantments, the feeling of *blasé* humanity for its great common interests must necessarily retire into the background, and the feelings of the *ego* (*Ichheit*) again could step forward into their legitimate rights. Never, never would Rossini, during the time of the Revolution and the Empire, have acquired his great popularity. Robespierre would perhaps have impeached him for

his antipatriotic unrevolutionary melodies, and Napoleon would certainly never have appointed him leader of the bands of the *Grande Armeé*, where he had need of enthusiasm "in the mass." Poor swan of Pesaro! the Gallic cock and the imperial eagle had then perhaps torn thee to pieces, and more suitable for thee had been a quiet lake on whose banks the gentle lilies nodded to thee peacefully, and where thou couldst gently paddle up and down with beauty and loveliness in every motion, than the battle fields of citizen-virtue and of glory.

'The Restoration was the period of triumph of Rossini's life, and even the stars of heaven, which then held their season of rest from their labours, troubled themselves no more about the fate of the peoples, and listened to him with delight. The July Revolution has since then brought forth a great movement in heaven and on earth; stars and men, angels and kings, yes, our dear God Himself—all torn out of their condition of peace—have again much to do—have again a new tune to ordain, and have neither leisure nor sufficient peace of soul to find enchantment in the melodies of private feeling; and only when the great choruses of "Robert le Diable," or of the "Huguenots," groan harmonically, exult harmonically, or sob harmonically, do their hearts groan, exult or sob in enthusiastic unison.

'This is perhaps the final explanation of that unheard-of colossal enthusiasm which the two operas of Meyerbeer have raised throughout the wide world. He is the man of his age, and the age, which always knows how to choose its subjects, has tumultuously raised him on a shield, and proclaimed his dominion, and holds with him her joyful arrival. But it is no comfortable position to be borne in such wise in triumph; through the mischance or clumsiness of one of your shield-bearers you may perchance get a very considerable shaking, if even you do not get very considerable injury; the crowns of flowers which are hurled at your head can at times more

injure than delight you, even if they do not befoul you when they come out of foul hands, and an overweight of laurels can at least give you a very fair amount of perspiration on the forehead. Rossini, when he encounters such a spectacle, generally laughs ironically with his fine Italian lips, and laments then over his bad stomach, which gets daily worse, so that his gastronomic pleasures are quite ruined.

'That is hard for him, for Rossini was ever one of the greatest of *gourmets*. Meyerbeer is just the contrary. He is modesty itself in his outer appearance, as well as in his enjoyments. Only when he has invited friends does one find him with a well-set table. When I once ventured to try with him *la fortune du pot*, I found him sitting over a sorry dish of salt fish, which comprised his whole meal: naturally I found I had already dined.

'Many have asserted that he is avaricious. This is not the case. He is only avaricious in expenditure which touches his own person. Towards other people he is liberality itself, and unfortunate fellow-countrymen of his have taken especial advantage of this and abused it. Beneficence is the family virtue of the Meyerbeer family, and especially so of the mother, to whom I send all I find in need of assistance, and not without results. This lady is the happiest mother upon earth. The fame of her son resounds around her everywhere; wherever she goes, wherever she stays, some scraps of her son's music come fluttering at her ears; everywhere does his glory shine upon her, and even in the opera, where a whole public expresses its enthusiasm for Giacomo in roaring applauses, does the mother-heart quiver in her with delight which we can scarcely divine. In the whole history of the world can I only compare one mother to her, that is the mother of Saint Carlo Boromeo, whose son was canonised in her life time, and who in the cathedral, in the company of thousands of believers, would kneel and adore him.

'Meyerbeer is writing now a new opera (the "Prophet")

for which I am looking forward with the greatest curiosity. The development of this genius is for me the most remarkable spectacle. With interest do I follow the phases of his musical as well as those of his personal life, and observe the reciprocal action of himself and of his European public upon each other. It is ten years ago since I met him in Berlin. I remember that I met him in the society of Dr. Marx, who belonged to a certain musical regency, which during the minority of a certain young genius (Mendelssohn ?), who was regarded as the legitimate successor to the throne of Mozart, gave steady homage to Sebastian Bach. The enthusiasm for Sebastian Bach was not destined merely to fill up that interregnum, but to annihilate the reputation of Rossini, whom the regency feared most, and therefore hated most. Meyerbeer seemed then to be a follower of Rossini, whom the regency feared most, and therefore hated most. Meyerbeer seemed then to be a follower of Rossini, and Dr. Marx treated him with a certain condescension, with an affable mien of superiority, at which I must fain now laugh heartily. His *Rossinismus* was then Meyerbeer's great crime: he was then far off from having the honour of having foes on his own account. He restrained himself prudently from all pretensions, and as I narrated to him with what enthusiasm lately in Italy I had seen his "Crociato" produced, he smiled with playful melancholy, and said, "You compromise yourself if you praise me, the poor Italian, here in Berlin, in the capital of Sebastian Bach."

'Meyerbeer, in fact, had then become altogether an imitator of the Italians. His dissatisfaction with the moist-cold, reason-witty, colourless *Berlinianismus* worked in him early a natural reaction. He dashed off towards Italy, enjoyed life gaily, gave himself up wholly to his private feelings, and composed those precious operas wherein *Rossinismus* is exalted with the sweetest exaggeration; here is the refined gold indeed overgilt, and flowers are perfumed with yet more

powerful odours than their own. That was the happiest time for Meyerbeer; he wrote in the satisfied content of Italian joy of the senses, and in life as in art he plucked the most dainty flowers.

'But this would not suit a German nature long. A certain home-sickness for the severity of his Fatherland was awakened in him while he was reclining under outlandish myrtles; the remembrance crept over him of the mysterious shudderings of German oak forests; even while sweet zephyrs caressingly toyed around him he thought on the dark choral symphonies of the north wind; he felt perhaps something like Madame de Sevigné, who, when she lived near an *orangerie*, and was continually surrounded by the odours of orange-blossoms, at last began to pine for the strong flavour of a healthy manure-cart. In fact, a new reaction took place. Signor Giacomo became suddenly again a German, and drew near to Germany again—not the old dry decrepit Germany of illiberal provinciality (*Spiess-bürgerthum*), but to the young, the magnanimous, the world-free Germany of a new generation who had made the great questions of humanity its own; and these it bears, if not inscribed on its banners, yet so much the more inscribed on its heart.

'Soon after the July Revolution Meyerbeer came before the public with a new work which had sprung out of his heart during the agitation of that revolution. This was "Robert le Diable," the hero who does not know precisely what he wants, who is continually in conflict with himself—a true picture of the moral irresolution of that time; a time which oscillated so painfully and so unquietly between virtue and vice; a time which had bruised itself in its struggles against obstacles, and never possessed enough power to withstand the assaults of Satan. I am in nowise fond of this opera, this masterpiece of faintheartedness; I say faintheartedness, not altogether in regard of its matter, but in that of its execution, since the composer does not trust to his genius, does not

dare to give himself up entirely to its whole inclination, and serves the crowd with trembling instead of fearlessly commanding it. Rightly was Meyerbeer called at that time an anxious genius; he lacked that faith in himself which is fruitful in victory, he displayed fear of public opinion, the smallest blame terrified him; he flattered all the whims of the public, and gave right and left the most zealous *poignées de main*, as though he also recognised the art, the sovereignty of the people, and based his rule on the majority of voices—contrary to Rossini, who, as king by the grace of God, ruled absolutely in the domain of the Tone-art. This anxiety has not yet deserted him in life: he is ever full of care about the opinion of the public; but the success of "Robert le Diable" had a happy effect, so that he was no more overburdened with that anxiety while he worked, but composed with more resolution, while he let the great will of his soul work freely in her creations. And with this extended freedom of the spirit he wrote the "Huguenots," wherein all doubts disappeared; the inner struggle with himself was at an end, and the outer struggle had begun whose colossal proportions throw us into astonishment. First by reason of this work did Meyerbeer win his undying right of citizenship in the eternal city of the soul, in the heavenly Jerusalem of art. In the "Huguenots" Meyerbeer revealed himself without timidity; in intrepid lines he delineated here his whole thought, and all of what was stirring in his breast he dared to speak out in unshackled tones.

'That which distinguishes this work quite especially is the symmetry which is established in it between enthusiasm and artistic perfection, or, to express myself better, the equal altitude which passion and art attain therein. The man and the artist have here entered into rivalry, and if the one tolls the storm-bell of the wildest passions, the other well knows how to glorify the rugged tones of nature so that they attain a concord of most awful sweetness. While the crowd in general are seized with the inner power, with the passion

of the "Huguenots," the artistic connoisseur admires the mastership which reveals itself in its forms. This work is a Gothic cathedral, whose heaven-striving structure of columns and whose colossal tower appear to have been planted by the bold hand of a giant, while the countless tenderly fine festoons, rosettes, and arabesques, spread over it like a stone veil of lace, bear testimony to the unwearied patience of pigmy man! Giant in the conception and moulding of the whole, pigmy in the laborious execution of parts, the master-builder of the "Huguenots" is as incomprehensible as the artificers of those ancient domes. As I lately stood with a friend before the Cathedral of Amiens, and my companion regarded with awe and compassion this monument of rock-towering gigantic power and of the unwearied patient chisel of the pigmy, and asked me how it was that to-day no such works of building power could now be brought to completion, I answered him, "Dear Alphonse, men in those days had convictions; we, the later born, have opinions only, and something more is wanted than mere opinions to build such a Gothic dome."

'That is it. Meyerbeer is a man of conviction. This does not refer especially to the questions of the day and of society, although even in this respect the beliefs of Meyerbeer are better grounded than is the case with other artists. Meyerbeer, whom the princes of this world overwhelm with all possible tokens of honour, has yet a heart in his breast which is impassioned for the holiest interests of humanity, and frankly avows his worship for the heroes of the Revolution. It is a fortunate thing for him that many northern authorities do not understand music, otherwise they would behold in the "Huguenots" someting more than a party-fight between Protestants and Catholics. But then his convictions are not specially political, and still less are they of a religious kind. The special religion of Meyerbeer is the religion of Mozart, Gluck, and Beethoven: it is music; he

believes but in this; only in this belief does he find his happiness, and loves with a conviction which is like the convictions of previous centuries in depth, passion, and duration. Yes! I might say he is the apostle of this religion. With apostolic zeal and impulse, as it were, does he handle all which affects his music. While other artists are delighted when they have created something beautiful—yea, not seldom lose all interest in their work as soon as it is finished—with Meyerbeer, on the contrary, the great pangs of childbirth begin after the delivery; he does not allow himself to be satisfied until the creation of his soul has been revealed in splendour to the rest of the world—until the entire public have been edified by his music—until his opera has poured forth into all hearts the feelings which he desires to preach to the rest of the world—until he has held communion with all humanity. As the apostle, in order to save a single lost soul, spared neither trouble nor pain, so will Meyerbeer, if he finds that any one individual denies the power of his music, follow him up unweariedly until he has converted him; and a single lamb saved from perdition is dearer to him than whole crowds of believers who have ever honoured him with orthodox fidelity.

'Music is the conviction of Meyerbeer, and that is perchance the reason of all those anxieties and worryings which the great master so oft exhibits, and which not seldom beguile a smile from us. He must be seen when he is superintending the study of a new opera; he is then the very spirit of vexation for all musicians and singers, whom he tortures with interminable recitals. Never can he feel quite contented; a single false note in the orchestra is a dagger-stoke to him which he thinks will be his death. This restless spirit persecutes him a long while after an opera has been represented, and received with intoxicating applause. He even then keeps on torturing himself, and I believe he never will be satisfied with himself until some thousands of men who have heard and adored his operas are dead and buried; from these, at

least, has he to fear no falling-off—of these souls is he sure. On the days when his operas are given, dear God Himself can do nothing right for him. If it rains, or is cold, he fears that Mademoiselle Falcon will have a catarrh; if, on the other hand, the evening is clear and warm, he is afraid that the fine weather will entice people into the open air, and the theatre will be empty. Nothing can resemble the painfulness wherewith Meyerbeer, when his music is at last printed, looks after the corrections; this indefatigable longing for improvement during the time of correction has become with Parisian artists a proverb. But one must consider that music is to him precious beyond everything; more precious assuredly than his life. When the cholera began to rage in Paris I adjured Meyerbeer to travel off as quickly as possible, but he had some days' business which he could not defer—he had to arrange with an Italian for the Italian *libretto* of "Robert le Diable."

'Still more than "Robert le Diable" is the "Huguenots" a work of conviction, as well in regard of the material as of the form. As I have already remarked, while the crowd at large is torn along by the subject, the more quiet observer wonders at the astonishing progress in art—at the new forms which appear here. According to the verdict of the most competent judges, all musicians who would in future write for the opera must first study the "Huguenots." In instrumentation Meyerbeer has attained his greatest victories. Never up to this time has been heard such handling of the choruses, which here speak as individuals, and divest themselves of operatic commonplaces. Since "Don Juan" assuredly there has been no greater appearance in the kingdom of the tone-art than that fourth act of the "Huguenots," where, after that terribly shattering scene of the benediction of the swords, of God's blessing invoked on the passion of murder, there comes a *duo*, which still surpasses the previous effect, —a colossal act of daring which we could scarcely think his

anxious genius capable of, but whose success excites as much our delight as our bewilderment. The second act, moreover, is an idyll, which in loveliness and grace is similar to the romantic comedies of Shakespeare, or perhaps still more to the "Aminta" of Tasso. In fact, there lurks a gentle melancholy under the roses of joy which reminds one of the unfortunate court-poet of Ferrara. It is more a yearning for cheerfulness than cheerfulness itself; it is no laugh of the heart, but a smile of the heart,—of a heart which is secretly ailing, and can only dream of happiness. How comes it that an artist from whom from his cradle all the blood-draining cares of life have been driven away—that an artist born in the bosom of wealth, and petted by his whole family, who readily, yea, enthusiastically, made themselves subservient to all his inclinations,—that he who, far more than any mortal artist, seemed destined to happiness,—how comes it that this man has experienced those immense sorrows which sigh and sob to us out of his music? For the artist can never express so powerfully, so harrowingly, that which he has not experienced himself. It is astonishing that the artist whose material needs are contented should have been tried so much the more intolerably with moral tortures! But it is a piece of good fortune for the public which has the sorrow of the artist to thank for its idealistic joys. The artist is that child of whom the popular fable narrates that his tears are pure pearls. Alas! the cruel stepmother, the world, beats its child so much the more pitilessly, that it may have pearl tears in goodly quantity.

'The predominance of harmony in the Meyerbeer creations is perhaps a necessary consequence of his wide culture, embracing the realm of all things intellectual and visible. Treasures were expended on his education, and his spirit was receptive; he was early initiated into all the sciences, and is distinguished thereby from the rest of musicians, whose glaring ignorance is in some measure excusable, since they

lacked ordinarily means and time for acquiring knowledge beyond their own department. That which he acquired became natural in him, and the school of the world gave him the best development; he belongs to that small number of Germans, who must perforce recognise France as the model of all urbanity. Such a height of cultivation was perhaps necessary for a man who would undertake to bring together and reduce to form the material which belongs to the creation of the "Huguenots." But yet it may be a question whether other qualities have not been sacrificed to the breath of conception and clearness of execution of the work. Cultivation destroys in the artist that strong accentuation, that sharp colouring, that originality of thought, that spontaneity of feeling, which we wonder at so much in natures without cultivation and of rugged exterior.

'Cultivation is, in fine, always acquired at great cost, and little Blanca is right. This little daughter of Meyerbeer, now eight years of age, envies the idleness of the small girls and boys whom she sees playing in the streets, and expressed herself as follows:—"What a misfortune that I have genteel parents! I must from morning till evening learn everything by heart, and sit still and behave prettily, while the little untaught children down there can run about the whole day long and amuse themselves."'

The preference given by Heine to Rossini over Meyerbeer, notwithstanding the testimony which he gives in the foregoing essay to his deep appreciation of the magnificent genius of the latter, was to be anticipated from the quality of his own genius, which was rather Greek and Italian than Hebraic and Essenistic, to make use of characteristic terms of his own invention; but if he preferred Rossini to Meyerbeer, *à fortiori* it was necessary also that he should prefer him to Mendelssohn, and that even in the domain of sacred music. That 'Stabat Mater' of Rossini and the 'Paul' of Mendelssohn were both produced in Paris in the year 1841, and the

first executions of both were alike great events in the annals of music. The German poet was present at the first representation of both compositions, and has left recorded for posterity his impressions thereof, in an article which will be treasured among the archives of humanity :—

'The "Stabat Mater" of Rossini was the most imposing event of the past season; its discussion stands yet in the order of the day, and even the criticisms which were made upon the great master from a North German point of view, declare the originality and the depth of his genius. The treatment is too worldly, too sensual, too playful for the spiritual subject; it is too light, too pleasant, too entertaining—such is the grumbling tone of some heavy tedious critics, who, when they do not especially, out of hypocrisy, assume an exaggerated spiritualism, yet at any rate torture themselves into very confused and very erroneous conceptions of sacred music. As with the painters, so with musicians, there is prevalent an entirely false view as to the proper treatment of Christian subjects. The former think that what is truly Christian must be represented with fine-drawn gaunt outlines, and as emaciated and colourless as possible. The drawings of Overbeck are in this respect their ideal. In order to confute this misconception by an example, I call attention to the sacred pictures of the Spanish school; fullness of outline and richness of colour are here predominant, and yet no one will deny that these Spanish pictures breathe the most unaffected Christianity, and their creators were surely not less inspired by faith than the renowned masters who have gone over to Catholicism in Rome in order to be able to paint with fervour drawn from the fountain head. External meagreness and paleness are no sign of the truly Christian art, but a certain inner exaltation which can, neither in painting nor music, be acquired by being baptized anew; and in this way I find that the "Stabat" of Rossini is more truly Christian than "Paul," the

oratorio of Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, which is praised by adversaries of Rossini as a pattern of Christianitiness.

'Heaven preserve me from wishing to utter blame against so meritorious a master as the composer of the "Paul," and least of all would it enter into the head of the writer of these leaves to carp at the Christianity of the above-named oratorio because Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy is a Jew by birth. Yet I cannot omit to notice the fact that at the age at which Herr Mendelssohn had adopted Christianity in Berlin (he was indeed baptized in his thirteenth year) Rossini had already given up church music, and plunged into the secular tide of opera music. Now that he has left this again, and dreamed himself back into the Catholic reminiscences of his youth—into the days in which he sang as a boy in the choir of the cathedral of Pesaro, or performed as an acolyte at the mass; now, when the ancient organ tones rushed again into his remembrance, and he seized the pen to write a "Stabat Mater," then truly he had no need to construct on scientific principles the spirit of Christianity, much less to copy slavishly Handel or Sebastian Bach; he needed only to call up in his spirit the earliest sounds of his childhood, and strange! however earnestly, however sorrow-deep they resounded, however vehemently they sigh forth and bleed forth that which is mightiest, yet they retain something childish, and remind one of the representation of the Passion by the children whom I saw at Cette. Truly I was constrained to think involuntarily of this little pious mimicry the first time that I was present at the execution of the "Stabat" of Rossini; the monstrous, sublime *Martyrium* was here represented in the most naïve tones of youth; the fearful cries of the *Mater Dolorosa* resounded but as from the innocent small throats of maidens; the wings of the *amoretti* of grace rustled close to the veils of the darkest mourning; the horrors of the death on the cross were softened by the gentle play of shepherds; and a feeling of infinity waved round and enveloped the whole, like the blue heaven which

showered its splendour down on the procession of Cette, and like the blue sea, by whose margin they passed along with chants and bells! That is the eternal graciousness of Rossini; his unwearied mildness, which no *impresario* and no *marchand de musique* can, not only not ruin, but not even disturb. Whatever vile, whatever cunning, crafty treatment he has met with in his life, yet we find in his musical productions not a trace of gall. Like that fountain, Arethusa, which preserved its original sweetness, although it had passed through the bitter waters of the sea, so also the heart of Rossini retained its melodious loveliness and sweetness, although it had sufficiently tasted of all the cups of wormwood of this world. As I have said, the "Stabat" of the great master was this year the leading musical event. Of its first execution I need not relate anything; the singers were Italians—it is sufficient to say this. The scene of the Italian opera seemed like a forecast of heaven; these holy nightingales sobbed, and the most fashionable tears flowed forth. The directors of *la France musicale* also gave the greatest part of the "Stabat" at their concerts, and, as can be imagined, with immense success. At these concerts, too, we heard the "Paul" of Herr Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, who, by reason of this very contiguity, attracted our attention, and called forth a comparison between himself and Rossini. With the mass of the public this comparison was by no means to the advantage of our young countryman; it was as though one compared the Apennines of Italy with the Templower Berg at Berlin. It is said Herr Felix Mendelssohn is coming in person in a few days to Paris. So much is certain, that by means of influential intercession and diplomatic assiduity M. Leon Pillet (the director of the Opera) has arranged that M. Scribe shall prepare a *libretto*, for which Herr Mendelssohn is to compose a great opera. Will our young countryman perform this task successfully? I know not. His artistic endowment is great, yet it has very remarkable limits and defects. I find in the matter of

talent a great similarity between Herr Felix Mendelssohn and Mademoiselle Rachel Felix, the tragic artist. Peculiar to both is a severe, a very serious severeness—a decided, nearly unfortunate, attachment to classic models; the purest, most talented power of calculation, sharpness of understanding, and, in fine, a total want of *naïveté*. Is there, however, in art such a thing as original genius without *naïveté*? Up to now there has been no occurrence of an example of it.'

A symphony of Mendelssohn's, which was brought out in Paris in 1844, gave Heine another occasion for discussing the genius of the composer of 'Songs without Words':—

'Mendelssohn always affords us an opportunity of touching on the highest problems of æsthetics. Especially in this case are we put in mind of the great problem of æsthetics—what is art and what is falsehood? We are astonished in this master at his great talent for form—for that *stylistic* faculty for assimilating what is most extraordinary, at his charmingly beautiful nature, at his fine *lizard-ear*, at his tender sensitive *antennæ*, and at his earnest, I may almost say passionate, indifference. If we seek in a sister art for an analogous appearance, we find it in poetry, and it is called Ludwig Tieck. This master also had a capacity for reproducing that which is excellent both in writing and in reading; he understood also how to manufacture the naïve, and yet he has never composed anything which has subdued the crowd and remained living in their hearts. The gifted Mendelssohn, however, has a fairer chance of creating something permanent, but not in the *domain* where truth and passion are requisite—that is, on the stage. So Ludwig Tieck, in spite of his strong desire, could never accomplish a dramatic work.'

We have thus devoted considerable space to Heine's musical criticisms. The foregoing pages will show with what deep interest and thorough appreciation Heine followed the great musical movement of his time. This movement, in-

deed, appears to have been the last great wave of musical emotion which for a century had given birth to creations which mark an epoch. The age of the creation of the grand opera, which culminated in Rossini and Meyerbeer, may certainly boast of having given a new and exquisite pleasure to mankind. But even here in music it may be said 'Damnosa quid non imminuit dies?' The age of great composers is gone, and even the executive skill required to represent their creations has sadly deteriorated since the disappearance of the great names of Catalani, Persiani, Pasta, Malibran, and Grisi, Rubini, Lablache, Tamburini, and Mario. Even as instrumental musicians, what names are there to compare with those of Liszt, Chopin, Thalberg, Ernst, Sivori, &c., whose triumphs Heine has chronicled? Moreover, the public taste has degenerated lamentably in this as in all matters connected with the stage, and as indeed it has in all things æsthetic.

Notwithstanding, however, the admiration which, it is to be seen, Heine was capable of displaying towards the genius of Meyerbeer—admiration that resulted, as we have seen, in one of the most splendid tributes which was ever paid by the pen of any writer towards a musician—the overwhelming orgies given by fame to the composer, and their duration till his decease, this exclusive *cultus* paid to the lowest of the arts was not likely altogether to be pleasing to the poet. Such a feeling no doubt had considerable influence in the personal relations between Heine and the composer—which, after being cordial and intimate, underwent a great estrangement—an estrangement which led to satirical poems, which ought not to have been written of a man who had been once his friend.

CHAPTER IV.

FRENCH POLITICS IN 1832.

WE have already quoted in our preface the characteristic paragraph of Heine's will, in which he declared that he regarded it as the great mission of his life to labour at a good understanding between France and Germany. In the preceding chapters the reader will have seen the way in which Heine fulfilled the task he had assigned to himself in social and æsthetic matters; but he by no means intended to exclude himself from the domain of politics, and though he appears in the first months of his stay in Paris to have abstained from all political writing, the cry of anguish and indignation which was extorted from all liberal hearts in 1831, by the fall of Warsaw, had, as we have already seen, agitated him to the quick; his cosmopolitan spirit was aroused anew, and at the close of the year he commenced to send off contributions on the state of French affairs to the 'Allgemeine Zeitung.'

The perusal of the political articles contributed by Heine at two different epochs of his life, is not only useful for the understanding of the poet's character and political tendencies, but will also be found, as he flattered himself, of value to the historian. These political articles, called altogether 'Frauzösische Zustände' (French Affairs), consist of two series, the first called 'The Citizen Monarchy in 1832,' and the second, called 'Lutetia,' comprising letters written during the years 1840–43—a period in which the system so

styled of Guizot-corruption was already beginning to make manifest its maleficent fruits. The epochs during which both series were written were both pregnant with interest; during both the passions which exploded in the Revolution of 1848 were fermenting, and the suicidal character of the policy which led to the overthrow of the dynasty of Louis Philippe, was becoming continually more apparent.

That the 'Allgemeine Zeitung' should be chosen by Heine as the medium of publication was naturally the result in part of his previous relations with Cotta, the proprietor of the journal; but he was influenced also thereto by considerations respecting the character and efficiency of the journal, involving those conscientious scruples which are peculiar to the profession of a public writer, but to which the outside world usually give little consideration, and with respect to which it is impossible to lay down any definite rules. These conscientious scruples are all contained in the question which almost every writer in a public journal of any original power has to decide for himself—how far is he justified in modifying the expression of his real convictions and opinions, in order to be able to find utterance in the columns of any particular journal?

It is evident that a writer may have far more influence on public opinion in the way of disseminating his own convictions by writing even in arrear of them in an organ of some reputation which finds circulation among educated people, than by burying his talents in some 'hole and corner' paper, to use Heine's own expression, which may be leading a precarious and rickety existence in obscure quarters. The 'Allgemeine Zeitung,' however dull and ponderous it may appear to English tastes, was at that time, as now, the most respectable, readable, and widely circulated journal in Germany; and Heine clearly had the opportunity in its columns of reaching such a circle of readers as he would be enabled to do by no other form of publication.

In order, however, to take advantage of such opportunity it was necessary to supply the journal with such matter as would be acceptable to the editor in the first place, and not run risk of being suppressed by the Bavarian censor in the second.

Of the considerations which operated thus to modify the character of Heine's correspondence, he has himself given account in a note written in 1834 to one of his articles of correspondence :—

'He who is a political writer must, for the sake of the cause he defends, make many grievous concessions to harsh necessity. There are obscure hole-and-corner papers enough, wherein we could pour out our whole soul with all its firebrands of scorn, but those live on a very needy and uninfluential public, and to write for them would be just the same as if we, like some other great patriots, talked bombast in a beer-shop or a dirty *café*. We conducted ourselves much more sensibly when we moderated our frenzy, and expressed ourselves, if not under a mask, yet with temperate language, in that journal which with justice is called the "Allgemeine Zeitung," "The Universal Journal," and became the instructors of many thousand readers in all parts of the world. The word may in these columns prosper even in spite of lamentable mutilation, and the most indigent suggestion becomes occasionally fertile seed in unknown ground. If this thought had not animated me, I would never truly have inflicted on myself the self-torture of writing for the "Allgemeine Zeitung."'

Other quotations, too, might be made respecting the manipulation which his correspondence necessarily underwent at the hand of his old friend and companion, Dr. Kolb, the editor of the 'Allgemeine Zeitung,' which are really pathetic when considered with regard to the mutual relations of editor and contributor, and to the persecuted condition of the German press,—quotations, however, containing

explanations unintelligible to those incapable of sympathising with the conscientious difficulties of one writing under the conditions to which Heine was compelled to submit, and with the broad cosmopolitan view with which he overlooked the whole field of politics.

For, still more than the character of the journal in which he wrote, and the conditions of the German press, is it necessary to take into consideration the character of the country whose events he undertook to chronicle, and its political situation at that period.

France, as we have seen, possessed always for Heine a charm which attracted his sympathy and affections, and it may be said that the capacity of being so influenced by France has generally been the distinguishing mark of a liberal and refined intellect. Goethe, in the midst of the war of liberation, still preserved his sense of how much of the best part of his cultivation he owed to France, and could, even during the period of the French invasion, get up none of the Berserker wrath and scorn in which the Teutonic nature delights. It was made even a matter of reproach to him that he had written no war-songs against the French, from which imputation he defended himself thus to Eckermann:—'I made love songs when I was in love; how then could I write songs of hate without hate? *Between ourselves, I did not hate the French*, although I thanked God when they went away. How was it possible that I, for whom civilisation and barbarism are things of the first importance, could hate a nation which is the most civilised on the earth, and to which I owe so large a part of my own development? National hatred is a special kind of hatred. *It is always in the lower regions that it is the most energetic and the most ardent.* But there is an altitude at which it vanishes away: one is there, so to speak, above nationalities, and one feels the fortunes and misfortunes of a neighbouring people like one's own. This altitude suited my nature, and long before

this period of my sixtieth year I was quite established in it.'

The English poetess, whose fine lines about Paris we have before quoted, did not fail to feel not only a vivid sympathy with France, but has testified to her belief that she is the most poetic of nations:—

> So I am strong to love this noble France—
> *This poet among nations.*

It is a truism with those who can read history and have any sense for poetry, that the function which France has fulfilled in the generation of those creeds, arts, opinions, and manners which have been the soul of modern civilisation, has been essentially poetic—that is, creative. The services which she performed in the establishment of mediæval Christianity gained for her the title of Eldest Daughter of the Church: feudalism, chivalry, the Crusades, mediæval architecture (misnamed Gothic), modern poetry, as preserved in the essays of the Trouvères and Troubadours, the 'Renaissance,' the type of mediæval monarchy in Saint Louis, the type of the latter monarchy in Louis XIV., the essay to introduce the leading principles of Christianity into the political fabric of nations—the ideas of all these things proceeded from the brain and the heart of France; and all this idealistic travail of centuries evinces the essentially poetic and catholic spirit of the nation.

We recall the words of Mrs. Browning, in which she signalised the mistake we English make in calling the French a frivolous sceptical people. We know, in fact, of no more strange error. They have their sceptic moods it is true, but their sceptic moods have been those of transitory despair, and recoil consequent on the exhaustion produced by some burst of heroism, chivalry, or ideality which has astonished the world,—the natural despondency, in fact, of the enthusiastic, artistic temperament which can for the time see no

outlet for fresh effort, or is too faint for a new attempt. But France is not only the mother of grand and noble ideas of heroic action; she has also ever been and is, as we have said, the *alma mater* of elegance, refinement and polite manners, and of all the lighter graces of civilisation with which she has more or less inoculated every country in Europe—graces which spring from the excessive sociability of her temperament, a nature endowed with quick sympathies and a fine benevolence, and capable of applying the fundamental principles of Christianity, '*Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité,*' to the smallest details of social intercourse.

Among other prejudices which have been fostered of late years against the French nation is that of its being a wilfully revolutionary people,—of being a people who have a love of revolutions for revolutions' sake. This, too, can only be entertained by those who take a superficial view of French history, and confine their observation to the last ninety years. Previously to that time the French were *par excellence* the most loyal and the most royalist nation in Europe, in the same way as in ages of faith they have been the most religious; and even now as to this latter point it may well be doubted whether at the present time there exists in any other country so large a number of people capable of exhibiting so passionate an interest in the dominant religion of the country, or so assiduous in the practice of religious observances.

In spite of the bad auguries which the French people might justly have drawn from the commencement of the reign of Louis XV., never, we suppose, was any monarch since the beginning of time the object of so much prayer and devotion as this monarch during the days when he lay in peril of his life with fever at Metz in 1732, when the churches of Paris were filled day and night with the populace on their knees supplicating before the altars for the recovery of their sovereign. It was then the title of

bien aimé was given to him, a title which became in time to be remembered only with derision and scorn and self-contempt. It took more than a century of execrable tyranny, folly, and vice, to extinguish in the hearts of the French people that devotion, unexampled in history, which they cherished towards the unworthy heirs of Saint Louis. The most reasonable censure that can be passed on the French nation is that they delayed their revolution too long.

As for the crimes of the French Revolution, they may be attributed in great measure to the conspiracy of foreign potentates to put it down—for it is a strange peculiarity in the history of France that hardly any country has had so much to endure from foreign interference. In the same way as the frightful wars of religion which devastated the country for so many years were prolonged by the intrigues and active intervention of Spain, and by those of the Papacy, and of the German powers, so was it the case that the French Revolution was not allowed to have a free and fair development. In fact, it seems that all surrounding nations have a sort of sense that France is the soil on which the great battles of principle are to be fought out: even at the present time, in spite of the tremendous defeats she has undergone, and the affected disdain of the malevolent, her internal proceedings are regarded by foreign observers with more interest than those of any other country in the world. No radical deputy can make a stirring speech in France, no two second-rate journalists can even fight a duel there, without arousing an infinity of officious comment in foreign journals.

Of all the movements which have taken place in France, none perhaps had a more cosmopolitan influence than this revolution of 1830, subsequently to which Heine came to Paris. We have already seen what emotion it excited in the breast of the oppressed German poet on the shores of the Baltic. Hardly ever was revolution more justifiable, and

none was ever conducted, on the part of the people, with greater chivalry, generosity, and moderation.

The people of Paris, headed by the *bourgeoisie*, rose in insurrection in defence of a violated charter, and against an intolerable abuse of power; and after three days' hard fighting found themselves masters of the capital. The royal family had taken to flight, and a provisional government, with Lafayette, the idol of the Parisian populace, at its head, was instituted at the Hôtel de Ville; and there is no question that Lafayette, whose own desire was for a republic, might have disposed at that moment of the government of France. There was, however, at that time living at Neuilly a distant cousin of the fugitive king, a descendant of Louis XIII., himself the heir of revolutionary traditions, being the son of a regicide, and still professing faith in the principles of 1789. It is not our place here to give account of the proceedings which ended by placing the Duke of Orleans on the throne of France. The prince was far too astute a man to commit himself to any intrigues which could be discovered against him during the period of the Restoration; he courted popular favour, however, in his own subtle way, and took care to let it be known that he regarded with no favour the misgovernment of the elder Bourbon, and that he still adhered to the principles of the Revolution. The flight of Charles X. left him free, and by a mingling of affected coyness with crafty dexterity, he managed to get himself seated on the throne of France. The dregs of the corrupt Parliament of Charles X. who still remained in Paris after the flight of the monarch, in order to save the monarchy and prevent the establishment of a republic, offered the crown to Louis Philippe; but the astute prince well knew that the real power of the moment was with the provisional government of the Hôtel de Ville, and with Lafayette. He therefore boldly betook himself to the Hôtel de Ville, and, by a dexterous use of cajolery, completely won over the Republican

Lafayette, whom he assured that what was really necessary for the peace of France was a 'throne surrounded by republican institutions.' There was one fatal defect in Lafayette's character which prevented him from being the Washington of France—he was irresolute, vacillating, and lacked confidence in his own convictions; the *bonhomie* and adroit flattery of the man who was to be called the 'citizen-king' completely won him over—a political *programme* was concocted —the famous *programme de l'Hôtel de Ville*, which was treated as waste paper as soon as ever the revolutionary monarch felt himself strong enough to ignore it. This was for the moment accepted as the basis of the new government on both sides. Lafayette, whose heart was genuine and soul really chivalrous, was completely captivated for the moment: he cried, in a transport of enthusiasm, 'Vous êtes la meilleure des republiques,' and presented the king to the people from the balcony of the Hôtel de Ville. The Parisians had such boundless trust in and admiration for Lafayette at that period that they thought he could not possibly do wrong, and they acclaimed as their monarch the citizen-king with republican institutions.

Later, when it became apparent that Louis Philippe had played an utterly false part in this comedy of the Hôtel de Ville, Lafayette was reproached bitterly by one of his friends for his weakness on this occasion, and the old marquis replied, 'Que voulez-vous, mon ami? à cette époque-là, je le croyais bon et bête.'

The establishment of a republic, however, was in 1830 an impossibility, parties being then ten times more violent than they are now; and the chief accusation to which Louis Philippe is really open is that he was, in his acceptance of the regal dignity thus offered him, neither a faithful member of the House of Bourbon nor a true patriot. If monarchy was to be continued in France and to be a reality, it would have been far better that it should have been continued in the

older branch of the Bourbons; this would have been possible enough if Louis Philippe, instead of eagerly seizing upon the vacant throne, had undertaken a regency in favour of the infant heir of the defeated monarchy. The chief indication of the vast gulf which was opened between the new monarchy and the old was the substitution of the tricolor flag for the white flag of the Bourbons. The tricolor flag had appeared, no one knew how, on one of the towers of Nôtre Dame during the Three Days, and was immediately accepted as the flag of the Restoration; and the adoption of the tricolor flag, associated in the memories of men with the victories and the crimes of the Republic and the Empire, was a sign of a new rupture of continuity in the history of France which has rendered barren all subsequent attempts to restore the legitimate monarchy.

It is curious that just as Heine's residence in England coincided with the duration of the Ministry of Canning, so Heine's entry into France, and the period at which these letters terminate, nearly coincide with the Ministry of Casimir Perier, who may be considered, by force of will and fearless energy, to have placed the monarchy of Louis Philippe on such a basis that it defied the storms of eighteen years, and only then was overthrown by a policy of folly on the part of its ministers, which fully equalled that which upset the monarchy of the Restoration.

The wily king had contrived to rid himself of both Lafitte and Lafayette, to whom he owed his crown; and had with much discernment fixed upon the man who above all others was calculated to reduce to order the discordant elements which were a continual menace to the stability of the new throne, and to the security of the public peace.

How diverse and how implacable these elements were will be seen from Heine's letters, which reflect faithfully in their incoherent judgments the chaotic condition of the public opinion of the day. In these we find how wild and

vehement among the hottest spirits of the time was that passion for a war of political *propaganda* against the most powerful governments of Europe, which, during the greater part of the reign of Louis Philippe, was one of the chief difficulties with which he had to contend. We see here how Republicans and Buonapartists, and how even Republicans and Legitimists, were ready to make common cause in bringing about the overthrow of the new dynasty; and we have proof also of how the whole soil of the country was undermined with secret societies, nursed in the doctrines of Robespierre and Danton and Marat.

The very first letter of Heine's, dated December 28, 1831, gives a vivid impression of the very difficult position of Louis Philippe in this new dignity, and how every motive of his was subjected to criticism by his new subjects, who held him to be their own creation. The poor king could not even lay out flower beds in the gardens of the Tuileries without being suspected of something like an intention to build a new Bastile.

It will be understood that we give only broken extracts of Heine's newspaper correspondence.

* * * * * * *

'It is now a long time since Louis Philippe strolled for the last time, with a round hat and an umbrella under his arm, through the streets of Paris, and played with astute cordiality the part of an honest, sleek *paterfamilias*—a true Jesuit of "tradesmanship," a trading Jesuit. At that time he squeezed the hand of every grocer and artificer, and wore expressly, as they say, an especially dirty rough glove, which he took off and changed for a clean kid glove whenever he ascended into higher regions and visited his noble friends, his banker-ministers, intriguers, and amaranthine lacqueys. When I saw him the last time, he was strolling up and down between the little golden towers, marble vases, and flowers on the roof of the Orleans Gallery. He wore on that occasion a black coat, and on his broad visage there was an expression of

carelessness, which has a ghastly effect when we think of the vertiginous position of the man. Yet people say that his soul is not so careless as his face.

'I believe that Louis Philippe is not a man without some nobility: of a certainty he has no wish for what is bad, and has only the failing of giving in to the ideas of people born of his class, and of misapprehending the especial purpose of his existence. Thereby he is in peril of coming to ruin, since, as Sallust profoundly declares, governments can only maintain themselves by the same principles as those on which they have been founded; so that, for example, a government which has been founded by violence must be maintained by violence and not by cunning, and the reverse maxim is true also. Louis Philippe has forgotten that his government has been founded on the principle of the sovereignty of the people, and under a lamentable illusion he would now maintain it by means of a kind of quasi-legitimacy, by alliance with absolute princes, and by a continuance of the restoration. Thereby it happens that the spirits of the Revolution are alienated from him, and despise even more than they hate him, while they attack him in every form.

'Louis Philippe, who owed his crown to the people and the paving-stones of July, has proved ungrateful, and his falling off is so much the more pitiful, since day by day people acquire more and more the conviction that they allowed themselves to be grossly deceived. Yes, daily there is evident retrogression, and in the same way as they are again setting in order the paving-stones which were used as arms in the days of July, and which since then had remained heaped up in some places, in order that no outward trace of the Revolution may remain, so also will the people be rammed back, like the paving-stones, to their former place on the earth, and trodden down under the feet.

'I forgot above to mention that among the motives which were ascribed to the king when he left the Palais Royal and

went to the Tuileries, there was one reported to the effect that he had only taken the crown in vain show, remaining all the while devoted at heart to his legitimate sovereign, Charles X., whose return he was preparing, and that it was on that account he did not move out of the Tuileries. The Carlists hatched this report, which was absurd enough to find circulation. Now such a report is contradicted by the fact that the son of *Egalité* has at last entered as a conqueror through the triumphal arch of the *Carousel*, and wanders now, with his inexpressive face, and round hat and umbrella, through the historical *salons* of the Tuileries.'

The spirit of republican censoriousness is still more reflected in the next letter, written about three weeks after the former. We see, too, here how the Carlists, as the Legitimists were then called, were coquetting with the Republicans, and ready to join in the establishment of a republic, in the hope of preparing the way for the return of the elder branch of the Bourbons. The sketch, too, which is here given of the public and private life of Lafayette, is interesting as testifying by frequent touches to Heine's personal intimacy with the old veteran. Interesting likewise is the notice of M. Thiers, 'the Goethe of Politics,' and the proof of how, forty years ago, his vigorous intellectual qualities had already won for him a foremost place. It is also curious to observe how Heine, while making himself the echo of republican censure, vigorously repudiates all sympathy with republicanism.

'The "Tribune," the organ of the party which is openly republican, is inexorable towards its royal friends, and preaches daily the Republic. The "National," the most indiscreet and the most independent newspaper in France, had a short time back joined in this tone in surprising fashion. Terrible, as an echo out of the bloodiest days of the Convention, rang the speeches of the chiefs of the *Société des Amis du Peuple*, who in the past week were brought before the Assizes, accused of having conspired against the present

government for its overthrow, in order to establish a Republic. They were acquitted by the jury, since it was proved that they had by no means conspired, but had uttered their opinions openly in the face of the whole people. "Yes, we desire the overthrow of this wretched government, we desire a Republic," was the burden of all their speeches before the tribunal.

'While on the one side the earnest republicans draw the sword and express their scorn in words of thunder, the "Figaro" flashes about and laughs and switches his light scourge in the most active fashion. He is inexhaustible in his witticisms about the "best republics"—an expression with which poor Lafayette is taunted because, as is well known, when he embraced Louis Philippe in front of the Hôtel de Ville, he cried out, *Vous êtes la meilleure république*. A few days ago "Figaro" remarked that people desired no more republics since they had seen the best. Just as witheringly it remarked, on occasion of the debate over the civil list, "*La meilleure république coûte quinze millions.*"

'The republican party will never forgive Lafayette his blunder in having patronised the King. They taunt him with the fact that he had known Louis Philippe long enough to be able to foretell what was to be expected from him. Lafayette is now ill—ill with grief! Alas! the greatest hearts of both worlds, how sorrowfully must they feel that deceit of royalty! In vain, immediately after the Revolution, did Lafayette continually appeal to the *Programme de l'Hôtel de Ville*, and call for the republican institutions with which the monarchy was to be surrounded, and the fulfilment of similar promises; he was cried down by long-winded *doctrinaires*, who proved, by means of the English Revolution of 1688, that the people in 1830 had fought only for the preservation of the *Charte*, and that all the sacrifices and struggles had but one end—that of setting the younger line of the Bourbons in the place of the elder,

just as in England all was made right by setting the house of Orange in the place of the house of Stuart. Thiers, who does not indeed think with the *doctrinaires*, but is at the present time the mouthpiece of the opinions of this party, has lately rendered them no small assistance. This out-and-out indifferentist, who understands how to preserve, in his style of writing, such a wonderful balance of clearness, intelligibility, and intuitive perception—this Goethe of politics—is perchance at this moment the mightiest upholder of the system of Casimir Perier; and of a truth his *brochure* against Chateaubriand did nearly annihilate that Don Quixote of legitimacy, who sat so pathetically on his winged Rosinante, whose sword was more glittering than sharp, and who fired precious stones of pearl instead of good piercing balls of lead. In their displeasure at the lamentable turn events had taken, many of the enthusiasts of freedom allow themselves to be carried away to the reviling of Lafayette.

* * * * * *

'The monotony of American life, its colourlessness, its citizen dullness would be still more unendurable in this land of theatres, vanity, fashion, and novelties. Nowhere in truth is the morbid passion for getting decorations so violent as in France. Perchance, with the exception of August Wilhelm Schlegel, there is no woman in Germany who is so eager to distinguish herself with a ribbon as the French are: even the July heroes who fought for liberty and equality would fain be decorated with a blue ribbon.

'Although I despair of a republic thriving in France, yet it cannot be denied that all things seem to tend to a republic; that with the best people republican respect for the law has taken the place of the royalist reverence for persons; and that just as the opposition for fifteen years played a comedy with a king, now it carries on the same comedy with the monarchy; and that the republic will be the end of the song for a short time at least. The Carlists

favour this result, inasmuch as they regard it as a necessary phase in order to get back the absolute monarchy of the elder line. On this account they bear themselves at present like the most zealous republicans; even Chateaubriand eulogises the republic, and calls himself a republican from inclination, fraternises with Marrast, and receives the *accolade* from Béranger. The *Gazette*, the hypocritical *Gazette de France*, pines at present for republican forms of government, for a *plébiscite*, for primitive institutions, &c. It is ludicrous to see how priests swagger in the disguise, and in the language of Sansculottism, how fiercely they coquette with the red cap of Jacobinism. Such people at such times believe they can dare to revile Lafayette, and this serves them as a compensation for their sour republicanism, and for the forced airs of liberty which they must take upon themselves.

'Lafayette has fashioned for himself a better column than that of the Place de Vendome, and a better statue than one of metal or marble. Where is there any marble as pure as his heart? where is there any metal so strong as the truth of old Lafayette? In sooth, he was always one-sided, but one-sided in the way of a magnet-needle, which ever points to the north, and never by way of change vibrates to the south or to the east. Thus Lafayette for forty years has ever held the same language, and constantly points to North America: he it is who opened the Revolution with a declaration of the rights of man; still to this hour does he persist in this declaration, without which no salvation would be attainable—one-sided man as he is with his one-sided heavenly land of liberty! In truth he is no such genius as Napoleon was, in whose head the eagles of inspiration built their eyries, while the snakes of calculation coiled and clustered in his heart; but Lafayette has neither allowed himself to be carried away by eagles nor to be misled by snakes. In his youth he was as wise as an old man:

now in his old age he is as fiery as he was in his youth—a defender of the people against the cunning of the great, a defender of the great against the wrath of the people, taking part both in their sufferings and in their combats: never overbearing and never despairing, equally strong and equally mild, Lafayette remained ever equal to himself, and so in his one-sidedness and in conformity he continued ever standing in the same place since the death of Marie Antoinette to the present hour—a true Eckart of freedom, he remains ever the same, leaning on his sword, and warning men away from the entrance to the Tuileries, that seductive Venusberg whose magical tones sound so enticingly and sweetly, and out of whose pleasant nets poor captives can never extricate themselves.

'The country people cherish the most affectionate reverence for Lafayette, and this the more that he himself has made of agriculture his chief occupation. This preserves in him his simplicity and freshness, which would be in peril of being lost by constant residence in towns. Herein does he resemble those grand republicans of primitive history who also grew their own cabbages, and hurried in times of difficulty from the plough to the battle-field, or to the tribune, and, after being victorious, returned to their agricultural labours. In his country seat, where Lafayette passes the mildest part of the season, he is generally surrounded by active youths and pretty maidens, and about him a hospitality of the table and of the heart is ever predominant: there is much laughing and dancing, for there is the court of the sovereign people, there is every one considered as admissible at court (*hof-fähig*) who is the son of his own deeds and who has made no *mésalliance* with falsehood, and there is Lafayette master of the ceremonies.

'But admiration of Lafayette is prevalent still more with the middle classes proper, with men of business and small traders, than with any other class of the people. These deify

him. Lafayette, the founder of order, is the god of these people. They respect him as a sort of providence on horseback, as an armed guardian-chief of public safety, as the genius of freedom who takes care at the same time that nothing is stolen during the battle of freedom, and that every man keeps his own. "The great army of public order," as Casimir Perier has named the National Guard, the well-fed heroes with the great bearskin caps, wherein are thrust the heads of shop-keepers, are beside themselves with delight when they speak of Lafayette, their old general, their Napoleon of peace. Yes, he is the Napoleon of the *petite bourgeoisie*, of those brave solvent people, of those gossips the tailors and glove-makers, who are too busy in the day to be able to think of Lafayette, but who sound his praises later in the evening with redoubled enthusiasm, so that one can well assert that about eleven o'clock, when most of the shops are closed, the fame of Lafayette has reached its culminating point.

'I have above made use of the word "master of the ceremonies." I am reminded that Wolfgang Menzel, in his meaningless mocking way, named Lafayette a "master of ceremonies to freedom" when he gave account of his triumphal procession through the United States, and of the deputations, addresses, and solemn speeches which that event brought forth. Others, too, less worthy people, cherish the error that Lafayette was an old man who was made a sort of figurehead of, or used as a machine. However, if these people saw him once at the Tribune, they would readily acknowledge that he is not merely a flag which men follow and swear by, but that he himself is ever the *Gonfaloniere* whose hands hold fast the good banner, the *Oriflamme* of the people. Lafayette is perhaps the most remarkable speaker in the present Chamber of Deputies. On all needful occasions, whenever one of the great questions of humanity comes to be subject of debate, then Lafayette rises to his feet, as eager for

combat as a youth. His body only is weak and tottering, broken as it is by time and the battles of time, like a hacked and beaten old harness of steel; and it is touching, when he drags himself with it to the Tribune, and when he has reached this, his ancient post, how he draws a deep breath and smiles. This smile, the bearing and the whole being of the man as he speaks at the Tribune, is undescribable. There lies therein so much graciousness, and at the same time so much irony, that one is charmed as by a wonderful feeling of curiosity, as by a pleasant riddle. One is not certain whether that is the subtle manner of a French marquis, or whether it is the open plainness of an American citizen. The best qualities of the old *régime*—chivalrousness, politeness, tact—are here wonderfully combined with the best qualities of new citizen practices, with love of equality, absence of ostentation, and honesty. Nothing can be more interesting than when in the Chamber there is mention of the times of the past Revolution, and any one dissevers an historical event in *doctrinaire* fashion from its true bearings, and uses it as an argument. Then Lafayette with a few words scatters to the air erroneous conclusions, while he illustrates or asserts the true sense of such an event by addition of the circumstances connected with it. Even Thiers must in such cases lower his sails, and the great historiographer of the Revolution submits to the decision of its great living monument, its general, Lafayette.'

The letter from which we quote was written shortly after the ineffectual *émeute* and conspiracy of February 2, 1832, in which both Carlists and Republicans were found plotting together against the new government. In fact, as may be gathered from the foregoing letter of Heine's, the legitimist or Carlist party have ever been ready to unite with any enemies of any government of their country which did not represent their ideas, for the purpose of overthrowing it;

they made common cause with Republicans against Louis Philippe as they made common cause with Buonapartists against M. Thiers. The Duc de Fitzjames, then the *Coryphæus* of the Carlist party, we find in Heine's letter leagued with Cavaignac, the leader of the Republicans, and with Blanqui, the son of a *conventionnel*, in a common bond of hatred against the Government of the *Juste Milieu*, and the *boutique incarnée* as represented by Louis Philippe. Especially to be remarked also is Heine's observation that the supporters of the Government were to be found amongst the middle-aged, whilst the young and the old were generally to be seen in opposition:

'10th February, 1832.

'It is not wise to resuscitate the language of 1793, as is the case with the *Amis du Peuple*, who thereby, without dreaming of it, behave in as retrograde a fashion as the most zealous champions of the old *régime*. He who would fasten on again with wax the red blossoms which fall from the trees in spring behaves just as foolishly as he who plants withered lilies, cut off from their parent stem, in the sand. Republicans and Carlists are plagiarists of the past, and when they form an union it reminds one of those most absurd alliances to be found in lunatic asylums, where a common oppression often brings the most dissimilar madmen into friendly relations, although the one who believes himself to be Jehovah despises in the depths of his heart the other who gives himself out to be Jupiter. Thus this week we saw Geroude and Thouret, the editor of the *Gazette* and the editor of the *Révolution*, stand as allies before the Assizes, and as chorus behind them stood the Duc de Fitzjames with his Carlists, and Cavaignac with his Republicans. Can there be a more revolting contrast? In spite of my hostility to the Republicans, it pains me to the soul when I see Republicans in such unworthy fellowship. Only on the same scaffold should they come in contact with those friends of absolutism

and Jesuitism, but never before the same judgment-seat! There can be nothing more ridiculous than what the papers report about the conspirators of February 2 : there were four ex-cooks of Charles X. and four Republicans, members of the *Amis du Peuple,* among them. I do not really believe that the last were engaged in this silly affair. I myself happened that same evening to be by chance in the assembly of the *Amis du Peuple,* and believe I may conclude from various circumstances that they were thinking rather of being attacked than of attacking. There were present about fifteen hundred men, pretty closely packed together in a hall which looked like a theatre. The *citoyen* Blanqui, son of a *conventionnel,* made a long speech full of scorn against the *bourgeoisie,* the *boutiquiers* who had chosen Louis Philippe, *la boutique incarnée,* for king, and that in their own interest, not in that of the people—*du peuple qui n'était pas complice d'une si indigne usurpation.* It was a speech full of spirit, honesty, and indignation. In spite of all republican severity, the old French gallantry was not lacking, and in the old spirit of French politeness the best places were reserved near the platform for the ladies, the *citoyennes.* The assembly had quite an odour of a bethumbed, sticky copy of the *Moniteur* of 1793. It consisted mostly of very young and of old people. In the first Revolution enthusiasm for liberty was prevalent mostly with men of middle age, among whom still youthful aversion to priestly deceit and terrible insolence was united with manly aims and resolutions. The younger people and the quite old were supporters of the super-annuated *régime*—the last, the silver-haired old men, from custom; the first, the *jeunesse dorée,* from dislike of the citizen plainness of republican manners. Now the reverse takes place, the especial enthusiasts for freedom consist of quite young and quite old people. These latter know from their own experience the horrors of the old *régime,* and they remember with delight the times of the first Revolution,

when they themselves were so full of power and so great. The former, the young men, adore those times because they have a veritable thirst for sacrifice, because they feel of heroic mood, and yearn after great deeds, and because, too, they despise all niggardly pusillanimity and the shop-keeping selfishness of the present holders of power. The middle-aged men are mostly wearied with the vexatious business of opposition during the Restoration, or are spoilt by remembrance of the Imperial period, the violent thirst for praise and splendid military glory of which killed all citizen simplicity and all desire of freedom. Besides which, this Imperial hero-period cost the lives of numbers who would still have been men of middle age, so that especially among these last only a few complete copies are left of many years' issues. . . . . I left the hall and went straight to a *soirée* in the Faubourg Saint Germain. Nothing but lights, mirrors, flowers, naked shoulders, *eau sucrée*, straw-coloured kid gloves, and unmeaning talk. Moreover, such a triumphant joy overspread all faces, as though the victory of the old *régime* was quite assured; and while the cry of *Vive la République* of the rue Grenelle resounded in my ears, I must perforce accept the positive assurance that the return of the *enfant du miracle* (Henri V.) and of the whole miraculous kindred was as good as settled. I cannot omit to betray the fact that I saw two *doctrinaires* dance an *Anglaise*—they only dance *Anglaises*. A lady in a white dress, on which there were green bees which looked like *fleurs-de-lys*, asked me if they could depend on the assistance of the Germans and the Cossacks. We would account it the greatest honour, I assured her, to sacrifice our life and property again to the cause of the restoration of the old Bourbons. "Do you not know," added the lady, "that this is the day on which Henry V. first took the communion as Duke of Bordeaux?" "What a great day," I answered, "for the friends of the throne and the altar—a holy day, worthy to be sung by Lamartine!"

* * * * * * *

'But while distress and miseries of all kinds are racking the vitals of the state, and foreign affairs, since the occurrences in Italy and since Don Pedro's expedition, have become more critically involved; while all institutions, even those the most monarchical, are in danger; while the political hurly-burly threatens all existences, yet Paris this winter is even the old Paris, the beautiful magic city which smiles so genially on youth while it inspires manhood with passionate enthusiasm, and gives to the aged the gentlest consolation. "Here one can dispense with good fortune," Madame de Staël once said—a most happy saying, which, however, lost some of its value in her mouth, since for a long period of her life she was unhappy only because she could not live in Paris, and so Paris was for her good fortune itself. Thus the patriotism of the French consists mostly in their passion for Paris, and when Danton foreboro to fly "since he could not drag his country at the soles of his feet," his meaning was that abroad he would have to do without the splendid life of Paris. But Paris is, in reality, France. France is only the country surrounding Paris. With the exception of beautiful landscapes, and the general amiable spirit of the people, France is quite a desert—at least, spiritually a desert. All that is distinguished in the provinces migrates early towards the capital, the centre of all light and splendour.'

Three weeks after this we find Heine occupying a whole letter with a caustic review of the political sympathies and leanings of the English people. The opinions of the English people and of English politicians occupied the world much in those days, and especially at the crisis at which Heine wrote. Talleyrand then represented France at the London Conference which sat and deliberated on the affairs of Belgium, the revolution of which country—a *contre-coup* of the July revolution of France—had thrown all reactionary statesman into consternation.

Our limits compel us to omit further notice of this letter, characteristic as it is of Heine's political notions, and although it contains a very striking comparison between Casimir Perier and Canning, in which he gives a very fine portrait of the latter, drawn chiefly from personal observation.

Heine's next letter, dated March 25, 1832, was written under the influence of sympathy with that wild and feverish passion which pervaded the hearts of French liberals in the first years after the Revolution of July, and the passion for erecting the tricolour into a standard of universal freedom, and carrying aid in all directions to the efforts which oppressed nations were making for vindicating their nationalities or recovering their liberties. It was the absence of all sympathy on the part of English politicians with this yearning of the French liberal which had given such bitterness to Heine's strictures on the policy of England at this time; and since it cannot be denied that the revolution in Belgium, the reform movement in England, the insurrection at Warsaw, and the uprisings in the Romagna and other parts of Italy, were movements inspired by the contagious example of France, it need not be wondered at that those who sympathised most deeply with the July Revolution, and regarded the government of Louis Philippe as its representative, should feel some indignation and shame at what seemed to them to be the supineness and lukewarmness of the English nation.

Heine has elsewhere told us of the terrible emotions which the news of the fall of Warsaw had created in the people of Paris and of their desire to avenge the fall of Poland. Nevertheless a war of propaganda would have infallibly united the great powers of Europe against France, and this the leading statesmen of France well understood; and when to the difficulties which beset him from without are added the difficulties which beset him within, it must

be admitted that Casimir Perier's position was one of fearful entanglement; and that, when all things are taken into consideration, it was a bold spirit, and one not unworthy of France, which directed the march of the French troops to Antwerp, which blockaded Lisbon, and occupied Ancona in the face of Austria—exploits of which Heine speaks here so slightingly. In home politics, too, it was not only the political difficulties of the interior and the machinations of secret societies which the minister had to guard against: hunger was also in the land, speedily to be followed by cholera in one of its most awful visitations, and one in which the great minister himself was doomed to fall a victim.

More interesting details will also be found here of the proceedings of the Legitimist and Buonapartist factions. Prints of the young Duc de Bordeaux were exhibited in the shop-windows to excite the compassion of the people, in the same way as the photograph of the young Louis Napoleon has been exhibited of late. Louis Philippe he still pursues in the same bantering way for not coming forward as the champion of European liberty. He says nothing of him, however, so amusing as the story he told later of the king on the authority of a friend. This friend took him to the Palais Royal, immediately after his arrival in Paris, that he might have a sight of the new king, and told him he could always get a sight of him for five francs. 'For five francs!' I cried with astonishment; 'does he then exhibit himself for money?' 'No, but he is exhibited for money, and in the following way: There is a band of *claqueurs*, sellers of theatre-tickets, and such rascals, who offer to show the king to every stranger for five francs, promising, if he would give them ten, that he should see the king raise his eyes to heaven and lay his hand demonstratively on his heart; but if the stranger would go as far as twenty, he should hear the king sing the *Marseillaise*. When the

fellows got the five-franc piece they went and raised a cry of *Vive le roi!* with loud cheers under the royal windows, and then his gracious majesty appeared on the terrace and bowed and went in. If, however, they got ten francs, they cried much louder, and made gestures as though they were possessed, when the king came, who then in sign of silent emotion lifted his eyes to heaven and laid his hand on his heart. The English, however, often paid twenty francs, and then, when the king appeared on the terrace, the *Marseillaise* was sung and howled out so fearfully that Louis Philippe at last, perhaps to put an end to the song, was forced to join in too. He made a bow, laid his hand on his heart, and struck up the *Marseillaise.*'

Heine wisely does not vouch for the truth of this story; however, as the following and other letters show, the poor king, if not tortured in this way, might very well have been so.

'The expedition to Belgium, the blockade of Lisbon, the occupation of Ancona, are the three characteristic and heroic actions wherewith the *Juste milieu* has made its power, its wisdom, and its nobility felt in foreign affairs: in home affairs it earned for itself just as glorious laurels in the galleries of the Palais Royal, in Lyons, and in Grenoble. Never did France stand so low in the eyes of foreign nations, never once since the time of the Pompadour and the Dubarry. It is to be seen now that there is something even more lamentable than a government of mistresses. In the *boudoir* of a *dame galante* there is, moreover, always more honour to be found than on the counter of a banker. So even in the oratory of Charles X. national dignity was not utterly forgotten, and Algiers was conquered for us even from thence. In order that our humiliation shall be complete, it is now said that this conquest is to be abandoned. These last scraps of the honour of France are to be sacrificed to the treacherous hope of alliance with England.

'In home affairs the contractions and distractions are grown so intolerable that even a German would lose patience. The French are like the damned in the hell of Dante, whose actual condition was so unbearable that they desired a change even if it were only for the worse. So is it explained that the Legitimist *régime* for the Republicans, and the Republic for the Legitimists, appear far more desirable than the quagmire which lies between both forms of government, and in which they are now sticking. This common torture makes allies of them. They have not the same heaven, but the same hell, and there is a wailing and gnashing of teeth. "*Vive la République! Vive Henri V.!*" * * * *

'Louis Philippe takes care now not to bring forth the words Valmy and Jemappes so frequently. He feels that in these words there was always a promise, and he who had them in his mouth should seek after no quasi-legitimacy, should be no upholder of aristocratic institutions, should not entreat for peace in the way he does, should not let France be injured without exacting reparation, should not give up the liberties of the rest of the world to their executioners. Louis Philippe ought much rather to base his throne—that throne which he owed to the confidence of the people—on the confidence of the people. He should surround it with republican institutions, as he promised, according to the testimony of the most stainless citizen of both worlds. The lies of the charter must be abolished, but Valmy and Jemappes must become truths; Louis Philippe must fulfil what he has promised symbolically all his life through. He must again stand as schoolmaster before the globe, as he did in Switzerland, and declare openly:—See those fair countries, the men therein are all free, all equal; and if you little fellows do not keep that fact in your memory, you shall have the rod. Yes, Louis Philippe must stand at the head of European liberty, and fuse its interests with his own—identify himself and freedom; and as one of his predecessors spoke out boldly,

"*L'état c'est moi*," so must he cry out with greater self-consciousness, "*La liberté c'est moi.*"

* * * * * *

'The Carlists are of opinion that the new throne will break up in the autumn, but that, if it does not, then it will hold together for four or five years. The Republicans will no longer commit themselves to definite prophecies: enough, they say, the future is ours. And therein perhaps they are right. Although up to the present time they have ever been the dupes of the Carlists and Buonapartists, yet the time may come when the activity of both these parties will have served only the interests of the Republicans. They reckon, therefore, so much the more on the activity of the Carlists and the Buonapartists, since they themselves can neither set the masses in motion by gold or by sympathy. Gold now, however, flows in rich streams out of the Faubourg Saint Germain, and whatever can be bought is bought. Unfortunately there is in Paris always too much of this in the market, and people think that the Carlists in this month have made great progress. Many men who have great interest with the people are said to have been purchased. The pious intrigues of the black-coats in the provinces are known. There is a creeping and hissing and lying everywhere in the name of God. Everywhere is the picture of the *Enfant du miracle* exposed, and one sees him in the most sentimental positions. Here he lies on his knees and prays for the weal of France and his unhappy subjects, in the most pathetic fashion: there he is climbing up a Scotch mountain in a Highland costume, without any leggings. "*Matin!*" said a workman who was looking at the picture by my side before a print-shop, "*On le représente sans culotte, mais nous savons quil est Jésuite.*" In another picture he is represented in tears, with his sister by his side, and thereunder are these sentimental lines—

O! que j'ai douce souvenance
Du beau pays de mon enfance!

Songs and poems which celebrate the young Henri are circulated in great number, and they are well paid for. There was once a Jacobite party in England, and now we have here a Carlistic one.

'In the meanwhile the Buonapartist poetry is far more significant and dangerous for the Government. There is not a *grisette* in Paris who does not sing and feel Béranger's songs. This Buonapartist poetry is best understood by the people, and the poets, great and small, would make use of this enthusiasm of the masses to advance their own popularity. Victor Hugo, for example, whose lyre yet resounds with the consecration hymn of Charles X., has begun, with that romantic audacity which characterises his genius, to celebrate the Emperor. The paternal relatives of the young Napoleon are in correspondence with such poets, and trust to make use of their inspired lyres at the right time. People are of opinion that the son of "*the man*" has only to appear to put an end to the present Government.'

It was at this period, in the midst of the carnival, as Eugène Sue has portrayed it in some horrible pages of the 'Mystères de Paris,' that the cholera in its first fury broke down upon Paris. It had been creeping nearer and nearer, people had fled to Paris out of Hamburg and London, when all at once it sprang up in the midst of the unsuspecting capital, and raged on all sides with unresisted fury. The description which Heine gives of the pestilence, but of which we are able to give but a fragment, may indeed be placed side by side with the well-known pages of Thucydides, Lucretius, or Boccaccio, and not suffer by the comparison:—

'People had been looking out for the pestilence with so much the less anxiety since it was reported from London that it had snatched away proportionably few persons. Merrily were the Parisians thronging along the Boulevards on the day of the *mi-carême* where masks were to be seen which with caricature, and by the help of bad paint and de-

formity, made a jest of all fear of the cholera and of the sickness itself. On the same evening the public dancing-places were more thronged than ever; boisterous laughter nearly drowned the loudest music; the dancers made themselves hot with the *chahut*, a by no means very equivocal dance, and they took ices and cool drinks; when suddenly the merriest of the harlequins was aware of an excessive chill in his legs, and taking off his mask, to the wonder of every one he had a violet-blue face. People then thought the matter was no joke—laughter ceased, and more carriages full of people were conveyed to the Hôtel Dieu, the central hospital, where they arrived in their strange carnival dresses and died immediately. Some in the first panic believed that contagion was communicated by touch, and the older inmates of the Hôtel Dieu raised ghastly cries of terror; those who died were, as they say, so quickly buried that their parti-coloured carnival dresses were not even taken off them, and, merrily as they passed their lives, so merrily they lie in their graves.'

The sanitary regulations which were introduced by the authorities and the police served to increase the terror and confusion. An attempt to cleanse the streets brought about an *émeute* among the *chiffonniers* and *revendeuses*, who regarded the dirt of Paris as their own vested interest: rumours of poisoners, as is always the case under such circumstances, became current, and people who were found with a sachet of camphor about them were as liable to be knocked on the head as disseminators of poison, as a poor woman was at the fall of the Commune, when the possessing a phial of oil or vinegar was considered proof of her being a *pétroleuse*. People fled from Paris so rapidly that 120,000 passports were given out at the beginning of April. Heine, however, remained behind, and devoted himself to nursing his cousin Carl, who had fallen sick in the French capital,—an act of devotion for which Carl Heine showed little gratitude when the season arrived

in which he could show it. Heine tells us that at that time a deathly stillness reigned all over Paris: a stony earnestness lay on all faces. For many evenings together there were only a few forms to be seen on the Boulevards, and those hastened rapidly past one another with their hands or handkerchiefs to their mouths. The theatres were as though dead. When Heine entered into a *salon* the people wondered to see him still in Paris since he had no business to detain him. Still he remained, and wrote, as he says, his bulletin from the battle-field in the midst of the battle.

'That the number of the dead were not,' he says, 'accurately known, or that people were convinced of the inaccuracy of the numbers which were given, filled spirits with a vague horror, and immeasurably exalted the terror of the hour. In fact the journals have since then confessed that in one day, on the 10th of April, there died two thousand persons. The people would not allow themselves to be officially deceived, and continually complained that more people died than was given out. My hairdresser told me that an old lady of the Faubourg Montmartre sat the whole night at the window to count the corpses which were carried by. She counted nearly three hundred, whereupon she herself, as the morning broke, was seized with the frost and cramps of the cholera, and soon departed. Wherever people looked in the streets they beheld funeral processions, or, what was yet more sorrowful, hearses which no one followed. Yet these too failed at last, and I saw coffins carried in hackney-coaches: they were placed in the middle so that the two ends projected out of the side windows. More revolting was it to behold the huge furniture-waggons which are made use of in removing goods driven round like corpse-omnibuses — *omnibus mortuis*, and laden in the different streets with coffins, which they thus conveyed to the cemeteries by dozens at a time.'

'It was,' he wrote in a postscript penned subsequently

to this account, 'a time of terror much more awful than that of the Revolution, since the executions were so rapid and so secret. It was a disguised executioner, who went through Paris with an invisible *guillotine ambulante*. "We are put in the sack one after another," said my servant to me every morning, with a sigh, as he reported to me the number of the dead or the departure of an acquaintance. The expression "put in the sack" was no figure of speech: there was a deficiency of coffins, and the greater part of the dead were buried in sacks. As I last week passed by a public building and saw the merry people in the interior,—the lively little Frenchmen skipping about, the neat little chatterboxes of French women who were there smiling and jesting as they made their purchases—I remembered that during the time of the cholera many hundreds of white sacks stood here piled one above the other, each one of which contained a corpse, and that very few voices, but these so much the more ghastly, were to be heard there—namely, the voices of the corpse-watchers, who counted the sacks over with wondrous indifference to the grave-diggers—and the latter again, while they loaded their cars with them, repeated the numbers in a grumbling undertone, or perhaps explained sharply aloud that they had given them a sack too little, whereupon a very strange altercation would arise. I remember also how two little boys stood near me with a piteous look, and that one of them asked me if I could tell him in which sack his father was.'

Casimir Périer fell, as has already been said, a victim to this awful scourge, and Heine gives this account of his funeral, in which, however, he fails to exhibit much power of appreciation or much generosity. He could not forgive him for not going to war to please the Hambach patriots.

'May 27, 1832.

'Casimir Périer has humiliated France in order to keep up the quotations of 'Change. He sold the liberties of

Europe at the price of a short and shameful peace for France. He formed alliance with the *Sbirri* of slavery, and with what is basest in ourselves, with selfishness, so that thousands of the noblest of men were crushed in sorrow and misery, in shame and humiliation. He has made ridiculous the dead in the graves of July, the poor slain of the great week who did not fight for the younger line of the Bourbons, and he has so horribly disfigured life for the living that they themselves must needs envy the dead. He has extinguished the holy fire, shut the doors of the temple, vexed the gods, and broken hearts; he has spiritually disarmed France, while giving to her enemies time to arm themselves to a tenfold mightier power. And yet I would vote that Casimir Périer should be placed in the Pantheon, in the great house of honour which bears the golden inscription "*Aux grands hommes la patrie reconnaissance,*" for Casimir Périer was a great man.

'There was the most frigid indifference shown at Perier's funeral, as there was at his death. It was a spectacle just like any other: the weather was fine, and hundreds of thousands of men were on their legs to see the funeral procession, which dragged itself in all its prolixity and indifference along the Boulevards to Père-la-Chaise. On many faces there was a smile, on others the most inexpressive work-a-day look, on most men *ennui*. The military present were numberless, as was hardly fitting for the peace-hero of a system of disarmament. There were many National Guards and *gendarmes*, artillerymen with their cannon, which last had good reason for mourning since they had a good time of it under Perier—just a sinecure. The people admired all with a wonderful apathy; it exhibited neither hate nor love; the foe of enthusiasm was dead, and indifference presided over his mourning procession. The only truly sorrowful personages among the mourners were the two sons of the deceased, who, in long mourning cloaks, and with pale faces, walked behind the

hearse. They were two young men of about twenty years of age, low in stature, somewhat stout, of an exterior which betrayed more opulence than intelligence. I saw them both this winter at all the balls, merry of aspect and rosy-cheeked. On the coffin were laid tricolour flags draped in black. The tricoloured flags, however, had no need to mourn for Casimir Périer's death. Like a silent reproval they lay sorrowfully on his coffin, these flags of freedom which had endured such humiliation through his default.'

The opposing parties of the time seized on the opportunity of the funeral ceremonies of public characters as occasions for making a public demonstration. The friends of the government of the *Juste milieu* had rallied round the coffin of Casimir Périer at Père-la-Chaise: about a year previously the people had yoked themselves to the funeral car of the *conventionnel* Grégoire, formerly Bishop of Blois; in less than a month after the death of Casimir Périer the Republicans found an opportunity to make a similar demonstration on the death of General Lamarque, a popular favourite and a member of the Chamber of Deputies. This demonstration of the Republican party, however, ended tragically: a desperate conflict took place between the Republicans on the one side and the troops and the National Guard on the other—a conflict, the intensity of which proved to what a degree of exaltation and sacrifice the youth of Paris were then capable of rising in defence of a beloved idea. The chief result of the conflict was, however, to strengthen the hands of the government and to create a closer union between Louis Philippe and the *bourgeoisie* as was evidenced by the review of the National Guard, of which Heine gives an account.

'June 11, 1832.

'Unhappy Lamarque! how much blood has thy funeral cost! And they were no hired or forced gladiators who

allowed themselves thus to be massacred, in order to add interest to a vain funeral parade by a sham-fight. They were the blooming enthusiastic youth of France, who sacrificed their blood for their most sacred convictions, for the most generous dreams of their soul. It was the best blood of France which flowed in the Rue Saint Martin, and I do not believe there was braver fighting at Thermopylæ than at the entrance of the little streets of Saint Méry and of Aubry des Bouchers, where finally a mere handful of some sixty Republicans defended themselves and beat back twice the troops of the line and the National Guards. The old soldiers of Napoleon declare that the fight in the Rue Saint Martin belongs to the greatest heroic actions of modern times. The Republicans performed miracles of valour, and the few to whom life remained by no means prayed to be spared. All the inquiries which I, as my duty required, conscientiously made confirm this. They were stabbed down for the most part by bayonets and by National Guards. Some Republicans, as soon as they saw that further resistance was vain, advanced with open breast against their enemies, and allowed themselves to be shot down. When the corner house of the Rue Saint Méry was taken, a student of the *École d'Alfort* mounted with a flag to the roof, cried *Vive la République!* and then threw himself down riddled with bullets. In a house whose first storey was still held by Republicans, the soldiers forced their way in and broke down the stairs; the former, however, not to fall into the hands of their enemies, put an end to themselves, and only a roomful of corpses was left for the victors. This was told me in the Church of Saint Méry, and I was obliged to support myself by leaning on the pedestal of the statue of Saint Sebastian, in order not to sink with emotion, and I wept like a child.

'As to the number of those who fought in the Rue Saint Martin, there is nothing known for certain. I believe at the

commencement there were about two hundred Republicans collected there, who, however, at last, as above suggested, in the course of June 6 melted away to sixty. Not one was there who bore a well-known name, or who had been known before as a distinguished champion of republicanism. This fact again is a sign that at the present time no heroic names resound in France, but that is in no wise because there is a lack of heroes.

'It would be wrong to think that the heroes of the Rue Saint Martin belong to the lower classes, or to the populace, as the expression is; no, they were for the most part students, handsome young men of the *École d'Alfort*, artists, journalists, energetic, industrious fellows, also some workmen, who carry very fine hearts under their rough jackets. At the convent of Saint Méry young men only appear to have fought, at other places only old people.

* * * * * * *

'On the day above mentioned, June 8, so many people went to the *Morgue* that one had to form *queue* there, as though the opera of "Robert le Diable" was about to be given. I was forced to wait there almost an hour before I could get in, and had time enough to observe in detail that gloomy building. It was melancholy to see how anxiously some people regarded the dead, always afraid of finding the person they sought. There were two horrible scenes. A small boy beheld his dead brother, and remained silent as though rooted to the ground. A young girl found there her dead lover, and fell down in a swoon with a shriek. As I knew her I undertook the sad office of conducting the inconsolable child to her home. She belonged to a milliner's shop in my neighbourhood where eight young ladies work, who are all republicans. Their admirers are all thorough young republicans. In my house I am the only royalist.'

23308

'Paris, June 10.

'Since earliest morning there has been perpetual drumming. To-day there is to be a grand review. My servant tells me that the Boulevards, especially the whole line from the *Barrière du Trône* to the *Barrière de l'Étoile*, are covered with troops of the line and National Guards. Louis Philippe, the father of his fatherland, the conqueror of the Catilines of June 5, Cicero on horseback, the foe of the guillotine and of paper money, the stay of life and of the shopkeepers, the citizen king, will exhibit himself in a few hours to his people: a long hurrah will greet him; he will be very much touched, he will press the hands of many, and the police will take care that there are especial precautions for safety and against extra-enthusiasm.'

'Paris, June 11.

'Wonderful weather favoured the review of yesterday. On the Boulevards, from the *Barrière du Trone* to the *Barrière de l'Etoile*, there were perhaps 50,000 National Guards and troops of the line, and a countless number of spectators were either on foot or at the windows awaiting with curiosity to see how the king would look and how the people would receive him after such extraordinary events. About one o'clock his Majesty arrived with his staff of generals in the vicinity of the Porte Saint Denis. The king rode, not in the middle, but on the right-hand side, where the National Guards stood, and the whole way along he leaned down sideways from his horse, in order to shake hands with them. As he came back the same way two hours after, he rode on the left side, and followed the same manœuvre, so that I should not wonder if to-day he had pains in his chest or if he had a rib put out in consequence of the strained position which he kept up so long. This astonishing attitude of the king [illegible] truly inconceivable. He was

forced, too, to smile continually. But under the fat friendliness of that face I believe there lay much sorrow and care. The aspect of the man has inspired me with the deepest compassion. He has very much altered since I saw him this year at a ball at the Tuileries. The flesh of his face, then red and firm, was yesterday loose and yellow: his black whiskers are now become quite grey, so that he looks as though his cheeks had since then had many a fit of panic on account of present and future blows of destiny: at least it was a sign of sorrow that he had not thought about dyeing his whiskers black. His cocked hat, which was pressed down over his forehead, gave him a peculiarly unhappy look. He seemed to beg with his eyes for kindly feeling and forgiveness. Of a truth it was now to be perceived from his aspect that he had put us all in a state of siege. But this circumstance seemed not to excite the least ill-feeling towards him, and I must testify to the fact that great applause greeted him everywhere; those especially whose hands he had shaken raised after him a furious roar of cheers, and from a thousand voices rang the startling cry of *Vive le roi!* I saw an old lady give her husband a severe dig in the ribs because he had not cried loud enough. A bitter feeling seized hold of me when I thought that a people who surrounded with their exultations the poor hand-squeezing Louis Philippe were the same French who had so often seen Napoleon Buonaparte go by with his marble Cæsarian face, immovable eyes, and unapproachable imperial hands. After Louis Philippe had finished the review, or rather had touched all the troops, as though to convince himself that they really existed, the military uproar lasted for several hours longer. The different *corps* were continually shouting out compliments to each other as they marched by. *Vive la ligne!* shouted the National Guards, and the line shouted *Vive la Garde Nationale!* They fraternised. The soldiers of the line and the National Guards

were to be seen wrapped in symbolic embraces: in the same way, in symbolic action, they divided their sausages, their bread, and their wine. Not the slightest disorder took place.

'I must not fail to mention that the cry of *Vive la liberté!* was the most common, and when these words were shouted forth out of the deep breast through so many thousand throats, one found oneself composed and cheerful in spite of the state of siege and the establishment of the courts martial. But that signifies that Louis Philippe will never oppose public opinion; he will always seek to discover its most urgent requirements, and act accordingly. That is the weighty significance of yesterday's review. Louis Philippe felt the need of seeing his people in the mass to convince himself that it had not taken in dudgeon his cannon-shots and his *ordonnances*, and did not consider him a rank king of violence, and that no other misunderstanding existed. The people, however, desired to see Louis Philippe face to face, in order to convince itself that he was ever the submissive courtier of its will, and remained ever obedient and devoted to him. It may be said, therefore, that the people reviewed its sovereign: it held its review of the king, and expressed its supreme satisfaction at his manœuvres.'

In the summer of 1832, Heine went to Normandy, and visited Havre, Dieppe, and Rouen, from each of which places he wrote letters demonstrative of the spirit and movement of the provinces and of the character of the time. The letter which he despatched from Dieppe was written immediately after the death of the Duc de Reichstadt, and registers for us the impression made thereby in the provinces. The veneration of the name of Napoleon among the peasantry of France must be accounted one of the strongest proofs of the inconsistencies of uneducated human nature. As Heine tells us, he found some portrait of Napoleon in almost every peasant's house, and generally there in the place where should have been the picture of the son of the

family, whom that very Napoleon had been the means of getting slaughtered on the battle-field. What tears and what indignation have not been lavished on the 10,000 victims of the French Revolution! while the two millions of men in the prime of life who were butchered to make imperial holidays for a faithless and insatiable soldier, seem to be worthy of little more regard in the eyes of most people, and even of history, than if they had been so many sheep. Strange, too, is it here to notice that on the death of the Duc de Reichstadt no one seems at first to have had a thought of Louis Napoleon, the cousin of the deceased prince, as the next chief and sustainer of the Buonapartist faction.

In the letter written from Rouen are to be found some curious details about the intrigues of the Carlist party, still more implacable enemies than the Buonapartists of the new *régime*; but we refrain from adding to our pages by inserting more of this correspondence, pregnant as the whole of it is with historic interest.

These letters of a great poet, giving the reflections of his own and other judgments on the events and passions of an extraordinary time, cannot but be, as Heine himself would fain believe, of value to the historian. The fragments of those we have given prove sufficiently that even at this time, when he was in the prime of his intellectual faculties, he was open to the charge of political inconsistency. But since there is hardly a leading politician of our time who has not begun by adoring what he afterwards broke in pieces, and by endeavouring to break in pieces what he afterwards adored, a poet may claim something of the pardon accorded to hand-to-mouth politicians when he descends to treat of politics. Heine ends even in these letters by according much more benevolence to the government of Louis Philippe than he did at first, and in his subsequent correspondence we shall find still more progress in this direction; indeed, he shows himself capable of appreciating the leading principles

of every party with the exception of those of the Legitimists and the Ultramontanes, for whom he entertained the deepest aversion—an aversion which led him to under-estimate their strength and their worth: Catholicism especially he could never bring himself to regard with tolerance.

It was indeed a wondrous and a discordant epoch: the wild and burning hopes of the French Revolution still lived on in many hearts, and high enthusiasm both for the glories of the past and for noble dreams of the future were still capable of firing the hearts of men. The age of steam and iron had not yet commenced; the first railway was not yet laid down.

Heine at this time, both by race and education, was more prone to seek for inspiration in the hopes of the future than in the traditions of the past. We shall see, however, how gradually disease and disappointment chilled nearly to death the warm hopes of a generous heart, and how the darkness of a dissolving and faithless scepticism disfigured more and more the brightness of his intelligence.

CHAPTER V.

BÖRNE AND SAINT SIMONIANISM.

HEINE's *rôle* of political correspondent for the 'Allgemeine Zeitung' was destined to come, for a time at least, to a speedy end, and it was not until eight years later that circumstances enabled him to resume his place in the columns of that journal.

His articles on 'French affairs' had not failed to attract the very general attention as well of the despotic governments of the continent and its officials as of the revolutionary party. Some of his essays had been published whole in the 'Tribune,' a French Republican newspaper; and the 'Temps,' a journal conducted in the interest of the French government, complained bitterly in the beginning of 1832, that the 'Allgemeine Zeitung' was publishing articles hostile to the government of Louis Philippe, and that while the German censorship allowed not an expression to appear reflecting on their own absolute monarchs, it showed not the slightest consideration for the citizen-king.

The ministers, however, who then held the fate of Germany in their hands, did not need the warnings of a French journal to call their attention to the peculiar character of Heine's letters. The 'Allgemeine Zeitung' being the journal the most read in diplomatic and official circles in Germany, the wonder is that Heine's letters found admission into its columns at all. The affected moderation of Heine, and his repeated assertions that he was no republican, did not

blind the quicker-witted statesmen of the day to their real purport, differing in this from the duller wits in the ranks of the liberal party, who found occasion to treat Heine as an apostate from their ranks, in the very mask he had assumed in order to enable him to preach liberal doctrines. Metternich and his ally, the publicist Gentz, especially, both of whom were admirers of Heine's poetry, saw at once clearly into the character of the game the exiled poet was playing, and were perfectly aware of the tendency of his writings. The whole aim of these statesmen was to keep the minds of men in a state of tutelage throughout the limits of the Holy Roman Empire, and to prevent the destructive ideas of the French Revolution from gaining an entrance into it at all; and here was a writer endeavouring to seduce the German reader into taking a passionate interest in the struggles of political parties, in the licence of political debate, and judging all events and actions by the principles of the French Revolution—a writer whose chief imputation against the government of Louis Philippe was that it was not revolutionary, and was not prepared to carry on a war of revolutionary *propaganda* all over Europe. The cunning Metternich was, however, too wise by any open assault on the 'Allgemeine Zeitung,' to direct public attention to these productions of Heine more than it had been already directed; so he instructed his scribe, Gentz, to write a private friendly letter to Cotta, the proprietor of the paper, on the subject. The adroit Gentz, who always kept a well-pointed *condottiere* pen at the service of despotism, took his seat at his desk and wrote a letter to old Cotta, which was as good as a command to keep the columns of the 'Allgemeine' closed to Heine for the future.

Gentz, then, in a cordial letter to his noble friend, *mein edler Freund*, the old Baron, called attention to the fact that the 'Allgemeine Zeitung' had during the last six months done more than any other paper in Europe to make war

inevitable by their continual depreciation of the ministry of Casimir Perier, and of the government of Louis Philippe—from whom alone peace was to be looked for—and yet one could not expect that the proprietor of the 'Allgemeine Zeitung' was one of those who looked to war either of a counter-revolutionary or of a revolutionary character, for the salvation of Europe.

Heine's articles, entitled 'French Affairs,' had filled the measure up to overflowing. 'What,' says the adventurer Gentz, 'What an accursed adventurer, "ein verruchter Abenteurer," like Heine, whom I allow to have merit as a poet,—yea, I even love him, and therefore no personal hatred stirs me against him—what he wants and aims at when he pushes into the mud the present French Government, I cannot here take the trouble to enquire, although it can easily be divined. It seems to me, however, that the unlimited contempt with which these fellows speak of the most estimable people of the middle class ought to turn this class against them. An article in the supplement of April 13 begins with the declaration "that never, not even in the times of a Pompadour and Dubarry, did France appear so ignominiously in the eyes of foreign nations as it did now, and that more honour was to be found in the *boudoir* of a *femme galante* than in the parlour of a banker." What must an intelligent merchant think of this? As for priesthood and nobility, that they have renounced; they are done for: *requiescant in pace!* When, however, men like Perier and their followers—that is, officials, bankers, landed proprietors, and merchants—are to be more held in horror than the old princes, counts, and barons, who is to govern the nations?'

Baron Cotta, worthy, liberal-minded man as he was, on the receipt of such a persuasive epistle from the chief of the royal-imperial Chancery, and seeing the Liberal German newspapers falling about him thick as autumn leaves by

decrees of suppression from the 'Bund,' understood that he had no alternative, and intimated to Heine that his correspondence must cease. This reactionary measure had, however, precisely such effect on Heine as might have been expected. Hitherto he had shrunk from identifying himself with the extreme German revolutionary party; but now, stung by this arbitrary exclusion from a field of literary activity, he threw aside for the moment all moderation. He collected all his political essays on 'French Affairs' into a volume, including in it all those which the 'Allgemeine Zeitung' had not thought it prudent to publish, and inserting in those already published all the passages which the Bavarian censors had struck out, and he headed the collection with such a preface as must inevitably exasperate all German authorities and debar him from returning home to his country.

The decrees of the Diet issued under the empires of Austria and Prussia on June 28, 1832, which suppressed such local representative institutions as yet subsisted in Germany, served still more to rouse the poet to that height of indignation which found vent in the preface to the volume now published, a preface which was nothing less than an arraignment before the bar of history and of justice of the two leading Governments of Germany for betrayal of the trust and confidence of their people, and for violated promises and protestations made in the hour of need. Severe, however, as is his onslaught on Austria, it is as nothing compared with the bitter intensity with which he discharges his indignation upon Prussia. Austria at least was an open honourable foe, which had never denied its hostility to Liberalism, or made truce with it. Metternich had never coquetted with the goddess of freedom; he had never played the demagogue in the anguish of his heart, never sung Arndt's songs, and drunk Weissbeer thereto; never aped the pietistic tone, never wept over the captives in the State

prisons, and held them fast by the chain. Everybody knew what Austria meant, and knew that one had to be on one's guard, and one was on one's guard. It was Prussia alone, that state of Jesuits of the North, that philosophic Christian barracks, that mixture of 'Weissbeer' lies and sand, which was equal to playing such a part as that. 'Hateful to me, deeply hateful to me, is this Prussia, this rigid, hypocritical, sham-holy Prussia, this Tartuffe among the nations.'

To such and still greater heights of indignation did Heine ascend in this preface to his collected volumes of essays on 'French Affairs,' but this expenditure of fire was for the most part rendered utterly nugatory by the fact that when the volume was published it was found that half of this fiery manifesto had already been extinguished by the censorship. Heine's disgust was extreme: the character and tone of the published part was completely changed by the suppression of the part not published, so that Heine, to his horror, found himself standing before the German public as a flatterer of the King of Prussia: the little strokes of concession and recognition which he had thrown in to enhance the severity of his invective having been preserved, while all the worst things he had said were struck out. He wrote off a notice and sent it round, in the form of a circular, to the German newspapers, begging their insertion of it, and in this notice he prayed the German public to believe that the preface, in consequence of the mutilation it had met with, totally misrepresented his opinions. He wrote off too at once to Campe in a fierce state of excitement, blaming him for having needlessly subjected his manuscript to the censorship, summoning him to publish the entire forthwith, headed by a 'Preface to a Preface' of a still more violent character. As things turned out, neither the 'Preface' nor the 'Preface to a Preface' were then published, and only appeared complete years later, in the complete edition of his works. Even 'French Affairs,' as it was published with the mutilated

preface, was speedily forbidden throughout Germany, and not only the editors of the German Government papers, but even republicans, with Börne at their head, attacked the book and the poet in bitterness and anger, so that Heine was nothing loth to withdraw, for a while at least, from the trampled field of discussion altogether, and betook himself to the more congenial fields of literary and poetical activity.

Thus the moderation of tone and affected indifference which Heine had assumed in the essays on 'French Affairs' had been of no use to him in mitigating the despotic severity of the German authorities towards him as a writer, and as respects the Liberal party these publications involved him in a war of heart-burnings and rancour which lasted throughout his life and was a constant source of vexation. And here perhaps is the place to give some account of the bitter feud which was established between Heine and the more violent sections of the German Liberals of whom Börne was the Choragus.

We have before mentioned how the example of the French Revolution of 1830 touched anew with contagious fire the hearts of the liberals of every land. Brothers, even saviours, seemed at that time to be the victorious people of Paris who had dared, after the long night of obscurantism and the despotic oppression of the Holy Alliance, to found anew a free Government and to proclaim as its symbols the great words of Liberty and Fraternity. The hearts of liberals in Germany were widely and deeply stirred: visions of constitutional government, a free press, of peace, progress, international fraternity, hovered before the eyes of all: but Metternich was there, with the Bund at his disposal, given over body and soul to Austria, which with a series of despotic decrees dexterously suppressed every vestige or budding hope of constitutional government or of anything like

liberty of the press, in every state. Only two revolutionary demonstrations—the one known as the Hambach festival, and another at Frankfurt—took place, and both were easily put down. A large number of arrests were made, a good many liberals received lodgings gratis in German fortresses, and the rest, including people of every class, were sent into exile with the words 'Revolutionärer Geist' (revolutionary spirit) and 'Schlechte Gesinnung' (bad principles) added to their descriptions on their passports. The greater part of these exiles flocked to Paris as to the Mecca of the new faith; and there Heine found a good number of them on his arrival, with Ludwig Börne as their acknowledged chief.

One can well imagine what a strange sort of society these German refugees would form: there would be a sprinkling of doctors, lawyers, journalists, professors, and even commercial men, with a large background of working tailors, shoemakers, and the like—the whole set very unwashed, very hairy, and very uncombed, holding meetings and social gatherings in out-of-the-way *Kneipen* and dens in back courts in some dingy establishment kept probably by dingy compatriots. Here the tables, with or without dirty table-cloths, would be littered pell-mell with plates of sausages, raw herrings, *Sauerkraut*, and slovenly cooked messes of food, to be washed down with copious draughts of beer, gulped down out of foul *Schoppen*. At such tables all would sit pell-mell together, the artisan with unwashed fist seizing the sausage or handling the loaf, and the whole place would be filled with nauseous indigenous emanations, struggling with the abominable reek of bad tobacco and filthy German pipes, and subduing the light thrown from the wretched lamps and tallow-candles to a sort of twilight dimness. It might suit Börne, who made politics and revolutionary politics his chief aim in life, to associate with such company, and overcome the nausea which their society must have

inflicted upon a man who had been reared in comfort and elegance; and Börne naturally wished Heine to be like unto himself, hail fellow well met, with all the gang: but Heine, who was dainty and exquisite in his tastes, and really had at bottom no large common basis of political belief with the greater portion of the refugees, naturally shrank from such close and habitual intimacy with the set, and this the more with his privilege of entry into some of the most distinguished *salons* of Paris. Such reluctance is one of the first things to be observed and to be resented by such people, and the fact that he contributed to so aristocratic a journal as the 'Allgemeine Zeitung' at all, was sufficient to make the poet still more suspicious in their eyes. Very soon after his arrival in Paris we find him writing to Cotta and Varnhagen, and complaining of the Jacobin malice which was being got up against him; and this Jacobin malice, as the character of his political articles became more and more apparent, went on assuming a more and more violent tone, till his fellow refugees accused him of political treachery and apostasy. Reports were even spread that he was paid by Austria, and one individual, a Viennese bookseller, who was reported to have fled, not from political persecution, but from his creditors in Vienna, had the audacity to ask Heine if there was any foundation for such reports. 'I have received as little money from the Austrians as the Austrians have received from you,' was his reply. The bad odour in which Heine was thus beginning to be held by his fellow refugees was increased by his refusing to sign silly protests and other documents which were got up as political demonstrations, and it may be imagined that his caustic tongue would produce many a jibe at anything which occurred more absurd than usual in his compatriots' proceedings; and this was likely to be all the more bitter as Heine himself was surprised most disagreeably at

the stupidity of a party which now made him an object of attack, while, in fact, he had been rendering the liberals in Germany the greatest service by making the columns of a paper, hitherto closed to liberal ideas, the means of their propagation.

On his first arrival in Paris Heine had attended a few meetings as well of the German refugees as of the *amis du peuple* and other French societies. But his demeanour at the former showed that he was little edified, and he would sit with a strange smile on his face while Börne was passionately haranguing his 'unwashed public,' and took care always to slip away if there was any chance of the *sergents de ville* making an appearance.

The end of these unpleasant relations between himself and his fellow refugees was that he withdrew altogether from intercourse with his countrymen resident in Paris. But even during the first years of his residence there he made known his place of abode to none but his most intimate friends, and always chose by preference such an one as was difficult to find; he dreaded as much the visits of his fellow patriots, as he did the prospect of arrest by the police at the instigation of the German authorities. He was very sensitive in such matters, and easily suspicious of danger; for years long at this time he fancied himself surrounded by spies; and indeed arrest by the police, and exile beyond the boundaries of France, were not unfrequently the lot of his brother refugees as soon as the Prussian ambassador could get hold of their address, and request the French Government to take them in charge. Since such was Heine's disposition towards his fellow exiles, it may be conceived what must have been his horror when he received one day a dagger which a German refugee sent to him, as well as to the other German exiles in Paris, as a new year's gift, with a Brutus sort of inscription on it, enjoining him to make use of it in the liberation of his country. He knew that the days of

Harmodius and Aristogeiton were long past, and that the police, who had no knowledge of Harmodius and Aristogeiton, might deal harshly with him if it were found in his possession, and he felt disgusted accordingly. Perhaps it was this very sensitiveness and mobility of nature which induced him to take up such a very audacious line as he did in the preface to his 'French Affairs.' Finding nothing but oppression from above, and the meanest of suspicions below, he spoke a language which outdid in independence and bravado all the utterances of any of the members of the German liberal party, and then added, 'Now truly now I shall be less misunderstood than lately, when they (the liberals) believed that they were arriving at the goal of their hopes, and the expectation of victory swelled all the sails of their thoughts. I took no part in their folly, but am ever ready to share their misfortune. I will never return home as long as one of those noble exiles who, carried away by their enthusiasm, would listen to no reason, and must remain abroad in a foreign land and in misery. I would sooner beg a crust of bread of the poorest Frenchman than enter into the service of those well-bred rascals of our German Fatherland who mistake all moderation of power for cowardice, or as the prelude to apostasy and servility.'

All the differences between Heine and the ultra-liberal party of Germany culminated in his quarrel with Ludwig Börne, with whom he was constantly named in his lifetime, notwithstanding the antipathy which existed between them. Even in an article in the 'Edinburgh Review' Heine and Börne were coupled together as a sort of Siamese twins, who were at the head of what was then styled the French party in Germany.

There was just this excuse for naming the two men together: both were of Hebrew origin, both were obnoxious to the ruling powers in Germany, and both resided as exiles in Paris; otherwise the natures and aspirations of the two

writers were radically different, and their sympathies and views about life, letters, morals, and the future of humanity were divided by a deep and impassable gulf, as must have been evident to any but the most superficial observers.

The difference between Heine and Börne was as vast as that between Voltaire and Rousseau—a difference which culminated at last in the deadly conflict between their followers, the party of Danton and that of Robespierre—a conflict in which the latter got the upper hand and sent their adversaries to the guillotine.

The difference between the two was indeed greater and deeper than this, for Heine was a purer poet than Voltaire, and Börne was a more pedantic and exclusive politician than Rousseau; and the pure politician and the poet are, as a rule, about as much akin to each other as a kite is to a skylark.

Ludwig Börne was, however, not a man without noble traits in his character, and is deserving of respect as an author. He was more than ten years Heine's senior, and born of wealthy parents in the Judengasse at Frankfurt. He had had greater experience than Heine of the cruel and shameful ignominy to which his race had been subjected, and the red-hot iron of the memory of past injuries was ever burning in his soul. His nature became full of bitterness and gall; he never smiled, and politics with him were a religion by the side of which all other interests were frivolous and even sinful. The painful riddle of the justice and injustice of the world was ever before his eyes, and the unravelling of this seemed to him to be the only end worthy of a man of intellect and a patriot.

The book published by Heine after Börne's death, styled 'Heinrich Heine über Börne,' containing a great deal which had been better omitted, and which he afterwards regretted, is useful as a means of studying not only Heine's relations towards Börne, but his relations towards politics. No clearer illustration has ever been penned of the antipathy which is

tolerably certain to arise between real poets and artists and mere politicians. The finer sensibilities of the former, and the rough and tough fibre of the latter, are sure to fly into repulsion sooner or later in intercourse—unless, indeed, the politician be a genius capable of regarding the interest of humanity from an elevated point of view, of which there are few examples in history. It is highly significant that Börne's first expression of mistrust and aversion for Heine was caused by the fact that the latter had chosen, on arriving in Paris, to write a series of letters about French art. He could not endure that the poet and the artist should be a poet and an artist while he, Börne, was an unhappy politician. Your ordinary hand-to-mouth politician thinks at all times that a taste for art is something akin to frivolity, and is not to be indulged in at all without something like sinfulness—ignorant that the smallest decent work of poetry or art is of more value to humanity than his own personal self, and the complete realisation of his own petty and ephemeral ambitions.

Heine had had the chance as a boy of seeing Börne at Frankfort when the latter was already a writer in German newspapers, and was occupying himself with inditing a series of slashing criticisms against the actors of the town. Later he had, at the suggestion of Varnhagen von Ense and Rachel, read some of Börne's critical and other essays in various journals, and been much struck with their fine and elevated tone of thought, and also with a wit and vivacity of expression not very unlike his own. Still later, in 1827, as Heine passed through Frankfort to go and take the editorship of Cotta's 'Political Annals' at München, he went and sought him out, as we have noticed, and the two fell at once into friendly relations. Börne was, as we have hinted, a man of some property in Frankfort, lived in a liberal style, and was not then embittered with that unmerited exile into which the little and great despots of Germany at that time

drove so many of the best citizens of the *Vaterland*. However, when Heine met Börne at Frankfort, the wide difference between their two natures had not wholly declared itself. Börne had not then entirely immersed himself in politics, and during the three days which Heine spent with him at that time their intercourse had all the charm of two men of high intelligence glad to meet and exchange thoughts amid the isolation to which all such natures are more or less confined; while Börne, being then Heine's senior by about twelve years, could regard his younger brother in arms, then at the outset of an adventurous career, with something like paternal solicitude. All this is well expressed in Heine's book about Börne.

'The three days which I spent in Frankfort in Börne's society flew by in almost idyllic peacefulness. He exerted himself in the most pressing way to please me. He let the sky-rockets of his wit blaze forth as cheerfully as possible, and as at the conclusion of an exhibition of Chinese fireworks the pyrotechnist himself ascends into the air amid a dazzling crackling shower of flame, so the humouristic speeches of the man ever concluded with a wild fire of diamonds, in which he made sacrifice of himself. He was as harmless as a child. Up to the last moment of my stay in Frankfort he ran about me in a good-humoured way, looking into my eyes to see if he could do anything to please me. He knew that I was travelling to Munich at the invitation of Baron Cotta, to undertake there the editorship of the "Political Annals," and to dedicate my activity to some projected literary undertakings. It is well known what poisonous vexations the Ultramontane aristocratic propaganda in Munich practised towards me and my friends.

'"Take care not to come into collision in Munich with the priests," were the last words which Börne whispered into my ear at my departure. When I took my place in the *coupé* of the stage-coach he looked after me a long time in a

melancholy way, like an old seaman who has retired to *terra firma* and feels stirred with pity when he sees a young ship-boy betaking himself to sea for the first time. The old traveller thought then that he had said adieu for ever to the malicious element, and that he would be able to pass the rest of his days in a safe harbour. Poor man! The gods would not grant him such peace!'

No, poor Börne was not destined to know peace. His brain, too, was set on fire by the fierce sunbeams of liberty which flashed from the great sun of the Parisian July, and he too became, like Heine, an exile; and the next meeting of the two patriots—for Börne, as Heine willingly testified, was an ardent patriot—was in the French capital.

When Heine arrived in Paris in the autumn of 1831, one of his first cares was to seek out Börne, but already, in the first few days of his Parisian experience, the wild intoxication of the poet had subsided before the stern realities of fact. The glorious Three Days of July, in which the great people of Paris had shown such sublime heroism, chivalry, and abnegation, had borne sorry fruits; the heroic populace had been tricked out of the fruits of their victory. Louis Philippe, with his cotton umbrella, in league with cunning banking politicians and *doctrinaire* intriguers, and backed up by the majority of the grocers and haberdashers of Paris, was directing the destinies of France. Even the grey hair of Lafayette Heine found to be a brown peruke: even the patriot dog Medor had been superseded by an impostor.

'Already,' wrote Heine in 1839, 'in the first days after my arrival in the capital of the Revolution, I remarked that things wore quite another character in reality from that which the illuminating effect of enthusiasm had lent them in the distance. The silver hair which I had seen majestically waving about the shoulders of Lafayette, the hero of both worlds, had changed itself on close observation into a brown peruke, which covered his narrow skull in a lamentable

fashion. And even the dog Medor, whom I endeavoured to find in the court of the Louvre, and who had allowed himself to be quietly placed under a canopy of tricolour flags and trophies, he was no longer the genuine dog, but a mere common brute who had taken advantage of the merits of another, as so often happens in France, and he, like so many others, had made his market out of the glory of the July Revolution. He was fondled, promoted, perhaps admitted to the highest place of honour, while the true Medor had modestly crept away some days after the victory, like the real people who had made the revolution. Poor people! poor dog!

'It is a very old story. Not for itself, since the beginning of time, not for itself has the people bled and suffered, but for others. In July 1830 it won the victory for the benefit of that *bourgeoisie* who are of as little worth as the nobility into whose place it thrusts itself with the same egotism. The people had won nothing by their victory but regret and still greater misery.'

The poetic imagination of Heine having been thus disenchanted as to the success of the Revolution of 1830, it was natural that he should not be in the very best mood for chiming in with the humours of Börne, who still entertained all the revolutionary ardour of a disciple of 1793. Heine's humour and the scepticism of his nature were sure to break out irrepressibly under the tremendous recoil which he had experienced after such a phase of passionate exaltation. Besides, he was above all things an artist, sensitive to rough pressure and rude collisions, and timorous for the fate of the interests of art and poetry, which he considered the holiest treasures of humanity; what was to become of them amid the long future of revolutionary storm which Börne seemed bent on preparing for all Europe?

The report given by Heine of his first conversation with Börne in the Hôtel de Castille in Paris is sufficient to show

that intimate and genial intercourse could not long subsist between the two. To add to the likelihood of the discordance, it must be mentioned that Heine, now in his thirty-first year, was then in the full enjoyment of youth and health, and in exuberant spirits, and endowed with a tremulous sensitiveness to all that was refined, gay, joyous, as well as voluptuous, in human existence; while Börne was suffering from a slow consumptive disease which had worn him to a skeleton, and which indeed sent him finally to a premature grave: his sickly condition rendered him peevish, and averse to social and pleasurable enjoyment, while increasing deafness developed in him more and more that mistrust and suspicion which were conspicuous qualities in his nature. It was the old story of crabbed age and youth being unable to live together.

'The little flesh which I had formerly remarked on his body,' writes Heine, 'had now entirely disappeared—perhaps melted by the beams of the July sun which, alas! had flooded his brain. Out of his eyes there flashed alarming gleams. He sat, or rather dwelt, in a vast bright silken dressing-gown, like a tortoise in its shell, and when he from time to time popped forwards his thin little head in a suspicious way, I felt a strange feeling come over me. But pity seized me when out of his wide sleeve he extended his poor withered hand to greet me and to give mine a friendly shake. In his voice there was a certain tremor of sickness, and on his cheeks already were grinning the red northern lights of consumption. The sharp signs of mistrust which lurked in all his features and movements were perhaps a consequence of that hardness of hearing which he was suffering from when I first saw him, but which had increased and did not contribute a little to spoil his conversation for me. "Welcome to Paris!" he cried, as I entered, "that is fine. I am convinced that all the good men and true will come here. Here we hold a congress of all the patriots of Europe, and all

peoples must stretch forth their hands to the great work. All the princes must have work given them to do in their own countries in order that they may not unite to put down liberty in Germany. O God! O Germany! There will soon be troubles there and bloodshed. Revolutions are frightful things, but they are as necessary as amputation when a limb has become putrefied. Every delay brings danger, and he who, out of pity or horror at the sight of much blood, only performs the operation by halves, acts more cruelly than the worst tyrant. The devil seize all soft-hearted surgeons and their half measures! Marat was quite right, *il faut faire saigner le genre humain*; and if they had granted him the 300,000 heads he required, millions of better men had not gone to ruin, and the world would for ever have been cured of the old evil.

'"The Republic—the Republic must be carried through. Only the Republic can save us. To the hangman with the so-styled constitutional governments, from which our talkers in the Chambers expect all salvation."'

Poor Börne considered himself, in fact, a kind of apostle of revolution. On one occasion he came to Heine's apartments, found his way into his room, woke him out of a sound sleep, and, sitting down on his bed, held forth in such long lamentation over the oppression of Germany and of Europe, that Heine peevishly asked him if he was a 'public overseer;' and after this rebuff the pair never met but twice again. Indeed, to be awoke once in one's lifetime out of a sound sleep, and to be lectured to on the state of Europe, is sufficient cause for a rupture of friendship with any ordinary creature.

The publication, nevertheless, of Heine's book on Börne was one of the most indefensible incidents in his career, and he himself, as he confessed to various German literary admirers who came to visit him in his exile in Paris, came to regret it himself, especially that part of it in which he

implicated one of Börne's female friends in his accusations, and which brought upon him a duel with the lady's husband in 1841. Yet it must be acknowledged that Heine was far more capable of doing justice to Börne's character than Börne was to that of Heine. 'Börne,' said Heine to Alfred Meissner, as the latter reports in his charming book, 'Recollections of Heine,' 'Börne was a man of honour, a man of honesty and conviction, but a choleric, grievous fellow—what the French term a *chien hargneux*. What I have written about him is true, but in spite of that I confess that I wish I had not written the book or could take it back again. It is always a hazardous thing to utter hateful truths about an author who possesses a host of partisans. Goethe was a cautious man. He had no doubt much to criticise in Schiller, but he took care never to say anything to turn the enthusiasm of a whole time against himself.' In the very book in question he wrote of Börne, 'he was neither a genius nor a hero, he was no god of Olympus, he was a citizen of the whole world, a good prose writer, and a great patriot.' The most singular thing about this book was that Heine, after having held his tongue about Börne in the lifetime of the latter, in spite of Börne's attacks upon himself, should have had the imprudence to bring down on his head the hatred of the radical party, who regarded Börne as their Coryphæus when he was dead. As for Börne's appreciation of Heine and his conduct in their mutual relations in their lifetime, he appears miserably at a disadvantage, and there is no room for wonder that Heine found him a very disagreeable person, and took care after a time to avoid any place where he was likely to meet him. Börne, immediately after their first meeting in Paris, began, as appears by his letters to Madame Wohl, to whom were addressed his own popular 'Letters from Paris,' to entertain suspicions of Heine's political sincerity, and never wrote of him but in terms of depreciation, even at the time that he was continually seeking his

society to a degree which ended at last in persecution. He complained to Madame Wohl that 'Heine had no soul,' that 'nothing was sacred to him;' he was, according to other letters, 'heartless, his intercourse was soulless, and his very earnestness affected,' 'he could speak no reasonable word.' It appears too that Börne persecuted Heine with his attentions merely to be able to moralise over him, and doubtless drew conclusions of his own superiority after the usual fashion of revolutionary Pharisees. 'He, poor Heine,' he writes, 'is being chemically analysed by me, *and he has no suspicion that I am secretly continually making experiments on him. I collect everything which I hear of him from others, and I observe him myself. I shall surely come into dispute with him sooner or later, and then this will be of service.*' Such was the way in which Börne was secretly writing about Heine while treating him openly as a friend!

The fact is there was the difference between the two not only of the politician and the poet, but of the zealot and the liberal, of the narrow-minded Nazarene and the large-spirited Hellenist, as Heine has himself pointed out.

This distinction between Nazarenism (or Hebraism) and Hellenism, which has been adopted by an English critic, exists, as Heine has shown, among all men.

Börne later attacked Heine openly in his published 'Letters from Paris,' and also in a French paper, the 'Réformateur.' The chief accusation which he brought against him, and which was repeated parrot-wise, was that Heine had no character, to which Heine retorted triumphantly that to a mind so *borné* as Börne's, it was impossible to know whether he had any character or not. 'What is understood by the word character?' he asks. 'He alone has character who lives and moves in the precise circle of a precise condition of life, identifies himself, as it were, with it, and never falls into contradiction with his thought and feeling. In the case of highly distinguished spirits, who overtop the level of

their age, the crowd can never know whether they have any character or not, since the crowd are not far-sighted enough to see across the breadth of the circle within which these superior spirits move.'

'Nazarene hide-boundness (*Beschränktheit*),' writes Heine in another place; 'I say Nazarene, in order neither to make use of the expression Jewish or Christian, although both expressions are for me synonymous, and I only use them to characterise not a religious belief but a nature. Jewish and Christian are with me entirely synonymous terms, as contrasted with the word Hellenic, with which word I signify no definite people, but a certain direction of spirit and manner of intuition, the result of birth as well as of education. In this relation I may say all men are either Jews or Hellenes, men with tendencies to asceticism, hatred of the plastic and excessive spiritualisation, or men with natures of cheerful views of life, endowed with pride in development, and love of realities. Börne was an out-and-out Nazarene; his antipathy towards Goethe arose immediately out of his Nazarenic disposition; his later political exultation was founded on that hard asceticism, that thirst for martyrdom, which is generally found in Republicans, and which they name republican virtue, and is little different from the yearning for the passion felt by the first Christians.'

We shall have occasion elsewhere to treat of Heine's political convictions, or rather absence of conviction; it must suffice us here to make clear that, led by Börne, in his proselytising zeal, into the haunts of the German radical and republican exiles in Paris, Heine speedily became disgusted at the part he was expected to play; and if Börne had had any knowledge of human nature, he would hardly have expected any other result. To sit, under such circumstances and in such company as we have described, amid clouds of *caporal* reeking from filthy German pipes, listening to vulgar tirades of *Tyrannenhass*, to be continually called upon to sign

dirty papers containing revolutionary programmes, addresses, and the like, was for a man of his critical humour and dainty delicate tastes, about as nauseous a torture as could well be devised; and it was doubtless after a hand-shaking with some grimy-fisted, shock-haired German democrat that he replied to Börne, when the latter observed that if a king had shaken him by the hand he would cut it off, 'and I, when his majesty the mob takes my hand—shall wash it.' From such contact Heine speedily wholly withdrew; and as it was known that he was a correspondent of the 'Allgemeine Zeitung,' that he was intimate with Rothschild, that he frequented good society, and as his witty tongue had no doubt left many a sting behind him, it is no wonder that the radical party affected to speak and to write of him as a 'political apostate,' and hinted not obscurely at the halter and the guillotine—threats which he really appears to have taken in earnest, for he wrote in one of his letters to the 'Allgemeine Zeitung:' 'I know that if the Republicans succeed they will cut my throat;' and he was perpetually changing his lodgings in Paris and enjoining upon his friends secrecy as to his place of residence; at times, for months together, instructing his *concierge* not to let a single German approach him. In fact, Heine being above everything a poet, the political question formed with him but part of that totality of social improvement, to which he looked forward for humanity, and by no means the chief part. Indeed, to what political party of the day could Heine be expected to profess allegiance? In Germany he had found nothing but despotism, servitude, and oppression; his own country had denied him civil rights, made him a pariah, refused him the right to earn his bread, endeavoured to suppress his intelligence, and driven him into exile. In France he found four parties: the Carlists, in league with the Jesuits to restore the feudalism and obscurantism of the past; the Buonapartists, whom the death of the Duc de

Reichstadt thrust for a while into the background; the party of the *Juste-milieu*; and the supporters of Louis Philippe, who had foisted themselves upon the people and subtracted to their own profit all the benefit of the Revolution of 1830, and were endeavouring to supplant the aristocracy of birth by an aristocracy of commerce. This *régime* was likely to be more offensive to the sensibilities of the poet, and in some respects more prejudicial to the future interests of humanity, than the very *régime* it had supplanted. Both Heine's feelings and his reason led him to the same conclusion in the matter, and subsequent events have shown him to have been right. Art, poetry, and literature have not thrived, and cannot thrive, under a commercial *régime* and upon commercial principles; and the new form of privilege arrogated by commercial gain is more intolerable than that formerly accorded to rank. From the German republicans he was repelled chiefly by their extreme coarseness and vulgarity; and even the programme of the French republicans, whose heroism and qualities of self-sacrifice he was capable of appreciating with generous enthusiasm, was to him unsatisfactory and incomplete; he could find in it no germ, no idea even, of that social, moral, and æsthetic progress, without which all political reform seemed to him valueless. So much the more, therefore, did he enter with ardour into communion with the disciples of that new, strange, and generous school of social, moral, and religious reform which has died away, it is true, though it has left ineffaceable traces on the moral and social conscience of Europe. We speak of the school of the Saint Simonians, whom Heine found, on his arrival in Paris, at the height of their short-lived splendour and glory, and presided over by the chiefs of incontestable intellectual power, conviction, and enthusiasm.

The doctrines of the Saint Simonian school, indeed, not only coloured deeply Heine's thoughts and writings for many

years, but they entered largely into the composition of the programme of Young Germany, and excited even in her last years the fine enthusiasm of Rahel von Varnhagen, whom Heine had made the confidante of his hopes for a new future for the world, caught from the contagion of the Saint Simonian doctrines. In a letter of June 5, 1832, she wrote to Heine: 'Pity is it that we cannot have half-an-hour's conversation about Saint Simonianism. It seems to me that about much therein we are of one opinion. It is the newly invented instrument which touches at last the deep old wound—the history of man upon earth. It is working and sowing, and has already brought to light irrefragable truth; placed the true questions in their right order, and given an answer to many of the most important. The whole winter through were these writings, especially the *Globe*, my nourishment, entertainment, and occupation; their arrivals formed the subject of my great expectation. To beautify the world: my old topic—freedom to all human development: even so. When we lie we must hate him to whom we are obliged to lie. And that too we do. This has its application to every relation, even to marriage. What beautiful still untold things I had yet to say to you. But adieu.'

The founder of the sect, the Marquis Claude Henri de Saint Simon, a descendant of the Duc de Saint Simon, of the famous 'Memoirs,' was born in 1760, and died in 1825. Although his disciples were few at his death, and the energies and aspirations of a singularly tenacious and original nature seemed then to have failed utterly, he died in the strong conviction that his ideas would survive him, and he was not entirely deceived. During the five years preceding the Revolution of 1830 they spread rapidly and acquired the allegiance of many distinguished minds, and when the oppressive government of the Restoration was overthrown, they took to the work of proselytism with immense ardour.

Saint Simon himself was a strange incarnation of the

philanthropic notions which inspired so many generous spirits in the vast movement of the Revolution of 1789, and which were, indeed, however much abused or misdirected, its leading principles, and to which many remained faithful in spite of the horrors which attended their misuse. He had been the pupil of D'Alembert; he had volunteered as a boy in the American War of Independence. Having returned to France, he partook of all the wild exultation of the time, which led enthusiasts to imagine that a new era for humanity was at hand. The catastrophe of that mighty movement, and the loss of a revenue of half-a-million of francs which he once possessed, failed to quench his ardour for the amelioration of the lot of his fellow-creatures. Utopian dreams of a happy humanity living under new forms of social and religious life, floated before his eyes, in which love, earthly felicity, and free spiritual and intellectual development were to replace the old dominion of fear, misery, and repression; but the visionary wanted even sufficient judgment and good sense to place his scheme before the public. His first idea was to employ the rest of his property in speculations which, he contemplated, would realise an enormous fortune, such as would suffice to enable him to put his theory into practice on a colossal scale. These failed, and he squandered away the rest of his money in entertainments and prodigalities, with the view of studying every phase of human nature in order as he imagined to fit himself, by knowledge of mankind and of society, for the accomplishment of his great design. He thus reduced himself to absolute poverty, and the descendant of the Duc de Saint Simon must needs take the place of a clerk at the *Mont de Piété*, the government pawnshop. From this painful drudgery he was released by the charity of a poor man, who took him to his home, and enabled him to put his doctrines in print before the world, so that before his death he had worked them up into a tolerably complete system. Of these publications, *Le Nouveau Chris-*

tianisme was the most important. The leading idea of his scheme was that Christianity, as represented both by the Catholic and Protestant Churches, had long ceased to represent the spiritual needs of society, and was absolutely hostile to material and social progress. Christianity in its present form was an effete institution, of which he retained only the principle of brotherly love as the foundation of all morality. Saint Simon conceived the idea of a new Catholicism, a Catholicism of industry. Labour was no longer to be a curse, as it had been stigmatised by the Bible, but to be treated as a blessing. The pursuit of pleasure, too, within due limits was declared to be holy, and the doctrine of abnegation was utterly rejected. The whole society of Europe was to be reorganised in new social relations, forming a vast industrial association in which nations and individuals were to work out the tasks assigned to them, according to their capacities and opportunities. Having subjected the whole political and social condition of Europe to a searching criticism, he declared that constitutional and representative systems of government were but fugitive makeshifts, and that the new constitution for humanity had yet to be found. This constitution was to be discovered in the due organisation of Industry.

Saint Simon, just before his death, had hit upon the notion that a journal was the proper medium for starting his theory, and he had brought all arrangements to completion for a paper to be called the 'Producteur,' when he was struck down on his death-bed, and he died in the fulness of faith that through the 'Producteur' Saint Simonianism would triumph throughout the world; his last words, as he died in the arms of two of his disciples, being—'*L'avenir est à nous.*'

The 'Producteur' was not long lived, but the ideas it broached were taken up by a band of young enthusiasts and spread, and thus a new Simonian paper, the 'Organisateur,' was published in 1829. This, too, died in a short time; but in

1830 the Saint Simonians purchased the 'Globe,' the organ in which the French Romanticists had been carrying on their campaign, and in whose columns Saint Beuve published his first articles; and the 'Globe' with Pierre Leroux became a great success. The leading chiefs of the school at this time were Barthélemy Prosper Enfantin, Olinde and Eugène Rodriguez and Saint Amand Bazard, and they proceeded further to develope the doctrine of Saint Simon, and developed it in such different directions that the school at last broke up into sects. It was Bazard who elaborated still further Saint Simon's proposition—'the gradual improvement of the moral, intellectual, and physical condition of the most numerous and the poorest class,' and in denouncing the unequal division of property as one of the chief evils of society hit upon the famous phrase, '*l'exploitation de l'homme par l'homme*,' which has sounded in the mouths of so many social reformers. Indeed, multitudes of Saint Simonian phrases and ideas may be found little disguised in the works of succeeding writers on social topics. Prosper Enfantin, who became the most noted leader of the school, and received the title of the *Père suprême*, was the inventor of the phrase '*la réhabilitation de la chair*,' which became one of the most favourite watchwords of the writers of Young Germany; and every reader of Heine will recognise the influence it exerted over him. This doctrine of the '*réhabilitation de la chair*,' the restoration of flesh to good repute, and the severance of the bond which in Christian theology makes it a Siamese twin of the devil, was destined to lead the Père Enfantin to very strange lengths, and was the cause of the first great Saint Simonian schism. This doctrine had already been suggested by Saint Simon, who objected to Christianity, that after the Indo-Gnostic fashion it made a dualism of the principle of the universe, representing it as an eternal conflict between God and spirit on the one side, and the devil and matter on the other. The dogmas of

inherited sin, and of the eternity of punishment he declared to be incompatible with a belief in divine love. The religion of Saint Simonianism then—for it professed to be a religion, nothing less—was a sort of Pantheism. God was both matter and spirit, and all things lived, moved, and had their being in God. Matter, then, and spirit were not hostile principles, but united in divine love. The *Père suprême* then declared that matter had its rights as well as the spirit, and, in opposition to the Christian doctrine of renunciation, it was preached that the flesh should no longer be crucified, but sanctified by labour, and pleasure was to be the reward of labour.

This bare statement of the doctrines of the Saint Simonian school can of course give no idea of their attractiveness when they were set forth in burning words of eloquence and passion to a generation of young men yearning with wild desire for a new revelation. Young men in those days still had something like spiritual aspirations, and material prosperity did not seem to all to be the sole end of existence. It will not be supposed that it was the bait of mere sensual delight, or even the hope of conferring it upon mankind at large, which raised in the new proselytes such enthusiasm as they showed, and which rendered them capable of great personal sacrifice. Even the doctrine of the *réhabilitation de la chair* was used but as a stepping-stone to boundless spiritual development, of which all humanity were to be invited to partake: the whole teaching of the school was impregnated with a mystic theosophic faith, and the new society was regarded as a sort of industrial theocracy of which the Père Enfantin was the Messiah. A new paradise of felicity seemed revealed to man in the future, from which pride of birth, poverty, ignorance, and brutality were to be excluded, and the whole forces of man were to co-operate in bringing forth the highest spiritual and intellectual flowers of which civilisation was capable. *De chacun selon sa capacité,*

à chacun selon ses œuvres, was the motto of the Saint Simonians. Such a dream at such a crisis in that generation was sure to attract many of the best and noblest hearts. Among the earliest and most enthusiastic disciples of the new doctrine were Jean Louis Lemercier, Michel Chevalier, Pierre Leroux, Hippolyte Carnot, Émile Péreire, Charles Duveyrier, and Jules Lechevalier; and some of these neophytes sacrificed their fortunes in the endeavour to launch forth a theocratic industrial fraternal association founded on the Saint Simonian doctrines. A prosecution of the sect before the public tribunals, as founded on principles dangerous to society, only served to increase its popularity, and new members and abundance of money flowed in from all sides. The Saint Simonians then took a house in the Rue de Montigny, the members of the society adopted a special garb, let their beards grow, and kept a common household in which they gave festive and costly entertainments as a sample of the new sort of spiritual and æsthetic communion towards which they wished to lead humanity: affiliated societies were established in all the quarters of Paris on the same principles, and similar Saint Simonian establishments were set up at Lyons, Toulouse, Dijon, and many of the principal towns of France, in communication with the central house. Every Sunday there was a sort of Saint Simonian service in the Salle Taitbout, in the Rue Taitbout, where the new Saint Simonian gospel was expounded by dogmatic writers to crowds of the most distinguished people of Paris, and beautiful, elegant, and accomplished ladies, among whom Malibran was a constant attendant, listened with enthusiasm from the galleries. Pierre Leroux, Lemercier, Jean Reynaud, Charles Duveyrier, all versed in philosophic lore, both ancient and modern, taught how the new system was an embodiment of the most exalted dreams of philosophers from Plato downwards; while Michel Chevalier and Émile Péreire, one of whom became

the greatest political economist and the other the richest financier of France, taught that the new scheme was in strict harmony with the laws of all the economical sciences. The *suprême Père* Enfantin charged himself principally with the religious part, and the doctrine of the *réhabilitation de la chair* by divine and human love. Here Enfantin was pretty sure to trench on dangerous ground, for the most dangerous question of all for the peace and progress of the society was the social position of woman, the Saint Simonians being before the rest of the world in preaching the emancipation of the sex. The *Père* Enfantin preached first then that woman had an equal right to the priesthood with man; he even declared that he, the high priest of the association, did not feel a complete high priest without a feminine associate, and he was for a long time on the look out, and was assisted in the search by his friends, for a fitting lady Messiah who should share with him the glory and the burden of a high priesthood. This first step of the *suprême Père* sent a good many of the weaker brethren out of the society; but when he went on further and began to treat of marriage at large in a way which was qualified as a regularisation of divorce, some of the leading members—Pierre Leroux, Reynaud, Carnot, and others left also in a body. Thereupon Olinde Rodrigues took upon himself the industrial fatherhood of the Saint Simonians, and proclaimed the *Père* Enfantin the most moral man of his time, the true follower of the great master and supreme head of the Saint Simonian religion. The expensive housekeeping, however, of the Rue de Montigny had exhausted the funds of the association, and the *Père* Enfantin, with his devoted followers, withdrew to a small property of his own at Ménilmontant, where they accommodated themselves to their reduced circumstances, and lived a life of seclusion and abstinence, preparing themselves for their great mission. The great schism among the Saint Simonians took place about five months after Heine's arrival in Paris.

and as he had already become acquainted with the *Père* Enfantin, and rapidly became Saint Simonianised, he doubtless watched the succeeding events and final break-up of the society with great interest; indeed, *le Père* Enfantin had created him the first Saint Simonian father in Germany.

It does not appear whether Heine partook of the exile of the *Père* Enfantin and his devoted band at Ménilmontant, but he was present later, in August 1832, at the court of assizes of the tribunal of the Seine when the *Père* Enfantin and Michel Chevalier, Duveyrier, and Bassault were put upon their trial for publishing doctrines subversive of society.

For the Saint Simonian leaders had carried on their propaganda from Ménilmontant in the columns of the 'Globe,' and had been getting into more and more dangerous quagmires: the accused chiefs, including the *Père suprême*, were condemned to several years' imprisonment for having instituted an unlawful association, and for having excited the working classes with doctrines offensive to morality. This was a great and crushing blow to the society. Enfantin, after being imprisoned for some months, was set free, but the *Père suprême* after his condemnation was terribly in the way of the Saint Simonians, who still held together; they did not like to depose him, and they could no longer make use of him, so they persuaded him, since he was a clever engineer, to accept an offer of employment from the Pasha of Egypt on the work of reparation of the embankment of the Nile, and thither Enfantin departed with some of his devotees—not, however, without some of his kind advisers consoling themselves with the thought that 'if he became a martyr he might still be useful to the doctrine.' The end of Enfantin is curious, for, in common with a good many Saint Simonians, he finished his life in practical pursuits; in 1837 he returned to France and occupied himself with the coloni-

sation of Algeria, and in 1850 he was elected chief director of the *Chemin de Fer du Nord*—an office which he filled till his death in 1864. Many other of the most solemn hierarchs among the Saint Simonians became, as we have said, practical men. Heine has thought it worth while to notice the strange after-career of one of his friends among them, Charles Duveyrier, in one of his letters to the 'Allgemeine Zeitung,' in a way which shows what interest he took, not only in the doings of the Saint Simonians at the time, but also in their subsequent career.

In May, 1832, therefore, some months after the great Saint Simonian schism, we find Heine writing to Varnhagen: 'I am occupying myself now much with the history of the French Revolution and with Saint Simonianism, about both which will I write books. I have, however, much study to go through first. Michel Chevalier is my dear friend—one of the noblest men I know. That the Saint Simonians have beaten a retreat was perhaps very useful for the doctrine: it will get into more able hands, especially the political portion, for the doctrines about property have need of being worked out better. As for me, I interest myself especially with the religious ideas, which have only need to be pronounced to become embodied in life sooner or later.'

Heine was indeed the friend of most of the Saint Simonian leaders, and he remained faithful to the *Père* Enfantin, whom he styled, in a letter to Heinrich Laube, after his condemnation, 'the most remarkable spirit of our times,' and he was his zealous defender even in circles where Saint Simonianism was spoken of with mockery and ridicule. For a time, indeed, it seemed that Heine himself was going to undertake to be a prophet in the cause, for his writings for three or four years were saturated with Saint Simonianism. The preface to his book on the 'Romantic School,' written in April, 1833, and therefore some months after Enfantin's condemnation, is pure Saint Simonian doctrine announced with

the authority of a doctor of the school. After having declared that the Saint Simonian expressions of which he had made use himself in the text of the volume perfectly conveyed his meaning, he went on: 'Squireens (*Junker*) and priests, who of late have dreaded more than ever the might of my word, and have thereby sought to depopularise me, may, if they please, misuse those expressions in order with some show to convict me of materialism or atheism: they may, if they please, make me a Jew or a Saint Simonian, and they may bring any kind of heretical accusations they choose against me before their people: no cowardly considerations shall mislead me so as to induce me to express my views of divine things in the usual ambiguous words. Even my friends may be angry with me for not concealing my thoughts in a prudent manner, and for unveiling the most delicate matters without reservation, so that I am a source of vexation to them: neither the malignity of my enemies nor the cunning foolishness of my friends shall prevent me from expressing in plain terms and openly my conviction about the mightiest question for humanity—the existence of God. I do not belong to the materialists, who turn the spirit into flesh: I rather belong to those who restore spirit to bodies; I spiritualise them, I make them holy. I belong not to the atheists, who deny: I affirm. The indifferentists and the prudent people, so styled, who will not utter their convictions about God, are the real deniers of divinity. Such a silent denial becomes at the present time a social crime, since in this way misconceptions are kept up which till now have only served as supports of despotism.' In the account which we have given of Heine's 'Romantic School,' the very striking passage with which it opens is the pure Saint Simonian view of Christianity; yet in substituting the *Dieu progrès* of Saint Simon for the *Dieu pur esprit* of Christianity, in his conception of the Saint Simonian Pantheon, he again attempts to defend himself against the imputation

of materialism. 'If everything were God,' he writes, 'it might be thought immaterial wherewith man occupied himself. But that is an error. All is not God, but God is all. God does not manifest Himself in equal measure in all things; He manifests Himself rather in different degrees in different things, and everything feels within it the stress of aspiration to a higher degree of divinity—and that is the great law of progress in nature. The recognition of this law, which has been revealed most deeply by the Saint Simonians, makes of Pantheism a theory of the world that does not lead to Indifferentism, but to endeavour of the most self-sacrificing kind. No; God does not manifest Himself equally in all things: He manifests Himself in them more or less, He lives in this perpetual manifestation. God exists in movement, in action, in time; his holy breath breathes across all the pages of history: the last is the especial book of God.'

Heine's preface to the French edition of the 'Reisebilder' also testifies to the hold which the Saint Simonian doctrines of social economy had acquired over his mind. His series of essays on German religion and philosophy —from which we have already given such copious extracts— was, in fact, a criticism of religious and philosophic thought in Germany from a Saint Simonian point of view. The whole book is full of Saint Simonian doctrine, expressed, however, in a much clearer and more vivid manner than it ever was by Saint Simon himself in his 'Nouveau Christianisme.' 'This religion,' says he, speaking of the old form of Christianity, 'was too exalted, too pure, too good for this earth, where its idea has only been proclaimed in theory, but never carried out in practice. The attempt to carry out the idea of Christianity has, as we see, at last been a most lamentable failure, and this unfortunate attempt has cost humanity sacrifices which are incalculable; and the melancholy consequence of the same is our present state of social

misery in Europe. Christianity gave up matter—that which pertained to the world, to Cæsar and to his Jewish chamberlains—and contented itself with denying to the first his supremacy, and with branding the last in public opinion: but see! the hateful sword and despised money obtain the upper hand at the last, and the representatives of the spirit had to come to an understanding with them. Yea, out of this relation had even a solidarity of alliance sprung up. Not only the Roman, but also the English, the Prussian, and all privileged priests, have united with Cæsar for the oppression of the people. But by reason of this alliance the religion of spiritualism will be all the sooner overthrown. Christianity, unable to destroy matter, has everywhere attempted to dishonour it: it has degraded the noblest enjoyments, and the senses must be hypocritical, and lies and sins a matter of course. The latest aim of all our new institutions is the *réhabilitation* of matter, the re-establishment of the same in its dignity, its moral recognition, its religious sanctification, its reconciliation with the spirit. Know ye now what evil is in the world? The spiritualists have always reproached us that after the pantheistic view the difference between the good and the bad disappears. The bad, however, on the one side, is a mistaken conception arising out of their way of regarding the world; on the other side, it is a real result of their own ordering of the world. In their way of regarding the world, matter is bad by and of itself, which view truly is calumny and blasphemy against God. Matter only then becomes bad when it must secretly conspire against the usurpations of the spirit, when the spirit has degraded it, and when it prostitutes itself out of self-contempt; or, when, with the hatred of desperation, it revenges itself on the spirit; and so the bad is only a result of the spiritualistic ordering of the world. God is identical with the world.'

Heine subsequently combats the opinion that the religion

of Pantheïsm would lead to Indifferentism. 'On the contrary, man's consciousness that he participates in the divine nature will inspire him with a desire to manifest it, and now first will true magnanimous deeds of true heroism ennoble the earth. The political revolution which reposes on the principles of French materialism, will find in the pantheists no opponents, but allies; allies, however, who had drawn their convictions from a deeper source—from a religious synthesis. We are for promoting the well-being of matter, material happiness, not because we despise spirit, like the materialists, but because we know that the divinity of man is revealed also in his bodily appearance, and that misery destroys and makes vile the body, the image of God, and the spirit thereby also goes to ruin.'

This book was dedicated, in the first French edition, to Enfantin himself, and, together with the previous volume, reached the *Père suprême* at Cairo, busy with the Nile embankment, and still looking out for a lady-Messiah to share with him the burden of his mission. Enfantin was not a little surprised to find the sceptical German poet, who had already become known in Parisian circles by the publication of selections from his poetry and prose in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, so fervent a disciple, and he wrote him a letter in reply of the length of a pamphlet, a sample of the eagerness and passion for proselytism which distinguished the early Saint Simonians. Heine, however, suppressed this dedication to Enfantin in subsequent editions, for Enfantin, on his return to France, as we have before noted, became a mere ordinary citizen: he not only succeeded in becoming manager of a railway, but—in despair, perhaps, of ever finding the female Messiah—contracted an ordinary respectable marriage—he who had carried Heine away by his eloquent theorising on the good results which would accrue from the *freie Wahlumarmung*. It was not unnatural that Heine should display his caustic

humour on this point; so, in the year 1855, in a new preface to his work, 'L'Allemagne,' he wrote: 'Things have now changed: the martyrs of some time back are no longer despised and persecuted; they bear no longer the cross, unless it is the cross of the Legion of Honour; they no longer run bare-foot through the deserts of Arabia seeking the free woman; these, our liberators from the yoke of matrimony, these looseners of marriage fetters, on their return from the East, married, and have become the most imperturbable *épouseurs* in the wide world, and they wear boots. Most of these martyrs are now living in clover, some of them are fresh-cooked millionaires, and more than one has obtained the most honourable and lucrative post. We travel rapidly now by railway. These apostles of erewhile, who dreamed of a golden age for all humanity, have contented themselves therewith to carry on the silver age, the dominion of the *Dieu-argent*, who is the father and mother of all and everybody. It is perhaps the same God which they preached with the words, "All is in Him, nothing goes beyond Him, without Him is nothing."'

In this passage is there not only allusion to Enfantin, but to Émile Péreire, lately deceased, once the head of the *Crédit Mobilier*, one of the kings of the *Bourse*, and perhaps the most successful speculator under the second empire; perhaps also to Michel Chevalier, who became a senator during the same period.

CHAPTER VI.

HEINE AS FRENCH AUTHOR.

THE story of Heine's relations with the Saint Simonians shows that at this time he was by no means the sceptical spirit of his latter days, after he had become the victim of paralysis and of another long and painful malady; but that the principle of faith was still active within him, and capable of taking glowing and generous interest and of conceiving a mighty hope in the future of humanity.

It was, indeed, the kindred generous qualities of the French nation, and their accessibility to kindred enthusiasms, which had first drawn him to France, and the sympathy he had manifested with the principles of the French Revolution had brought down upon him the interference of the Austrian Cabinet, and closed against him the columns of the 'Allgemeine Zeitung.'

Such passionate sympathy with the strivings and future of the French nation was indeed not peculiar to Heine alone: it had shown itself in a still more vehement form in Shelley, Coleridge, and other of the great spirits at the beginning of the century, and may be said to have been in those times almost a constant characteristic of the poetic and liberal mind.

The task which Heine undertook in consequence of such sympathy was twofold: he had designed to be the interpreter of French ideas in things literary, æsthetic, social, and political, in his own country, and to fulfil a corresponding duty, as regards Germany, in France. He hoped thus to

remove the intellectual barriers which existed between the two peoples, and he fondly trusted that a more intimate spiritual acquaintance between them would render those national enmities and jealousies impossible which had hitherto been taken advantage of by dynasties for the advantage of their own ambitions, and in order to arrest the growth of democracy. The first part of Heine's programme—that of disseminating his views on French politics and literature—had become impossible of further execution from the jealous watchfulness of all German governments over every new expression of thought and opinion: the interference of Metternich with Heine's activity as regards the 'Allgemeine Zeitung' was speedily followed by an increased severity of the censorship in Prussia and other German states, and by general decrees of the Diet at Frankfort passed at the instigation of the chief statesmen in the Austrian cabinet. One such decree, passed on the 5th of July, 1832, forbade all importation into German territory of German books printed abroad, without permission of the Government, and another forbade the importation of German books published in Paris; so that Heine had as little hope of succeeding in importing his writings into his own country from abroad, as he had in escaping mutilation at the hands of the censors at home.

There were yet other circumstances which induced him to direct his next efforts towards gaining the ear rather of the French public than of the German, and that arose from his own fault. He had, we have seen, incurred the hostility of the authorities by his sympathy with French ideas, and the suspicion of the extreme liberals by his moderation towards existing governments; and he had further succeeded in disgusting a large proportion of his admirers by the cynical licentiousness of the 'Memoirs of Herr von Schnabelowopski,' and by his series of love poems written in honour of a band of 'light women,' and published in the first volume of the 'Salon,' in which love was treated in a grossly Bohemian

and heathen fashion. It is, however, but fair to Heine to say that he gave some reason, though a bad one, for this desecration of the gift of poetry committed to him; he asserted, in a letter to his brother Maximilian, written after the appearance of the 'Salon,' that he desired to give another direction to public opinion respecting himself. 'Better that it should be said that I am a scamp than a too earnest *Vaterland*-liberator. The reputation of being this last is not desirable at the present time. The democrats are furious about me; they say I shall soon come out as an aristocrat—I think they are wrong. I shall withdraw from politics. In this epoch of reaction, above all, I will certainly write nothing. The *Vaterland* may now find another fool.' That there was some truth in the excuse here given cannot be denied. Heine, in order to pass with the authorities of his country as a less serious revolutionist than they deemed him to be, was willing—too willing—to play the scamp in the eyes of the public. It can, however, not escape remark that this attitude of his harmonises ill with that which he assumed only five months before in his preface to 'French Affairs,' in which he had assumed the garb and the inspiration of a prophet, took into his mouth the words of Luther —'Here I stand, I can do no other. God help me. Amen;' and declared himself to be the slave of his thought and of the spirit by which he was possessed. The descent from this majestic position to that of sitting down at his desk, and writing a series of licentious and lascivious songs, was scandalous, and to the mass of even his greatest admirers unintelligible. Nevertheless, this descent from the sublime to the unclean, from the zenith to the gutter, was unfortunately not unnatural in a genius so mobile as Heine's under the pressure of the circumstances to which he was subjected. There was in his nature that leaven of paganism and sensuality which was too prone to rise under the fiery ordeal of oppression; and when a genius of such transcendent

merit—one born to render such graceful, delicate, and exceptional services to humanity—fails in acquiring respect from others, it is not unlikely to end by ceasing to respect itself and by loosing the bridle off its more sensual nature, and allowing it to revel in the fields of license. It seemed, too, as though, in this inconstancy and degradation of affection, he was taking revenge for that first and bitterest disappointment which had sunk, as though for ever, a well of Marah in his soul. However, Heine could hardly have adopted a line of conduct more calculated to expose himself to the malice of his enemies, who would take care to emphasise the fact that this caustic utterer of so many sarcasms about Teutonic dreaminess, dilatoriness, and absence of all political sense, about Teutonic servility and Teutonic incapacity to lay hold of any opportunity for making a single step towards political freedom, was a shameless profligate and licentious roamer of the Boulevards of Paris. And it must be confessed that the most honest and liberal of Germans might justly feel some indignation at the quips and jibes levelled at his country from such a hand; it is not given to all to comprehend that elastic rebound, so characteristic of the poet's nature in respect of all subjects, with which it is capable of becoming impassioned—that instantaneous recoil so well described by Wordsworth—

> But, as it sometimes chanceth, from the might
> Of joy in minds that can no farther go;
> As high as we have mounted in delight,
> In our dejection do we sink as low.
> * * * * * * *
> We poets in our youth begin in gladness,
> But thereof comes in the end despondency and madness.

It is but just to remember that the poet and satirist who taunted so continually the heavy '*Vetter Michel*' about his love for his nightcap, and the regularity of his snores, also uttered the beautiful saying that 'if ever—which God pre-

vent!—liberty should disappear from the world, then a German dreamer would discover it again in his dreams.'

It will thus be seen that the first part of Heine's programme —that of becoming an interpreter of French thought in Germany—had become surrounded with difficulties, some of which were of his own creation; that he was at variance at once with the Government and with the Radicals; that the trials of censorship, prohibition of sale of books, exclusion from the columns of newspapers, beset him from above, while from below he had to defend himself against the suspicions and accusations of the democrats; and that by his own fault he had estranged from him the best and largest part of his admirers. All these things drove him so much the more to devote himself energetically to the other part of his programme —that of disseminating a knowledge of German literature and philosophy in France. The book on the 'Romantic School,' and that on the 'History of German Religion and Philosophy,' were the first results of this activity directed towards French opinion.

The moment was a favourable one for obtaining a hearing on such subjects in France. The French Romantic School was then in the full fervour of militant zeal, and, in its revolt against the traditions of French Classicism, eagerly seeking for allies among the past and present representatives of literary renown abroad. The French Romantic School, although it probably borrowed its name from the German Romantic School, had but a superficial resemblance to it in its aims. The latter, as we have seen, was mainly a return to mediæval models and ways of thought, leading to mysticism and neo-Catholicism and seclusion from the popular life of the time. The French Romantic School, on the other hand, aimed at delivering the literary taste of the nation from the traditional trammel of restraints which had become intolerable to the expanding intelligence of the country. The severe canons of taste of the French classic writers had resulted in

an over-refined purism of diction which had at length impoverished the language, while the strict rules of versification, some of which we English also had accepted, and which were broken through first by Keats, Wordsworth, Shelley, Coleridge, and other great poets at the beginning of this century, had given to the Alexandrine a rigid unyielding form. In tragedy, too, the observance of the Aristotelian three unities had had a similar effect in reducing the heroes and heroines of the stage to meaningless *simulacra*. The revolt against the old system was, as is mostly the case with revolts, carried to extremes; the old French classic literature will ever remain one of the chief glories of the nation; and Heine, bred as he was in the traditions of the German School, has not failed to express his reverence for the purity, grace, and noble feeling of Racine, to whom he attributed no small share in the formation of the heroic ideal of the French nation. It indeed needed audiences of heroic men, and women of noble and refined sentiments, to be capable of admiring the Roman spirit of Corneille, and the tender and sublime sentiment of Racine; and if the French are distinguished above all nations by exquisite taste in art, literature, and in all that pertains to the most elegant enjoyments of civilised life, indubitably they owe much to those choice and delicate spirits who voluntarily submitted to restraints, hard indeed to bear, but which excluded without pity the low, the grovelling, and the uncouth from the domain of tragic art. It is an utter mistake, too, to suppose, as superficial critics have supposed, that Racine was aiming at the reproduction of mere Greek and Roman tragedies; under the thin veil of antique disguise his contemporaries readily recognised the most pathetic incidents of court life of their own time, and the heroes and heroines of his tragedies are in reality French noblemen and women of his age in Greek and Roman garb. But the burden under which a Corneille or a Racine might labour with success might prove

intolerable to less gifted natures; few, indeed, can tread securely on the steep and slippery ascent of the ideal, and, as in the case of the sublime and the ridiculous, there is but one step for inexperienced feet from the summit to the base; it was natural then that writers at length should revolt against canons which subjected their energies to conditions of impossible rivalry, and that they should desire to include in their representations a wider experience of life, and have at command a more copious language of expression. It is well known, however, with what success Victor Hugo, Saint Beuve, Dumas, Théophile Gautier, the two Deschamps, and others, undertook by precept and example the foundation of the new school, towards which the government of Charles X. committed the fault of showing itself hostile by the adoption of arbitrary measures in support of the old classic party at the Théâtre Français and elsewhere, and they threw the Romanticist into the arms of the opposition—an alliance which was, however, prescribed by the very nature of the laws of progress and human reason. It was a matter of necessity in such a conflict that the Romanticist should look abroad and hold up as examples to their countrymen the masterpieces of foreign nations produced in disregard of the old canons; and it was with this view that they devoted themselves with energy and zeal to the study of foreign literature—of the works of Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, Byron, Goethe, and Schiller. Germany especially had attracted a large share of the attention of the French champions of Romanticism. Ever since the appearance of Madame de Staël's work in Germany, the interest of French minds in German thought had been increasing, and even before Heine's appearance in Paris, Gerard de Nerval had given a version of Goethe's 'Faust,' in the French tongue: sundry translations of Schiller's dramas had been made, and Xavier Marmier, and Loewe Veimars had undertaken French versions of Jean Paul, Tieck, and Hofmann. Of late years, indeed, no nation

has so distinguished itself by such rapid appreciation and fine intelligence of the works and the genius of foreign nations as the French; and the names of Ginguené, Ampère, Ozanam, Fauriel, Edgar Quinet, Victor Cousin, Lerminier, Saint Beuve, Prosper Mériméc, Théophile Gautier, Alfred de Vigny, Guizot, Gerard de Nerval, and many others, claim a foremost rank among those cosmopolitan critics who have generously devoted themselves to the task of removing the barriers of international ignorance.

Immediately after Heine's arrival in Paris, Loewe Veimars, a writer born in Paris of German parents, had made Heine the offer of translating into French portions of the 'Pictures of Travel,' and of getting the translations published in the pages of the 'Revue des Deux Mondes,' and in the numbers of June 15, September 1, and December 15 of 1832, extracts from the Hartz-journey, and from the 'Baths of Lucca,' and the book of 'Le Grand,' appeared in that celebrated journal. Those who have had experience of the delicacy and quickness of appreciation of the cultivated society of Paris will not be surprised to learn that these fragments of Heine's excited at once intense curiosity and admiration. Who was this strange spirit which had so suddenly sprung forth into the midst of the Parisian world, and who poured forth from one hand the finest flowers of German poetry and fancy, and from the other the most brilliant jewels of Parisian wit—for the man seemed to possess a two-fold nature, and to be at once a grandson of Goethe and of Voltaire? Here was the odour of the blossom of the German Linden, the grateful perfume of the pine-forest, the dreamy splendour of the northern moonbeam, mingled with burning enthusiasm for the democratic ideal of the French Revolution —liberty, fraternity, and equality—and all enlivened with the lightest touches of wit and humour. The author of such essays was sure henceforward *digito monstrari* wherever he might go in the French world, and to be claimed as a

compatriot. The reputation thus suddenly acquired was immensely increased in the following year, when Renduel, publisher of most of the works of the Romantic School, issued a French translation of Heine's correspondence on 'French Affairs,' with the preface which had been suppressed in Germany, together with the essays on the French exhibition of pictures of 1831. Such indeed was the impression produced by these publications in the world of Parisian culture, that when Victor Bohain, towards the end of the year 1832, entertained the project of publishing a new review in the interests of international culture to be styled 'L'Europe Littéraire,' Heine was among the first whom he invited to contribute.

Of Victor Bohain and his wooden leg, and the manner of setting forth of the 'Europe Littéraire,' Heine has written an account in his pleasantest vein:—

'Among the persons whom I saw shortly after my arrival in Paris was Victor Bohain, and I still remember that jovial witty physiognomy which by its amiable incitement contributed not a little to clear from clouds the forehead of the German dreamer and to initiate his oppressed heart into the cheerfulness of French life. He was just then founding the "Europe Littéraire" and, as chief manager of the same, came to me with the proposal that I should write some articles for him in the style of Madame de Staël. I promised to deliver the articles,—expressly remarking, however, that I would write them in a quite different style. "That is all the same to me," he answered with a laugh. "I admit, like Voltaire, every style except the *style ennuyeux*." In order that a poor German like myself might not fall into the *style ennuyeux*, friend Bohain invited me often to dinner, and moistened my wit with champagne. No one so well as he knew how to order a dinner where one enjoyed not only the very best *cuisine* but also the very cleverest conversation; no one knew so well how to do the honours as host; no one knew so well how

to do the honours of representation; and so he managed of a verity not without reason to place to the account of the shareholders of the "Europe Littéraire" one hundred thousand francs. His wife was very handsome, and had a pretty little greyhound whose name was Zizi. His wooden leg assisted much to exalt the humour of the man, and when in his charming way, stumping round the table, he poured out the champagne for his guests, he resembled a Vulcan performing the duties of Hebe in the jubilant assembly of the gods. Where is he now? It is long since I heard of him. The last time I saw him was ten years ago in an hotel at Granville: he had just come from England, where he had been staying for the purpose of studying the colossal English National Debt, and at the same time to forget his own little private debts, and he had come over to that little coast town of *la basse Normandie* for a day; and there I found him sitting with a bottle of champagne, and a square-visaged mercantile sort of a man by his side, to which last he was explaining the project of an affair wherein, as Bohain proved with eloquent figures, a million was to be won. Bohain's spirit of speculation was always very strong, and when he invented a project there was always a million to be gained—never less than a million. His friends therefore named him *Messer Millione*, as Marco Polo was once named in Venice when he returned from the East, and told his gaping fellow townsmen under the arcades of the *Piazza* of San Marco how he had seen a hundred million, and then again a hundred million inhabitants in China, Tartary, India, &c.

'Geography later brought again into good repute the renowned Venetian, who was long esteemed a swaggerer; and even of our Parisian *Messer Millione* it may be asserted that his industrial projects were ever conceived magnificently and rightly, and only failed of success through casual mishaps; many of them became sources of immense profit when they fell into the hands of persons who did not understand so

well as Victor Bohain how to perform the honours of the business, and to do the "representation part" so magnificently. Even the "Europe Littéraire" was a magnificent conception, its success seemed secure, and I have never understood why it failed. The very evening before it came to a standstill Victor Bohain gave in the editorial establishment of the journal a splendid ball, where he danced in company with his three hundred shareholders exactly as Leonidas once danced with his three hundred Spartans the day before the fight of Thermopylæ. Every time that I see in the gallery of the Louvre the picture of the painter David which represents this ancient heroic scene, I think of the above-named last dance of Victor Bohain: just like the King valiant unto death in David's picture did he stand on one leg; it was the same classic scene. Traveller, when thou wanderest down the *Chaussée d'Antin* towards the Boulevards, and findest thyself at the end of it, close to a dingy hollow now called *Rue basse des Remparts*'] now destroyed], 'know that thou standest before the Thermopylæ of the "Europe Littéraire," where Victor Bohain fell like a brave hero with his three hundred shareholders. The essays which, as I said, I had to compose for that ephemeral journal found for me an opportunity to express myself in greater development about Germany, and with eagerness I accepted the solicitation of the director of the "Revue des Deux Mondes" to write for his journal a series of essays on the spiritual development of my country. This director was anything but a boon companion like *Messer Millione*: his fault was rather an excessive earnestness. He has managed since then, by conscientious and honourable labour, to make of his journal a true review of both worlds, —a review known throughout the whole civilised earth, in which it represents the spirit and the greatness of French literature. In this review I published my new labours on the intellectual and social history of my country. The great noise which these essays excited gave me courage to collect

and complete them, and thus the book was produced which thou, dear reader, hast in thy hands.'

The 'Europe Littéraire' was indeed an organ which seemed to promise well, and was launched into the world with an amount of *éclat* which quite put to shame the modest beginnings of its rival the 'Revue des Deux Mondes.' It reckoned upon the sale of at least 130,000 copies, and among its chief supporters were the Minister of the Interior, the *Président du Conseil d'État*, and others of the first political celebrities of the day. But the above explanation of Heine's will be found, we imagine, a sufficient reason why the 'Europe Littéraire' was a failure in the hands of such a Lucullus-Scapin as Victor Bohain, and the 'Revue des Deux Mondes' went on to fame and fortune under the steady and parsimonious hands of M. Buloz. It must be allowed moreover that the form of the journal, always so important a matter in a periodical publication, does not seem to have been well selected for the 'Europe Littéraire.' The following fragment of a letter to Karl Immermann, under the date of December 19, 1832, shows us, however, what hopes Heine then entertained of the publication, and how anxious he was to get his friend to engage in it also:—

'Dearest Immermann,—For a year and a day I have delayed to write to you, and now I must on a sudden write you a business letter before the post goes off. The question is about a French journal, the "Europe Littéraire," whose editors will write you a special letter, and send you a prospectus. This journal, which will come out three times a week, *in folio size*, is to remain always free from politics, and occupy itself only with science and the fine arts, and is a remarkable appearance. The most noted writers of Europe will take part in it, and I especially shall take an interest therein. At this moment I am already writing for it series of articles on the German literature of our own time, and I hope that this portion of it will have some importance

for Germany. We must, between ourselves, work against the South German *mauvaise foi*, and Paris is a good tribune for the purpose. I am very industrious here, and hope to make you soon known to the French, and to shed from here a light on your laurels which shall blind the eyes of your enemies.'

The essays which thus appeared in the 'Europe Littéraire,' and in the 'Revue des Deux Mondes,' together with the brilliant disquisition on German popular legends styled 'Spirits of the Elements,' were published in Paris in the volume known as 'De l'Allemagne;' and they contain the essays on the Romantic School, and on the History of Religion and Philosophy in Germany of which we have already given an account in our first volume.

All these essays were composed, as we have said, under the influence of Saint Simonianism, and those especially touching on History and Philosophy were composed, not only in the Saint Simonian spirit, but also with the further purpose of acting as a sort of antidote to the work of Madame de Staël; for which reason he gave the book which collected them the title 'De l'Allemagne.' With justice does Heine assert that Madame de Staël's once famous work was written more by way of making Germany a contrast to France than in a purely impartial spirit, and bore too many traces of the influence of Wilhelm von Schlegel. Not, however, that Heine denies that there were great qualities in the work; he says 'Where she is quite herself, where the generous-minded woman expresses herself directly with all her glowing heart, with all the fireworks of her spiritual sky-rockets and brilliant extravagances, there is her book good and excellent. As soon as she obeys strange suggestions, as soon as she pays homage to a school whose nature is strange and incomprehensible to her; as soon as, by her exaltation of this school, she forwards certain Ultramontane tendencies, which stand in direct contradiction to

Protestant clearness of view, then her book begins to be lamentable and unenjoyable. It must be added also that, besides subserving partialities unconsciously, she also does so consciously; that by her eulogies of the spiritual life, the idealisms of Germany, she intended to jibe at the existing Realism of the French, the materialistic domination of the imperial period. Her book "De l'Allemagne," resembles in this respect the "Germania" of Tacitus, who also perhaps by means of his apology for the Germans intended to write an indirect satire against his countrymen.'

The story of the origin of Madame de Staël's book is set forth in Heine's 'Geständnisse,' in such amusing fashion as none but the great humourist himself could rival. After relating the famous anecdote which accounts for Madame de Staël's admiration of *le génie n'a pas de sexe*, Heine proceeds:

'I do not guarantee the truth of this story, but even though it be not true yet it is well invented. It paints the obtrusiveness with which this ardent person persecuted the emperor. She got it into her head that the greatest man of the century must be more or less idealistically mated with his greatest female contemporary; but as she once, in order to extract a compliment, addressed to the emperor the question whom he considered to be the greatest woman of his time, he answered, "The woman who has brought into the world the most children." That was not gallant, and it is not to be denied that the emperor did not practise those gentle complaisances and attentions which French women so much admire. But these last would never have provoked by their own want of tact such an unpolite speech as did the renowned Genevese woman, who showed on this occasion that she, in spite of all her spiritual nobility, had not got rid of a certain natural clumsiness.

'When the good lady remarked that with all her urgent ways she could effect nothing, she did that which ladies are in the habit of doing on such occasions—she declared against

the emperor, reasoned against his brutal and ungallant dominion, and reasoned at such length that the police gave her her passport. Then she fled to Germany, over to us, where she collected all the materials for her famous book, which was to celebrate German spiritualism as the ideal of all nobleness, in opposition to the materialism of imperial France. Here too with us she made a great catch; to wit, she met with a learned man, one August Wilhelm Schlegel. He became her true *cicerone*, and accompanied her on her journey through all the garrets of German literature. She had heaped upon her head a monstrous big turban, and she was now the sultana of thought. She passed then all our *literati* in review, and parodied in this way the great sultan of matter. Just as the latter met people with "How old are you? How many children? How many years of service?" so did the former ask our learned men "How old are you? What have you written? Are you a Kantian or a Fichtean?" and similar things, to which the lady scarcely waited for an answer, which her faithful Mameluke, Wilhelm Schlegel, her Rustan, hastily marked down in his note-book. As Napoleon declared that woman to be the greatest who had brought into the world the most children, so Madame de Staël declared that man to be the greatest who had written the greatest number of books. People have no conception of how great a spectacle she made with us; and writings which appeared a short time back—for example, the "Memoirs of Caroline Pechler," the Letters of Varnhagen and Bettina Arnim, and the testimony of Eckermann—give a lively picture of the state of fright which the sultana of thought produced among us at the time when the sultan of matter had already caused us sufficient tribulation. There was a spiritual billeting going on which fell on the German learned men. Those *literati* with whom the excellent lady was especially satisfied, and who pleased her personally by the cut of their face and the colour of their eyes, could expect

honourable mention—a cross of the Legion of Honour, as it were—in her book, "De l'Allemagne." This book makes upon me a comic as well as a pitiful impression. I see here the passionate lady with all her turbulence; I see how this hurricane in petticoats swept through our quiet Germany; how delighted she cried out everywhere, "What a soothing quiet is here breathed upon me!" She had heated herself in France, and came to Germany in order to cool herself in our country. The chaste breath of our poets was good for her warm sunny bosom! She regarded our philosophers as different kinds of ice, and gulped down Kant as *sorbet de Vanille*, Fichte as *pistache*, &c. "Oh, how pleasant is it in your forests!" she cried out perpetually; "What an inspiring smell of violets! How the finches twitter in their German nests! You are a good virtuous people, and have no conception of the manners which reign among us in the *Rue du Bac.*" The good lady saw with us only what she wished to see—a land of mist and spirits, where the men without bodies, all virtue, wandered over snow fields and entertained each other with morals and metaphysics! She saw with us everywhere only what she wished to see, and heard only what she wished to hear, and wished to recount again: and besides this she heard but little, and never the truth, partly because she always spoke herself, and partly because she confused and bewildered our modest learned men when she discoursed with them. "What is spirit?" she asked of the shy Professor Bouterwek. "Ah," then she wrote, "how interesting is this Bouterwek! How the man casts down his eyes! That never happened to me with my friends in Paris in the *Rue du Bac.*" She sees everywhere German spiritualism; she praises our honesty, our virtue, our spiritual training; she will not see our penitentiaries, our brothels, our barracks; one would think that every German deserved the *Prix Monthyon*—and all this to smite the emperor, whose enemies we then were.

'Hatred towards the emperor is the soul of this book "De l'Allemagne;" and although his name is never mentioned in it, yet one sees how the authoress in every line is casting side-looks at the Tuileries. I doubt not that the book has vexed the emperor far more than the most direct attack, for nothing wounds a man so much as little feminine pricks of the needle. We have courage for great slashes of the sword; but to be tickled in the most sensitive place—

'O woman! we must forgive thee much, for thou lovest much and many.

'Their hate is only a love which has got into the wrong saddle. At times they would try to injure us because they think thereby to do service to some other man. When they write they have one eye on the paper, and the other fixed upon a man; and this is the case with all authoresses, with the exception of the Countess Hahn-Hahn, who has only one eye.

'Madame de Staël had, as has been said above, declared herself against the great emperor and made war against him. But she did not confine herself to writing books against him; she sought to assail him also with other weapons. She was at one time the soul of all those aristocratic and Jesuitical intrigues which preceded the coalition against Napoleon, and, like a true witch, she cowered over the seething pot wherein all the diplomatic poison-dealers, her friends Talleyrand, Metternich, Pozzo di Borgo, Castlereagh, &c., had brewed destruction for the great emperor. The woman stirred up with the ladle of hate the fatal cauldron wherein the misery of the whole world was seething at once. When the emperor was defeated, Frau von Staël entered triumphantly into Paris with her book "De l'Allemagne," and in company with a hundred thousand Germans whom she brought, as it were, as pompous illustrations of her volume. Being in such wise illustrated by living figures, the work gained in authenticity, and one could convince oneself by ocular evidence that the authoress had portrayed us Ger-

mans and our patriotic virtues quite veraciously. What a valuable copper-plate frontispiece was Father Blücher, the old votary of the gambling-table, who stunk of bad tobacco, and who once put forth an order of the day in which he declared that if he could catch the emperor alive he would chop him up! Also our A. W. v. Schlegel did Frau von Staël bring to Paris —that pattern of German *naïveté* and heroic virtue. Zacharias Werner too, that model of German purity, followed her, after whom all the *décolletées* beauties of Paris used to run. Among the most interesting figures who at that time presented themselves to the Parisians in their German costume were the Herren Görres, Jahn, and Ernst Moritz Arndt, the three most renowned "eaters of Frenchmen" (*Franzosenfresser*), a queer sort of bloodhounds to whom the celebrated patriot Börne, in his book, "Menzel, der Franzosenfresser," gave this name. The said Menzel is in no case, as some think, a fictitious personage, but he has really existed in Stuttgart, and published a paper there wherein he daily slaughtered a dozen Frenchmen, and cut them up skin and hair: when he had devoured his six Frenchmen, he was accustomed over and above to devour a Jew in order to keep his mouth in tasting order—*pour se faire la bonne bouche.* Now long ago he has barked himself out, and, toothless and mangy, drags out existence in the waste-paper corner of some Swabian book-shop. Among the pattern Germans who were to be seen in Paris in common with Madame de Staël there was also Friedrich von Schlegel, who of a truth represented gastronomic asceticism, or the spiritualism of roasted chickendom: he was accompanied by his worthy wife Dorothea, a Miss Mendelssohn by birth, afterwards an eloped Madame Veit.'

Heine's philosophic disquisitions have a substantive value: no one has ever treated the most intricate questions of metaphysics in such clear direct language: the most abstract propositions and lines of argument become concrete under his pen, and intelligible without an effort to the most

weak understanding. It was no vain boast which he expressed at the commencement of his philosophic treatise: 'I believe it is not want of talent which prevents the great part of learned men in Germany from expressing themselves popularly about religion and philosophy, I believe it is fear for the results of their own thoughts, which they do not dare to communicate to the people. I do not possess this fear, for I am no learned man; I myself am of the people, I am no wise man, I do not belong to the seven hundred wise men of Germany. I stand with the great crowd before the portals of their wisdom, and if ever a truth has slipped out, and if this truth has arrived to me, then that is sufficient. I write it out in fair characters on paper, and give it to the compositor: he puts it in type and gives it to the printer: he prints it, and then it belongs to the whole world.'

We repeat, this was no vain boast. Heine does express his meaning clearly—sometimes too clearly. From the account he gives of the origin of his book, we see he had two objects in view—one to rectify the false views which Madame de Staël had set afloat about the orthodoxy and piety of the great German philosophers; the other to deliver these last from the nebulosity of their own utterances, and set forth the results of their striving in clear German, that he who ran might read; Pantheism, we know, was the religious creed of the Saint Simonians, and Heine, with all the ardour of a proselyte, exults in showing irrefutably that the last word of the philosophy of the great German thinkers was a scientific pantheism of the most desolate aspect, and he shows moreover that Pantheism had ever formed the ground of the religion of the people from the earliest times. 'Pantheism' he asserts, 'is the religion of our greatest thinkers or our best artists, and deism has long been upset in theism. It sustains itself only among the thoughtless masses, without any rational justification, like so much else. In fact, we are grown out of deism. We are free, and desire to have no thunder-

threatening tyrants. We are become of age, and require no paternal protection. We are not, moreover, the production of a great mechanician. Deism is a religion for slaves, for Genevese and watch-makers.'

Again, in his 'Confessions,' he describes the effect which his revelations made on the French people:—

'Yea, as far as concerns German philosophy I had in plain terms blurted out the secrets of the schools, which, swaddled up in scholastic *formulæ*, were only known to the initiated of the first class. My revelations excited here in France the greatest astonishment, and I remember that very remarkable French thinkers naïvely confessed to me that they had always thought that German philosophy was a sort of mist in which the Godhead kept Himself concealed as in a holy citadel of clouds, and that the German philosophers were ecstatic seers, who only breathed of piety and fear of God. It is not my fault that this is not the case, and that German philosophy is precisely the opposite of that which we have hitherto named piety and the fear of God, and our latest philosophers have proclaimed the most thorough atheism as the last word of our German philosophy. They tore down without pity and with a sort of Bacchanalian boisterousness the blue curtain of the German sky and cried out, "See, all the gods are flown away, and there sits an old maid all by herself with leaden hands and a sorrowful heart—Necessity."'

We shall have occasion to return to some consideration of Heine's own changes of religious opinion: at present we merely remark that these treatises were composed in the plenitude of his intellectual strength at the most vigorous period of his life, when he was in the full glow of enthusiasm as a Saint Simonian proselyte, filled with new visions of freedom and of an impending glorious future for humanity; and in rendering account to ourselves of the development of the opinions of great writers and thinkers, this rule should ever be observed—namely, that we should consider those

epochs to be the most important in their lives when their intellectual faculties were in their clearest and strongest condition, and their hearts were still capable of beating strongly to generous hopes and enthusiasms. Poor and pitiable is that criticism and philosophy which seeks for argument or for support from the fluctuations of opinion, or even from the apostasy of great intelligences during years of decline, or amid the agonies of sickness or of the deathbed, when the brain is clouded with lethal mist and the heart is already chilled with the frosty finger of death. Even in health the poet has his hours of inspiration, when alone his faculties are at their best, and no one would test even the swiftness and strength of an eagle by taking him from his eyrie in a state of sickness and telling him to fly; and eagles, poets, and thinkers should be estimated by what they are capable of in their best years, and not by what they have done or said in their worst.

Before, however, leaving for the present the subject of these treatises on German literature and philosophy, we take occasion to refute one accusation which has been brought against Heine by his enemies of the *Deutschthümelie*, namely, that of acting as an unpatriotic German by reviling his own country and servilely flattering the French. This is one of those charges which must necessarily have been brought against him. Pharisees of nationality exist in every country. But it was the Germany of the Junker, the Philistine and the priest, against which Heine discharged the batteries of his satiric wit and fancy, and whoever was hit of course reviled him as a bad German. He had occasion often enough to complain of this perfidious misrepresentation, but it was of course of no use. 'If I expressed myself with any indignation about the old official Germany, the old mouldy land of the Philistines, it was contrived to represent what I said as though I had spoken of the true Germany, the great, mysterious, so to speak anonymous, Germany of the German

people, of the sleeping sovereign with whose sceptre and crown baboons are playing.'

In the preface also to the 'Winter's Tale,' '*Wintermährchen*,' Heine defends himself again from the imputations of reviling his countrymen and flattering the French. It will be observed from one part of the passage that certain Germans of that time (1844) were crying out for 'Alsace and Lorraine,' '*Elsass und Lothringen*,' as they have chosen to call these provinces—and it was either ignorance or bad partisanship which made a good many of our publicists during the last war between France and Germany conceal the fact that the cry for '*Elsass und Lothringen*' has never been let drop by the *Franzosenfresser* party since 1815, and that crowds of pamphlets and treatises had been written about these provinces in the most insulting and aggressive spirit. At this party it was that Heine addressed one of the most caustic tirades to be found in his works. Having made up his mind beforehand as to the way in which his book would be misrepresented by a party which united hatred to France and to all humanistic culture with domestic servility, he says:—

'We are armed in our hearts against the displeasure of the heroic-spirited lackeys in the black-red-gold livery. I hear already their beery voices, "Thou revilest our colours, contemnest thy Fatherland, friend of the French, to whom thou wouldst give up our free Rhine." Pacify yourselves! I will respect and honour your colours when they deserve it, when they are no longer an idle or servile emblem of childish folly. Plant the black-red-golden banner on the height of German thought, make it the standard of free humanity, and then I will give my best heart's blood for it. Pacify yourselves: I love Germany as well as you do. On account of this love have I lived thirteen years of my life in exile, and even on account of this love do I now return into exile, perhaps for ever, in any case without whimpering or cutting

a wry grimace of suffering. I am the friend of the French, as I am the friend of all men who are good and reasonable. Rest quiet, I will never give up the Rhine to the French, and that for the very simple reason that the Rhine belongs to me. Yea, it belongs to me, through inalienable right of birth. I am of the free Rhine, the still freer son; my cradle stood on its banks, and I do not see why the Rhine should belong to any other than the children of the soil—*Elsass and Lothringen can I truly not so lightly incorporate with Germany as you are in the habit of doing, since the people in these countries are deeply attached to France, on account of the rights which they won at the great revolution, on account of those equal laws and free institutions which are very agreeable to the citizen spirit*, but which yet leave much to be desired for by the stomachs of the masses. Meanwhile Elsass and Lothringen will be again attached to Germany when we accomplish that which the French have already begun; when we surpass them in action, as we have already done in thought; when we can exalt ourselves to the last consequences of such thought; when we rout out servility from its last corner of refuge—from heaven; when we free the God who dwells upon earth in humanity from his state of degradation; when we again restore to their dignity the people disinherited of its happiness, and despised Genius and Beauty brought to shame, as our great masters have said or sung, and we, their disciples, would also, if we could. Yea, not alone Alsace and Lorraine, but all France, all Europe, the whole world shall then fall to our share, the whole world shall become German! I often dream of this mission and universal dominion of Germany when I wander among the oak trees. Such is my patriotism!'

Indeed, as Wienbarg, one of Heine's friends and critics, has remarked, the perusal of these treatises, and especially of that extraordinary passage which was quoted by M. de Molé in the Chamber of Deputies with which he concludes the

book on German philosophy, and warns the French not to interfere in the internal affairs of Germany, could in no wise have flattered the national pride of a French reader. Heine nowhere hesitates to proclaim the superiority of German thought when he thinks he is justified in so doing. It must be remembered, too, that though his country had done nothing for him, though it had filled his life with bitterness, kept him poor, and robbed him at one time even of the means of earning his bread, he withstood the temptation to become naturalised as a citizen in the country to which he owed the greater part of his happiness, in order that he might not lose the right of having inscribed on his tomb, 'Here lies a German poet.'

When Heine's essays on the literature and philosophy of Germany were collected from the 'Europe Littéraire' and the 'Revue des Deux Mondes,' and published in Paris under the title of 'De l'Allemagne,' he had already given to the French public a translation of the 'Reisebilder.' The poet had before gained the suffrages of the *élite* of the literary world, he now appealed to the general public. The answer was perhaps not so favourable as the author himself anticipated. However, it was favourable, and Heine's reputation with the French public went on increasing as long as he retained the power of production.

The first years of his residence in Paris were perhaps the most characteristic and most happy of his life. He was then in the very pride and fulness of health and strength, as is shown in the following sketch of him by Théophile Gautier, who saw him for the first time during this period, and has left a sketch of the German poet in his peculiar style, which, in spite of some inaccuracies, will convey a vivid impression of Heine's outward appearance in these fortunate days:—

'He was then a handsome man of about thirty-five or thirty-six years of age, with the appearance of robust health. To look at his lofty white forehead, pure as a marble tablet

and overhung by abundant masses of blonde hair, one would have said he was a German Apollo. His blue eyes sparkled with light and inspiration; his round, full cheeks, of an elegant mould, were not leaden-tinted with the romantic lividity in fashion at that epoch. On the contrary, vermeil roses bloomed there in classic style; a slight Hebraic curve baulked the intention of his nose to be Greek without disfiguring its purity of line; his harmonious lips "went together like two fine rhymes," to use one of his own phrases, and had in repose a charming expression, but when he spoke from their crimson bow there sprang and whizzed pointed and barbed arrows and sarcastic darts which never missed their aim; for never was man more relentless against stupidity; to the divine smile of Musagetes succeeded the sneer of the satyr. A sort of light pagan *embonpoint*, which was later to be expiated by a thoroughly Christian emaciation, rounded his limbs; he wore neither beard, nor moustache, nor whiskers; he did not smoke or drink beer, but, like Goethe, had a horror of these things. . . . . I saw Heine much during this period. He was a charming god, malicious as an imp, and very good at heart in spite of all that has been said. Whether he regarded me as a friend or as a believer in the divinity he then arrogated for himself, was all one to me provided I could enjoy his sparkling conversation; for if he was prodigal of his money and his health, he was still more so of his wit. Although he knew French well, he sometimes amused himself by disguising his pronunciation in a very strong German accent, such as would have been required in order to reproduce the strange *onomatopœias* by which Balzac renders in his "Comédie Humaine" the strange phrases of the Baron de Nucingen; the comic effect was then irresistible; it was Aristophanes speaking with Punch's call in the throat of Eulenspiegel.

'In his dress, although he had no pretensions to dandyism, he was more careful than literary men generally are, for with them as a rule negligence spoils what taste for display they

may possess. The different apartments which he inhabited had not what is called to-day the "artistic stamp" on them; that is to say, they were not crammed with sculptured sideboards, with sketches, statuettes, and other curiosities of *bric-à-brac*, but presented, on the contrary, a comfortable *bourgeois* look, where was manifest the desire of avoiding eccentricity. A fine portrait of a woman by Laëmlein, which represented Juliette of whom the poet speaks in the first verses of *Atta Troll*, was the only work of art which I remember tohave seen.'

CHAPTER VII.

YOUNG GERMANY AND WOLFGANG MENZEL.

HEINE himself has said that the history of literature is as hard to write as the history of nature; and just as in this there are animals and plants whose interest lies chiefly in the fact that their structure denotes a phase of transition and the beginning of a species, so there are writers whose chief claim to attention depends on analogous reasons. The leaders once known as the chiefs of 'Young Germany,' '*Das Junge Deutschland*,' come chiefly under this category, and will, it may be imagined, be chiefly interesting to posterity as being the *choragi* of a new attempt at movement in literature and in society: and as Heine not only deeply interested himself in their endeavours, but also had to endure either the reproach or the glory of being the ringleader of the band, and in consequence of such reputation had to submit to a fresh condemnation of his works, it will be necessary here to give some account of the chief spirits of the party.

The writers of this movement who were named together with Heine in the prohibitive edict passed by the dismal Frankfort Diet on the 10th of December, 1835, were Karl Gutzkow, Heinrich Laube, Ludolf Wienbarg, and Theodor Mundt, and to these we shall confine our attention.

It does not appear that the school of Young Germany had any programme, or that it was the result of common deliberation, or indeed that it was formed under the guidance

of any one of its members. Such opinions as they held in common were such as were floating about in the intellectual atmosphere of the period, and readily found hospitality in the hearts and minds of its most enthusiastic youth, dreaming of new realms of literature and art. For the main purpose which all these redoubtable chiefs of Young Germany had in view was not social or political revolution, but a new birth of art and poetry; and they only aimed at social and political change so far as the latter could assist in the new spiritual evolution. To recall in few words the progress of German literature during sixty years—for it was little older—Schiller and Goethe, after having first essayed to find material for art in the actual world of modern life, in the 'Robbers,' in 'Cabal and Love,' and in 'Werther,' had deserted this ground altogether, and founded a new classic school more and more devoted to the Hellenic ideal. This school having begun to exhaust its vitality, the Romantic school started up in opposition which endeavoured to give a new life to national genius by steeping it deeply in the primæval and mediæval traditions of national life. This school, to which Heine, *le romantique défroqué*, in spite of his revolt from it, belongs in some of his choicest qualities, broke up in fantastic chaos, in pedantic Don Quixotry, in asceticism, mysticism, Jesuitism, obscurantism, and hatred of all free evolutions of the intellect and of society.

This alliance between literature and obscurantism and despotism which the chiefs of the Romantic school had undertaken to support, was not likely to acquire the allegiance of generous and youthful minds. A band of these had been meditating quietly upon new forms of art and life before 1830, and under the spell of the magic wand of Heine had already plunged afresh into the stream of the present to grasp the actualities of modern life and subject them to thought and treatment, when the commotion raised throughout the whole European mind by the Revolution of July gave fresh impetus

to the current of their aspirations and turned them into definite channels.

Heine's influence upon the spirits immediately coming after him was great: no one more than he had more powerfully set forth that sense of the *Weltschmerz*, that sense of the discord existing between the rough world of reality and the ideal which formed the grand note of expression in so much of the poetry of despair of modern time. At the same time, in his songs he has drawn new notes of poetry from the work-a-day world around him, while in his 'Reisebilder' he had shown with what poetry and with what humour the whole of the ordinary stuff of life is capable of being treated. In these 'Reisebilder,' however, the play of his wit, in despair of a future which then was closed and dark before him, had taken a wild and extravagant turn which was changed into passionate earnestness when the Revolution of July seemed to inaugurate a new era for humanity, and to open new channels for political, social, and æsthetic aspiration.

The younger minds who became the chiefs of 'Young Germany,' and who followed Heine in his adventurous career with eyes of steady admiration and sympathy, were likewise seized with a new and passionate ardour at the aspect of the new and glorious victory gained in the name of Liberty by the people of Paris. They too, like Heine, became an object of aversion to the coarse Cheruscan Teutomaniac party of Germany as being 'Frenchified,' '*Franzosirte*;' but inasmuch as France was the chief home of all that was great and generous in principle, it was impossible to entertain any great and generous ideas without becoming subjected to such an imputation by German Chauvinism. Hence they were called the 'French party in Germany,' in order to render them as odious as possible in the eyes of their countrymen. The men, however, whom coarse and unscrupulous antagonists thus classed indiscriminately together, had by no means a common programme of political, social, and æsthetic reform; on the contrary, they

were often found writing in opposition to each other. But there was a sufficient common basis of thought for their enemies to seize upon in order to hold them up to society as a nest of literary Catilines seeking to work the overthrow of society.

We have seen with what eagerness Heine seized upon the doctrines of Saint Simonianism in France: in Germany the tendency of speculation among select classes of thinkers had long been setting in the same direction. Like Heine, Gutzkow, Laube, Wienbarg, and Mundt had gone through the whole development of German philosophy, and the result had in all cases been much the same. The philosophizing of Kant, Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel had succeeded in upsetting their faith in all revealed religion, and left no belief alive in them but a vague pantheism, for the Hegelian system they all agreed in treating as dead, although Hegel's grand views of the historic process of the idea in the world had prepared them for a large conception of the future relation of man to man, and of the fraternity of humanity, and they were all more or less masters of that language of Hegelian dialectics which had become almost the universal medium for scientific exposition in Germany.

In minds so educated, the pantheism of the Saint Simonians, the doctrine of the *réhabilitation* of the flesh, and its schemes for the regeneration of society, naturally found ground most favourably prepared. Already, in the conviction of some of the foremost men and women of Germany, the sentence had been passed that Christianity had failed to establish harmony between man and nature, or between man and man, and that it was incompetent to secure happiness for the human race. Dreams of a new religion, more tender and more tolerant of human needs, whose goddess should be liberty, had already floated before the minds of Rahel von Varnhagen and Bettina von Arnheim, tendencies which they found distinctly formulated in the doctrines of the Saint

Simonians; and a new evangel of love and world-wide fraternity already existed in a state of vague aspiration in Germany before the Saint Simonians had put it into words.

In spite of all the crudities, therefore, and congenial extravagancies which accompanied the utterances of 'Young Germany' in the exposition of theories with which the young enthusiasts hoped to regenerate the world, they were themselves a manifestation of new spiritual force,—partisans of ideas which stirred the hearts and minds of some of the noblest and purest spirits of the time: such men might, if free expression of their intellectual power had been allowed them, have proved an honour and a help to their country and to humanity; but they were brutally suppressed by a brutal edict published by the obscure loggerheads, the nominees of autocratic powers, who formed the Diet of Frankfort. Time, it is true, avenges the memory of such men at last, but society is not avenged in such cases, of which the history of humanity is full,—cases in which the heirs of chaos and of darkness have crushed the hearts and the intelligence out of the sons of light. The rack and the stake of fire which wrenched and burnt the souls out of men in former times cannot now be used, it is true; but the autocrat with the censorship and the capitalist with the anonymous system of journalism and other commercial thumbscrews can accomplish just as much: the manner of doing the thing has changed, but the thing is done all the same, only in modern civilised fashion.

Of this young German school Laube and Gutzkow were the most productive: both wrote novels and dramas in illustration of their principles, while Wienbarg and Mundt were the theorists, critics, and philosophers. Of these, Wienbarg, who appears to have been utterly crushed by the iron hand of authority, possessed the finest intelligence. He became in 1833 a tutor in the University of Kiel, but his enthusiasm for the new ideas led to his dismissal from the University

after one year's course of lectures: in the next year he published his 'Æsthetic Campaigns,' '*Aesthetische Feldzüge*,' with Hofmann and Campe, and after the famous edict of the Frankfort Bund of 1835 he seems to have abandoned further conflict with the princes of this world. The Roman philosopher could not argue with the master of fifty legions, and Wienbarg seems to have thought all argument was impossible with the masters of fifty dungeons.

It was Wienbarg, however, who baptised the new party with the name 'Young Germany,' and his 'Æsthetic Campaigns' abound in ingenious and original views on the possibility of creating new forms of art out of the actualities of modern life. Wienbarg, like Immermann and others, thought the life of the time so unpoetic that the production of a perfect work of art was impossible: so much the more need was there of laying down rules of culture under which the intelligence of humanity should advance, and society be transformed into conditions under which new forms of art should be developed. Wienbarg's views may be visionary if you please, but that a group of German Dogberries sitting in a Bund should think that they ought to be put down by force and by fear of Spandau, and should have been able to do it, is a strange characteristic of the time and of the nation. Some of Wienbarg's characterisations of his time would apply precisely to the present,—which shows how small the difference is between them from an æsthetic point of view. According to him, as we have said, modern life was so utterly devoid of poetry and beauty, that a true work of art was impossible. He looked forward to a time, to be prepared by æsthetic culture, in which a new harmony should be established between art and life, and new beauty in action should afford inspiration to great artistic creations. 'The new theory of the world,' says Wienburg, 'will be composed of a harmonious unison of reason and sensuousness' [here Saint Simonianism makes itself felt]. 'Above our ashes a new

European Hellenism will uprise proportioned to the spiritual advance which Christianity has prepared. For Germanised Europe there is reserved a new stage of the development of humanity *in which the sensuous shall be more spiritualised than with the Greeks, the spiritual more sensualised than with the Christians.*'

Wienbarg had moreover the idea which Goethe entertained of a cosmopolitan form of literature, and to favour the advent of an epoch of such a literature he proposed that criticism should accustom itself to regard art and poetry from a cosmopolitan point of view. One of the passages in Wienbarg's essays, in which he gives a description of poetry, is extremely remarkable. 'Poetry,' he says, 'within whose domain falls every emotion which is purer, fresher, and deeper when abstracted from its surrounding circumstances; to whose domain belongs every chord which rings of the pure human or of the pure divine; whose tones all men understand even though they stood divided by thousands of years; poetry is the mediatress of all times and all nations, the mediatress of entire humanity, the interpreter of all feelings and endeavours, and she *is* this for the reason that she springs immediately from the heart—from that core of human life, the decay of which will convert all human nature into dust and ashes. Multitudinous are the languages, the tongues, and the characters in the world which do not understand each other: poetry, however, is the holy tongue of flame which speaks from all hearts to all hearts, and moves every human creature to gentle intelligence—poetry is nature, pure unadulterated humanity; she is unique with all nations, in all times and circumstances.' Allowing for the mystic view which looks forward to poetry as the final solution of the riddle of existence, and believes in the possibility of creating notes of universal concord out of the concert of the poetry of nations, it must be admitted that the writer of the above passage had a beautiful and exceptional soul, and was

worthy of better things than being expunged by a decree of the Diet.

Wienbarg, too, with the same zeal as Heine and the rest of the writers of the school of Young Germany, undertook the propagation of the Saint Simonian doctrine of the Rehabilitation of the Flesh, the defence of the rights of sensualism as opposed to the intolerance of Christian spiritualism; but, with the innate modesty of a delicate spirit, avoided all treatment of the question which could shock morality or modesty. On the question of the position of woman, too, he accepted the Saint Simonian views about the necessity of her emancipation.

The doctrine of the Rehabilitation of the Flesh was, however, preached with greater emphasis and less restraint by Mundt, who had reduced his creed to a belief in 'progress, liberty, and the future,' which were the words he placed on his banner, while subjecting all the ideas of his time to fantastic philosophic criticism. If to Wienbarg is due the invention of the title of 'Young Germany,' to Mundt is due the invention of the term of the 'literature of movement,' *Bewegungsliteratur*, which has been applied to the school, and by which he designated modern writers, inasmuch as he found in none of them perfection and repose significant of contentment with the present, but only incomplete results inspired by unquiet yearnings towards a future. His mystic handling of the subject of the rehabilitation of the flesh was expressed in sentences like the following:—'The antique heathen world was nothing but the legitimate and stedfast kingdom of the flesh, and therefore was it the age of the plastic. Even the gods became flesh, and descended down to earth in human form and likeness, but not in the way in which Christ became flesh. Christianity, however, with its asceticism trampled on the flesh. The separation of the flesh and the spirit is the inexpiable suicide of human consciousness.' He looked forward to a future establishment of

harmony between the two as the real union of being and thought, where philosophy and poetry should not only be reconciled, but should be one.

Laube and Gutzkow, as we have said, represented Young Germany in the regions of romance, and both began with novels. Of these two, Laube represented the sensual tendencies of the school in the most extravagant fashion: intoxicated with his wild visions of the future, he triumphantly proclaimed the decay of old habits and principles, and inveighed against the institution of marriage as fatal to the exaltation and ardour of love in which he relied for the regeneration of the world. His two early novels, with the characteristic titles '*Das neue Jahrhundert*,' 'The New Century,' and '*Das neue Europa*,' 'New Europe,' full of sensual love adventures, have now fallen into oblivion, and his '*Reisenovellen*,' written in a style which is a poor imitation of Heine's, are not likely to survive his earlier performances. Later, he achieved a more indisputable success in the drama. In 1833 he was for a short time editor of the 'Zeitung für die elegante Welt,' an editorship which he was obliged, during the period of persecution of the school, to abandon for a time, but which he resumed later. It will be seen further on that if Laube was the gravest and most indefensible offender of Young Germany against the ordinary code of morals and good taste, his conduct in the hour of trial evinced that his character was without firmness or independence, and that his convictions were by no means of a strength to lead him to court martyrdom.

Gutzkow, of all the writers of the school, was the most energetic and courageous, and has made the greatest mark; he may be taken, in his cumbrous, unwieldy productions, as the most honest though ponderous literary representative of the divergent sceptical aspirations of an age without poetry and without faith; but however honest may be his belief in

the vague creed of the future, it must need something like superhuman patience to read his polemical novels, in nine and eighteen volumes, written in its defence. He, too, like so many writers of the time, began by imitating Heine in his letters 'Of a Male to a Female Fool,' '*Briefe eines Narren an eine Närrin*,' in which, as Heine said, in aiming at imitating him, Gutzkow had only succeeded in imitating Börne. Then followed the two queer novels, '*Maha Guru*' and '*Blasedow und seine Söhne*,' in the former of which the hero is the Dalai Lama of Thibet, '*Der Ritter vom Geist*,' in nine volumes. One of Gutzkow's later productions seems to have been suggested in idea by Heine's little poem in which he calls himself the 'Knight of the Holy Ghost.' In support of the famous doctrines of the *réhabilitation* of the flesh, Gutzkow republished the letters of Schleiermacher, written in defence of Friedrich Schlegel's lascivious novel of 'Lucinde,' adding thereto a preface of his own which caused no small scandal, inasmuch as he treated love as an art to be perfected by practice, inveighed against marriage and the appliance of priestly sanction to the relations of the sexes, while reprinting the terrible ejaculation of Diderot, 'if the world had never heard of God it would have been more happy.' But the work of Gutzkow, which called down upon himself and on Young Germany the heaviest storm of indignation was 'Wally, or the Sceptical Woman,' '*Wally die Zweiflerin*,' published in 1835, which treated after Gutzkow's fashion in novelistic form the subject of the emancipation of woman, the most vexed topic of the time. Gutzkow, the most conscientious believer in the creed of Young Germany, which presented the actualities of modern life as the proper subjects for art, could not fail to take the suicide of the noble-hearted Charlotte Stieglitz as a subject for romance. This strange event, which excited such universal sensation in Germany, may, however, be regarded as a typical incident of the period, illustrative as well of the impotence of poetic inspiration as

of the wild vague poetic yearning which filled multitudes of hearts on the eve of the eclipse of poetry.

Charlotte Stieglitz, as is well known, in a wild spirit of self-sacrifice, thrust a dagger into her heart with the insensate hope that so tragic an event would so shock the frost-bound and sterile brain of her pseudo-poetic husband that his inspiration would be set free, and, then disembarrassed of her presence, mount to new heights of ideal conception. The incident has the more interest for us inasmuch as Heine knew both the lady and her husband, and seems to have had a sort of prophetic intimation of the tragic catastrophe. Maximilian Heine relates that he and his brother, in the latter's Berlin student-days, paid a visit to the newly married couple in the neighbourhood of the Prussian capital, and that Heine, during the walk there, was unusually grave, and at last broke a long silence by saying, 'Mark my words, Max, that marriage will have an unhappy ending; those people are on bad terms with destiny.' Gutzkow, however, perverted the strange story of the fantastic, but still generous self-sacrifice of Charlotte Stieglitz by making his Wally a superficially sceptical lady emancipated from all the ordinary notions of morality, half-crazy with metaphysical doubtings and questionings, who kills herself because her lover deserts her, giving utterance beforehand to a wild rhapsody, a last dying speech and confession, which seems to be an expansion of the strange idea thrown out by Novalis, that the world would one day be brought to a conclusion by the commission by humanity of one grand universal act of suicide. The proper antidote, however, to such a work as 'Wally' was not persecution, but ridicule, as the writer himself later declared.

Such were the four chief writers who, with Heine, were considered the leaders of 'Young Germany,' and of these Wienbarg and Gutzkow came forth in 1835 with the project

of a new review to be called the 'Deutsche Revue,' and which was to undertake for Germany to fulfil something like the same functions which the 'Revue des Deux Mondes' and the 'Revue de Paris' had fulfilled for France.

Persecution from authority these new young writers must necessarily have met with in those times in Germany, especially as soon as they began to unite their force in a review; but the very announcement of their project was sufficient to excite the wrath and jealousy and fear of one of the most repulsive subordinate literary characters of any time or country, Wolfgang Menzel, who, as editor of the 'Literatur Blatt' of Stuttgart, had motives of self-interest for wishing to suppress the appearance of a new rival.

Nothing in this world offers so sure a way to success in literature, in insincere and faithless epochs, as the affectation of a high moral tone; and when a writer of inferior powers enters into a contest with greater writers than himself, the most common trick which he adopts is the assumption of a superior moral tone. This has been the tone which Menzel has attempted to assume his whole life long, from the time when he broke with the writers of Young Germany, turned round upon them, vilified them, played towards them the part of a public informer and denouncer; and these tactics he not only has made use of towards Young Germany, but towards France as well; for he not only assumed in himself a superior moral conscience, but before the whole German nation he undertook to play the part of the defender of 'Deutsche Tugend' till the name has become a horror in the ears of all who despise coarseness, baseness, and hypocrisy. But, as Heine has himself said, ugliness by itself will carry one but half-way towards virtue in the sense in which Menzel understands it. 'There is something peculiar about the particular vice,' he said, 'which Menzel had in view.' It was in Stuttgart, where Menzel lived, not easy not to be

moral. 'In Paris,' says Heine, pathetically, 'it is far more easy, *das weiss Gott!* There is a speciality about vice. Virtue anybody can practise by himself, he has no need of any fellow-helper; but to be immoral two parties are necessary, and Herr Menzel has been most strikingly aided by his exterior appearance to escape from this immorality. I have too good an opinion of the good taste of vice to be able to believe that she would run after a Menzel. Poor Goethe was not happily gifted in this way, and therefore it was not given to him always to remain virtuous. This hero of *Deutschthum*, this champion of Germanismus, has not the appearance of a German, but of a Calmuck—in every cheek-bone a Calmuck. In fact,' Heine says, 'if there were to be a Mongolian invasion of Germany and Stuttgart, and Herr Menzel chose to dress himself up in the costume of Cupid, with bow and quiver taken from some theatrical wardrobe, the Baschkirs would cry, as soon as ever they caught sight of him, "This is our beloved brother!"'

Menzel, however, by no means began by being entirely hostile to the writers of Young Germany; he did not perceive how vicious they were, nor how vicious was the France with which they sympathised, until he began to tremble for his position as editor and for the sale of the Review which he managed when they announced the project of a rival publication. Menzel had praised Börne's 'Letters from Paris,' written quite in the spirit of the new school, and had even printed his name in his Review, encircled with a laurel wreath; he had praised Heine's 'Reisebilder'—praised his satirical onslaught on the German nobility in the Kahldorf letters; he had praised his Parisian letters when collected under the title of 'French Affairs;' he had praised the first volume of the 'Salon,' and had even encouraged him to proceed with the 'Schnabelowopski Memoirs,' the most licentious publication of all those which proceeded from Heine's pen. Even Gutzkow's early efforts had been praised,

and he had offered him a place in his Review as a contributor. Herr Menzel by no means aimed then to be the fervent champion of chastity and virtue which he later took upon himself to be. When Ludwig Tieck, in his old age in 1836, published an abominably immoral tale called 'Eigensinn und Laune,' the heroine of which ends her days as mistress of a brothel, Herr Menzel took especial care not to censure it: it was only when this band of young enthusiasts, with their passionate ardour for progress, threatened to become dangerous rivals, that any moral scorn was evoked in the breast of the defender of 'Deutsche Tugend.' Then he arose in his moral wrath, and affecting on his ugly face the mien of a *Jupiter tonans* with the vile cunning of an informer, carried on war to the death against the young writers—all in defence of Christianity, society, and the spotless *Tugend* of his German *Vaterland*. His first attack upon the young writers dates from September, 1835. Gutzkow, against whom he felt especial spite for having deserted the 'Literatur-Blatt,' he chose to consider at that time as the chief of the school which, in order to enlist on his side whatever antipathies existed in Germany against France, he called by a French name 'La jeune Allemagne,' and Gutzkow's recent novel of 'Wally' was assumed to be a representative work of the school, and bore the first brunt of attack. From September, 1835, to the spring of the following year Menzel continued to direct his thunder and his dirt against Young Germany and against *Franzosenthum*, as the source of all evil. As the basest, and most cowardly curs of the wild dogs in Asiatic cities lie in wait at the gates to bark and yell at the heels of gallant riders and their graceful steeds, so this literary half-breed, who has done no literary work in his life worthy of the attention of a reader of good literature, continued howling and snarling, week after week and month after month, in the columns of the 'Literatur-Blatt.' No language was too violent and no art too base to employ to

turn the public against his rivals, and to induce the Government to put them down. Personal calumnies, false and foul interpretations of innocent expressions, accusations of a conspiracy to destroy all moral and social order—every means were employed to arouse the spirit of persecution. It was not enough to charge the men whom he wanted to ruin with being French; he also accused them of being Jews, when he knew full well that there was not a Jew on the list of writers engaged as contributors to the new Review, nor anyone of Jewish descent among them with the exception of Heine and Börne, both of whom had long been baptised. It was no matter: '*Judenthum*' was, with the ignorant and coarse portions of the German public, still more hateful than '*Franzosenthum*.' Among the kennels and the gutters in which this literary scavenger grovelled, the imputation of being a Jew seemed the foulest element of filth he could hit upon, and he threw it upon all his foes indiscriminately.

But, as a proof that the writers of Young Germany were not deemed, previous to Menzel's philippics, to be such detestably bad citizens, the list of writers who had consented to become contributors to the 'Deutsche Revue' comprised the names of numbers of the best-known professors of Germany: this gave an air of respectability and authority to the undertaking which Menzel was determined to deprive it of by menace and intrigue. Thus he addressed the university professors of Prussia as follows:—

'Prussian University Professors! Are the universities not State establishments? Have Christianity, morality, marriage no more value for Prussia? Has one heard so often of the ruling moral, religious, and conservative spirit of Prussia, that the most reputable professors of Berlin, Königsberg, Halle, must run after a new, dirty Marat (Gutzkow), who preaches like the old one the sacraments of the "ecstatic moment" and a republic of *sansculottes* and *sans-chemises*, that they must rage with him against morals,

marriage, family modesty, against God and immortality, against German nationality, against all that is established? Or do they hope amid the dirt and Jew filth of this literary rabble to find the cement and lime longed for by pure spirits, by which the great political contradictions of the time are to be reconciled? Shall this be brought about by a fleeting *accolade* of Prussian exiles and Prussian university professors, over whom Gutzkow and Wienbarg pronounce the benediction?'

A speedy consequence of such denunciations was that a good number of the German professors withdrew their names from the programme of the 'Deutsche Revue,' while the Government authorities were roused to arrest Gutzkow and put him in prison, and to institute a criminal prosecution against him and his publisher for the publication of 'Wally.' Menzel had the baseness to continue his denunciation of Gutzkow while the criminal trial was still pending, and the unfortunate author was condemned to ten weeks' imprisonment and to payment of a third of the costs of the prosecution. Encouraged by his miserable victory, Menzel still poured out all his spite and venom against the members of Young Germany, and the German Bund at Frankfort were so far influenced thereby as to pass a special decree proscribing the present and future sale throughout all the territories represented in the Bund of the works of the school known as 'Young Germany,' mentioning Heine, Gutzkow, Laube, Wienbarg, and Mundt by name, and enjoining the Government of the free State of Hamburg to make the proscription known to the firm of Hofmann and Campe. Special edicts were at the same time uttered by the several governments of Prussia, Mecklenburg, Baden, and other States, for the suppression of the works of Young Germany—aimed, as it seemed, at extinguishing utterly all possibility of literary activity on the part of the accused writers, so that not only was the 'Deutsche Revue' sup-

pressed in a prenatal state of preparation, but every publication to which the incriminated authors belonged was either suppressed or its circulation prohibited in most of the States of Germany. In Mecklenburg, the whole of the publications of the firm of Hofmann and Campe, the publishers of Heine, Gutzkow, and Wienbarg, were prohibited by the same stroke of the pen—a prohibition which remained in force until 1848. In the prohibition of books and journals which the Bund passed in the following years, they seemed to follow no other rule but that of the denunciations of Menzel, and severe regulations were passed respecting the admission of foreign newspapers into German territory: the greater part were absolutely forbidden, while for the rest the postage was to be levied at the same rate as that upon letters; so that the price of a daily foreign journal was raised to 500 thalers a year, which, of course, amounted nearly to absolute prohibition.

Of the writers thus smitten by this persecuting decree, two, Wienbarg and Gutzkow, accepted their destiny in the manliest spirit. The former was expelled from Frankfort: with a proud resolve to do nothing unworthy of the Ideal or the Beautiful whose priesthood he had undertaken, he wandered from city to city to meet with expulsion wherever he sought for refuge, till he at last returned to his native city of Altona. As for Gutzkow, he found himself in the worst position, for his comrades for the most part ascribed to him the blame of the ban to which they were subjected: so he had to endure imprisonment by his Government and the bitter reproaches and disavowals of his friends. As soon, however, as his term of imprisonment was over, he sat down quietly under the load of injuries and calumnies with which he was burdened, waiting to let the storm subside under the influence of time, and determined still to continue to devote his talents to what he conceived to be the cause of religious liberty and of political and social progress. On the other

hand, Mundt and Laube both in the sequence cut very sorry figures, and earned by public recantations permission from the governments to continue their literary labours.

Heine, we have seen, in the decree of the Bund had been placed at the head of the culprits of Young Germany, and Menzel had declared that the whole disorder had proceeded from him. 'Heine,' barked out the old cur, 'seduced by his Jewish antipathies, took mockery of Christendom and of morality, of German nationality and manners, proposals to emancipate the flesh, immoral *fanfaronnades*, the debauches of young France, coquetry with the republic, the affectation of appealing to the great revolution of the future, and erected them into the fruitful theme on which since then Young Germany has played with all kinds of variations;' and yet Heine had no direct relations with a single one of the writers of Young Germany except Laube, who, as editor of the 'Zeitung für die elegante Welt,' had reviewed some of Heine's later productions, and entered into correspondence with him in the spring of 1833. Heine, in his book on the Romantic School, had occasion to mention the young writers of the day —Laube, Gutzkow, Wienbarg, and Schlesier—in terms of warm commendation. Indeed, he was never chary of encouragement and recognition of contemporaneous writers—a rare quality with successful authors, and in the 'Romantic School' he had especially praised these young writers for not having divorced life from literature, and for making politics go hand in hand with science, art, and religion; so that they were all at the same time artists, tribunes, and apostles. 'Yea, I repeat the word apostles, for I know no more distinguishing word. A new faith inspires them with a passion of which the writers of a previous period had no idea. This faith is faith in progress, a faith which springs from knowledge. We have measured the earth, weighed the powers of nature, calculated the resources of industry, and we have discovered that this earth is large enough for every one to build therein

the hut of his happiness; that this earth can nourish us if we all labour and do not live at the cost of one another; and that we have no need of putting off the larger and poorer class with heaven as their reward. The number of those possessing this knowledge and belief is truly yet small, but the time is come when nations are to be counted by hearts and not by numbers.'

Then followed especial commendation of Laube, to whom indeed he later dedicated the 'Rabbi von Bacharach,' and praise also of Gutzkow, which, however, he subsequently modified very considerably. Indeed, the sympathy which existed between Heine and these writers was not so much the result of Heine's admiration for their literary productions as for the earnestness with which they took up the chief doctrines of Saint Simonianism, in which he was then an ardent believer. In July, 1833, he wrote to Laube, 'You stand on higher ground than all the others, who only understand the external aspect of the Revolution, and do not comprehend its deeper questions. These questions neither concern Forms nor Persons, neither the introduction of a republic nor the limitation of a monarchy; but they concern the material well-being of the people. The spiritual religion which has hitherto existed was wholesome and necessary, so long as the great part of men lived in misery, and had to comfort themselves with a heavenly religion. But since the progress of industry and economy it has become possible to draw men out of their material misery and make them happy on earth—*since then*; you understand me. And people will already understand us when we tell them that in the end they will be able every day to eat beef instead of potatoes, and work less and dance more. Be assured, men are no donkeys.' In fact, it was the dream of social progress more than of political reform which was common to Heine and Young Germany. The first news of Menzel's attack on the young writers and the projects of the German Bund had

reached Heine at Boulogne-sur-mer, where he was then staying. He wrote at once to Laube a letter of advice—a letter which is important as it shows the little store which Heine set on political reforms, and the little value he attached to any special form of government; it was perhaps putting the cart before the horse, but absolute freedom of thought in religious matters, and social and æsthetic progress, were always ranked by him as more important than political aims.

'Make a distinction,' he writes to Laube, 'between political and religious questions. In political questions you can make as many concessions as you will, since political forms of power and government are only means: *monarchy and republics, democratic and political constitutions, are indifferent things as long as the battle about the first principles of life, about the idea of life itself, is not decided.* Then later will come the question by what means this idea is to be realised—whether by a monarchy or by a republic, or by an aristocracy or an autocracy, for the last of which I have no great aversion. By such a division of questions can the scrupulosities of the censorship be appeased, for discussion about the religious principles and morals cannot be refused without the *whole Protestant liberty* of thought being abolished, and without annulling freedom of judgment.' This passage from Heine's letter to Laube deserves to be carefully borne in mind by the student of Heine's life. It no doubt represents his political convictions, if they may be called so, pretty accurately for a great part of his career.

To the Bund itself Heine in January, 1838, addressed a written protest, which ran as follows:—

'To the High Assembly of the Bund. The decree which you passed on your 31st sitting has filled me with deep consternation. I confess to you, *meine Herren*, that this consternation was associated with extreme astonishment. You have accused me, passed judgment and condemnation on

me, without having given me a hearing either by word of mouth or by letter, without anyone having been charged with my defence, without any summons at all having been forwarded to me. The Holy Roman Empire, into whose place the German Bund has stepped, did not act thus in similar cases. Doctor Martin Luther, of glorious memory, was able to appear before the Diet with a free permit, and to defend himself freely and openly against all accusations. Far from me be the presumption of comparing myself with that highly cherished man, who has fought for us our religious freedom in religious things; but the disciple appeals to the example of his master. If you, my lords, will not allow me a free conduct to defend myself before you, yet grant at least that I may speak a free word in the world of the German press, and take back again the interdict which you have pronounced against everything which I may write. These words are no protest—only a request. If I wish to defend myself against anything, it is especially against the memory of the public, which might interpret my enforced silence as a confession of punishable tendencies, or for a denial of my writings. As soon, however, as freedom of speech is granted to me, I hope speedily to show that my writings have not proceeded from any irreligious or immoral caprice, but from a true religious and moral synthesis—a synthesis to which not only our new literary school, the so-styled Young Germany, but also our most honoured writers, poets, as well as philosophers, have paid homage this long while. But whatever you, my lords, may decide upon my request, be convinced that I will ever obey the decrees of my Fatherland. The calamity which makes me an exile beyond the reach of your power will never mislead me to speak the language of hate. I honour in you the highest authorities of our beloved home. The personal security which my residence in a foreign land provides for me permits me happily, without fear of misinterpretation, *meine Herren*, to offer to you with

becoming humility the assurance of my profound respect—*Heinrich Heine, utriusque juris doctor.*'

This address of course met with no consideration, and was indeed written chiefly for the sake of making an appearance in foreign journals. Over its respectful form Heine remarks, in his humorous, ironical way, 'In any case I esteemed it necessary to stroke the old perukes a little, and my childish-syrupy submissive letter will have brought forth a good effect. The Bund will be touched. Everybody treats it like a dog, and therefore will my politeness and fine behaviour be so much the more agreeable. "My lords," "your lordships," that have they never yet offered them. "See," will they say, "there is a man who feels like a man, who does not treat us like dogs; and this noble man we were going to persecute; we have declared him to be irreligious, immoral," and thereupon six-and-thirty pocket-handkerchiefs will be wet with Dietary tears.' In another place he describes the contest of politeness which would take place if he appeared at Frankfort and offered voluntarily to go to prison. 'No, no,' they would sob out, 'we can't allow it! One thousand thalers' fine only.'

Such a contest of politeness never took place, for Heine took care never to place himself within the clutches of the Bund. It may be imagined, indeed, with what humour he must have written the sentence in which he declares that the security which he enjoyed in a foreign land enabled him fortunately to show his respect to the august assembly.

However, the Prussian Government began soon to relent a little towards the proscribed writers, and the Minister of the Interior on February 16, 1837, issued a declaration that the writers mentioned in their prohibitory regulations might continue to write and publish within the confines of the Prussian State, provided they would submit their works to Prussian censorship. This, however, Heine was by no means prepared to do. His attitude in the face of these oppressive

measures was a very manly one: he would hear of no unworthy concessions, and above all he would not hear of submission to Prussian censorship. He had, however, a volume ready for the press—the third volume of the 'Salon,' containing the essay, 'Elementärgeister,' and two parts of the 'Florentinische Nächte'—and as neither of these touched upon politics he desired to publish the volume at Hamburg without submitting it to censorship at all. He had consequently despatched the MS. to Campe with such instructions, but it arrived before those instructions, and when Campe had sent off already the MS. to the Prussian censor at Berlin. Heine's indignation and vexation were extreme. 'Your letter,' he wrote to Campe, 'has set me in a commotion which turns my brain. One thing, however, remains clearly fixed in my head. I will not betray the German press to Prussia; I will sell my honour for no publisher; nay, I will not suffer the slightest blot to fall on my pure name. I will never subject myself to the Prussian censorship. . . . . I hope you have taken the most urgent steps to have my manuscript back again. If you have not done this, do it immediately. The book shall never be printed if it cannot be printed without Prussian censorship. I am sick with vexation. I will put up with no trifling, Campe, and I hope that I shall have back my manuscript.'

The third volume of the 'Salon' was recovered from the Prussian censor by Campe and printed a year later at Giessen, not, however, before Heine had been forced to consent to the censor there; and even then the latter refused to allow the preface, which was directed chiefly against Menzel, to appear. This preface Heine therefore resolved to publish as a separate pamphlet; but in order to do so it was necessary to get it passed by the censor of some German state, and the unfortunate MS. was therefore sent wandering about among all the thirty-six states of the *Vaterland*, until some censor, more lenient than the rest, placed on it his *imprimatur*.

The preface was then published as a separate *brochure*, entituled 'Touching the Informer,' '*Ueber den Denuncianten.*' Heine had carefully amended all political allusion in the piece in order to avoid the difficulties of the censorship, yet nevertheless its publication was, as we have seen, delayed for months. Nothing more caustic or more brilliant in prose ever proceeded from Heine's pen, and the recollection of it must still act, like fresh strokes of the lash, on the mind of the old cur who still yelps feebly and unnoticed somewhere in Germany in the ancient *Franzosenfressen* style. The pamphlet was indeed a direct provocation to duel, then much in vogue in Germany, as a way of settling disputes. 'Menzel has less right than any,' said Heine, 'to growl in the name of Christianity, of *Deutsche Tugend*,—against Frenchmen and Jews. As for Christianity, he never saw its danger till Young Germany started the project of a rival review. Then, as for his *Germanenthum*, he is as little German in his morals as he is in ugliness of face. It is not a German characteristic,' he added, 'to desert one's friends and turn informer against them: that is the characteristic of a rascal. It is not a German characteristic to smite with the sword the weak and those who lie helpless in bondage. Yet this has Herr Menzel done. He has hewn down by the dozen, in his Review, the poor women writers of Germany while they were endeavouring to earn a little bread for their children, and had no weapons to make use of against him but their secret tears. If Gutzkow had been a parricide,' said Heine, 'I could not have thundered out philippics against him when he was in prison, and when he stood before the judgment seat; and yet I make no pretension to all the German virtues. Another German virtue we miss also in Herr Menzel—courage. Herr Menzel is a coward. He basely accused and slandered Gutzkow, and when the latter demanded satisfaction, after the fashion of our German youth, this German hero refused, and preferred to rail in his vile journal like an

old woman. Herr Menzel is a coward: will be convince me of the contrary, I will readily meet him half-way.'

Then, in objecting to Menzel's self-imposed *rôle* as the champion of *Germanenthum*, he says—'But what has Herr Menzel to lose by the ruin of Germany? A dear fatherland? Wherever there is a cudgel, there is the fatherland of the slave. His immortal fame? This becomes extinguished in the self-same hour in which the contract comes to an end which secures for him the editorship of the Stuttgart "Literatur-Blatt." Yea, if Baron Cotta were willing to pay him down a small sum therein stipulated for as compensation money, Menzel's immortality is already come to an end.'

But the pamphlet remained without result: the venal bully of the pen, the calumniator and the informer, was not to be enticed to the field of honour: he was as little willing to meet Heine's challenge as he had been to meet that of Gutzkow, whom he had slandered and thrown into prison: so he quietly put up with Heine's scathing satire, as he had put up with the blow of the fist which Frankh, the Stuttgart bookseller, had administered to him in public. In the body Menzel was weak, and he might have been kicked all over, but the bully revenged himself with the pen, by continuing to revile and calumniate, as paid bravo of the government, the men whose mouths were gagged before him and who had no right of reply. It is worth remembering that no small part of such hate as exists in Germany against France was prepared by Menzel the *Franzosenfresser* and his like.

Coleridge speaks somewhere of the stifling agony which the man of genius necessarily feels till his thought is in some way given forth to the light of day; and perhaps only an author can sympathise with the miseries which the censorship inflicted upon Heine by mangling and suppressing his sentences in such a way that he was forced at times to disavow all responsibility for the published book. Bitter is

the lamentation of the following phrases in a letter sent to his publisher:—

'I am in the most horrible distress as to how I shall complete the volume: not that I lack manuscript, but because of the terror about the censorship: even the most innocent matter becomes a thing of doubt. I am now the unhappiest of writers. Three times have I written the preface to the third part of the "Salon" right up to the middle, and three times have I destroyed it. *What is the use of writing if I can get nothing printed?* In fact, in this raging condition of the censorship, which expunges my most harmless thoughts, I can only print pure works of the imagination, and, alas! I have nothing ready. You know, dear Campe, the bitter mood into which I am thrown by this necessity of playing the censor myself at once on every thought which passes through my brain,—of writing with the sword of censorship dangling over my head on a hair . . . this it is which is enough to drive me mad! *I can often not sleep at night* when I reflect how my thoughts have been murdered in the "Romantic School," and in the second part of the "Salon," and how I must now stammer with half a tongue. I once spoke like a man. I have in these latter days lost thousands by my ill fortune; yet I never grieved half so much for the money as about these literary griefs.'

The demoralising effect which this tyranny of the censorship produced on Heine's mind perverted all his tenderness of thought, and gave thereby a deeper hue to his scepticism: yet he lived to discover that the pernicious effect even of the tyranny of the censorship is not so great on the mind and the convictions as that which it has to endure when capital takes advantage of the necessities of talent or genius and enlists it for the purpose of ministering to its own aims and aggrandisements; when spirits who might be the liberators and redeemers of humanity are forced to toil blindly and in fetters in the mills of mammon,—a new form of literary servitude

which bids fair to grind all poetry and freedom of thought out of the minds and hearts of men, and one which in mercantile countries necessarily attains its greatest development. Yet, while observing that the strict *régime* of mammon and free trade can lead to nothing but mediocrity in literature, it is necessary also to do it the justice to say that if it extinguishes genius, at least it finds no occupation for the foul poisonous reptile herd of informers, calumniators, and utterly abject and ruffianly crew which thrive under the skirts of despotic power. No journeyman of the daily press can now possibly become so base and so bad as the bravoes and ragamuffins of the pen, who in the days of Louis XV. stabbed Beaumarchais in the back, and in those of Frederick William IV. pelted Heine with filth. Encouraged by the example of Menzel, and also by the decree of the Bund which assured them immunity, the vilest literary bravoes of Germany rushed forth to assail Heine's reputation in every hole and corner dirty blotting-paper publication in the country. The game was a safe one, and suited to their courage and capacity. Heine was gagged: again and again the 'Allgemeine Zeitung' had to announce that such and such a literary reply by Heine to an assault of his calumniators had been suppressed by the censorship. We have seen that his reply to Menzel, which was a purely personal matter, was sent wandering about Germany for months without being able to get into print. It fared still worse with the 'Schwabenspiegel,' another brilliant and caustic preface to a new edition of his poems, indited as a reply to his assailants. This was, after long delay, published in such mutilated form that Heine was obliged here, as in other cases, to disavow the authorship. The history of the origin of 'Schwabenspiegel,' the 'Suabian Mirror' (the name was suggested by 'Eulenspiegel') is a curious exemplification of the petty spite and malignity with which Heine had to contend. There was a certain school of little versifiers

who called themselves the 'Suabian School,' an appellation which will probably only be remembered in conjunction with Heine's name. In his own time people, he tells us, asked with astonishment what was the Suabian School. Had it anything to do with Schiller or with Uhland, both born in Suabia? No, the reply was, Schiller wrote the 'Robbers,' and the author of a robber poem could not by any means claim kindred with the immaculate Suabian School: as for Uhland, he had ceased to write for twenty years. Was Schlegel, or Hegel, or Strauss—all Suabians—of this noble school? Oh no: such writers as the two last were utterly excommunicated, and the first ignored. Besides, all these poets and writers might be said to be rather European than Suabian, while the pure patriotic Suabian School hated all cosmopolitanisms,—sang of nothing but Suabian buttercups and daisies and the home-made pot-broth of the dear Suabian Fatherland. The Suabian School, in fact, consisted at first of a certain Protestant clergyman Schwab, a rhymester Pfizer, and various other little nonentities. But, says Heine, thinking that it would do them no harm if, in addition to their own members, who could only be seen by the aid of a hydro-gas microscope, they had a few associates of somewhat larger dimensions, they applied in the first place to the crowned bard, Louis of Bavaria, to join them: he declined politely, but sent them a copy of his poetry bound in morocco with gilt edges. After this refusal of the King of Bavaria, the chiefs of the Suabian School applied all round for recruits, but met everywhere with polite excuses. The Suabians, in their dire necessity, says Heine, resorted to a proper Suabian trick,—a Yorkshire trick, as we should say: they elected, as members of their Suabian School, a Hungarian and a Caschub. The Hungarian was Lenau, a poet of some real merit; and the Caschub, who saw the light on the borders of Poland in Germany, was Wolfgang Menzel, the informer. No need to say that this little tribe of little

poets, with Wolfgang Menzel amongst them, hated Heine with the hate of mean and envious spirits. So, when the 'Musen Almanach' came out in 1837, with a portrait of Heine inserted at the suggestion of Chamisso, Heine's old Berlin friend,—a poet he at least,—the Suabian bards gave up publicly all connection with the publication. Schwabe, who had even taken part in the editorship of the publication, uttered a pompous declaration, affirmed that he could not longer associate himself with a periodical defiled with a representation of the features of Heine.

Pfizer, mean and miserable man, not only withdrew with his comrades from the 'Musen Almanach,' but, in the first number of a new quarterly review, called the 'Deutsche Vierteljahrschrift,' published a virulent criticism of Heine's writings and character, which was a mere *réchauffé* of the violent abuse and insinuations of Menzel, the informer. Heine had expressly, in face of the attempts to raise prejudice against him as a Jew, disavowed all further connection with the Jewish creed. Pfizer, however, thought fit to bring up again the system of Jew insults adopted first by Menzel, and added to it still more odious suggestions of his own. 'Heine's hatred of religion,' he wrote, 'springs from his Jewish origin: either he is a secret emissary of Judaism who has slunk over into the Christian camp in order to sow there feud and calamity, or he would gratify a spite against the people of his own caste, since the name of Jew yet clings to him, by seeking diligently, by his railings and blasphemings, to stir up the wrath of the Christians against the Jewish race.' This stupid sentence gives a measure at once of Herr Pfizer's intellectual and moral character. But Pfizer's attack was but one of many: he was but one yelper in the pack who were howling at him on all sides. As to which howling Heine says in his 'Schwabenspiegel' he found himself in precisely the same condition as an African traveller had described during a night

which he passed in the camp of Bedouin Arabs. This traveller relates that the whole night a multitude of curs were barking and howling and growling around him, which, however, did not hinder him from sleeping; 'but,' said he, 'had it been only a single yelper I should not have been able to close an eye the whole night.' Such was the explanation which Heine gave of Herr Gustav Pfizer not having been able to spoil his night's rest: had he been the only cur—but there were so many that he could not pay more attention to one yelp than to another. 'Also,' says Heine, humorously, 'a natural philosopher has observed that in summer, *especially in the dog days*, more is written against me than in winter.'

Pfizer, too, secure against reply, had ventured habitually to falsify Heine's language in quotation—a form of misdemeanour which, says Heine, employed in other form in some countries, would have placed his neck within the noose of the gallows. As for Menzel, the poet in this preface contents himself by relating the mystification which some Germans had played upon him. His wife was made to say that, since the appearance of Heine's pamphlet styled 'Touching Menzel, the Informer,' her domestic life had become intolerable. Her husband, while he refused to accept Heine's challenge to fight abroad, seemed so much the more bent on showing that he was a hero at home, and it rained cudgels in the house eternally, and especially at the slightest allusion to cowardice. Her nights, too, had become, according to her description, unendurable; and the poor lady ended by saying that she was resolved to die rather than continue such a state of existence: therefore she offered to take her husband's place and to fight in his stead.

'When I read this letter,' adds Heine, 'and did not at once notice the mystification, I cried with enthusiasm: "Noble woman! wife worthy of Suabia! worthy of thy

mothers, who once carried their husbands pick-a-pack to Weinsberg."'

Not only, however, did these assaults on Heine come from unknown hirelings of the pen, and from envious duodecimo bards, but the arrows of calumny and malice were launched at him by one of his old college friends, Jean Baptist Rousseau. Theodor Mundt, moreover, the renegade of Young Germany, seized every opportunity of pompously disavowing all admiration or sympathy for his former chief, and declared that 'his utter extinction was a mere work of time.'

Some manly spirits, however, did not fail, even in that servile condition of the German press, to keep watch over the reputation of their absent friend, and to use their pens in his vindication when some more scandalous calumny or more virulent assault than usual was circulated at his cost. Amongst these were numbered especially Lewald, Laube, Kühne, O. L. B. Wolff, and Dingelstedt, a young writer who was then just beginning to attract public notice. Arnold Ruge, too, the liberal critic and philosopher, himself also destined to be driven later into exile, wrote a fair and impartial examination of the character and tendency of Heine's genius, which, in spite of the reserve of his appreciation, was for the time an act of signal courage.

This, indeed, may be called the turning-point of Heine's life. Up to this time he had cherished in his heart some kind of faith in the ideal progression of humanity, but from henceforth a weariness and general disbelief in all human striving came over him. Nor can this be wondered at by anyone who is capable of comprehending the nature of the man; —of forming any conception of the dreadful recoil of ineffable disgust which took possession of a fine and sensitive soul which had glowed for awhile with high and burning hopes for humanity and for the future, which spent on such hopes the most vital forces of its essence, which had even courted and endured a kind of martyrdom, and yet found all its

aspirations maimed and marred by the existing brutality of things: his own efforts in the cause of political and religious progress had gained him persecution from the authorities, and even hatred and suspicion at the hands of his own comrades in the liberal cause; the political state of Germany seemed more servile and more hopeless than when he began his career: in France the liberalism of the Government of Louis Philippe seemed, when viewed near at hand, to be a hollow pretence, and the hopes founded on Saint Simonianism, which had impassioned heart and soul for awhile, seemed to have vanished like an idle dream. From this time there set in in his life that phase of disenchantment peculiar to the passionate and idealistic poets of modern times, and which Heine shared with Chateaubriand, Byron, and Alfred de Musset. This beginning of a weariness, which increased with years and showed itself later in fits of blank despair and revolting cynicism, began to exhibit itself unmistakably in his prefaces and in his letters. 'How do I envy you your solitude,' he wrote to Laube in May 1836, 'I, who am condemned to live in the wildest roar of the world, and cannot come to myself, but grow dizzy with the cries of the needs of the day, and am as weary as an overdriven ox—I will not say as a hound. How do I yearn for a quiet German fortress, where a sentinel should stand before my door and let no one in, neither my beloved nor any other tortures. With passion do I sigh for peace!' 'Of my own nature,' he wrote in his letters to August Lewald on the French stage, 'I am inclined to a certain *dolce far niente*, and I gladly loll on the flowery turf and observe the quiet procession of the world, and delight in their glowing radiance; but Fate willed it that I should be often awakened out of this pleasant dreaming by hard nudges in the ribs by Destiny, and I must perforce take a part in the sorrows and struggles of our time, and honourable was then my participation, and I struck with the bravest.'

'Once,' he also wrote in his introduction to 'Shakspeare's Maids and Women,' 'once I would endeavour to break through the halberds wherewith the garden of enjoyment was barred up from the world: but my hand was weak, the halberdiers laughed and thrust their long blades into my breast, and the stirring, generous heart became quiet from shame and not from fear.'

Heine had, however, taken up with such passionate and vehement emphasis the part of tribune of the people on his arrival in France, that his silence on political matters did him no good with the governing powers, while it laid him open to the imputation, from the German liberals, of being a renegade to the liberal cause. It must be remarked again, Heine was no politician: he was a poet: his attitude in politics was critical: he never declared himself in favour of the republican form of government, and was not individually disinclined to an enlightened autocracy. The consequence was that he was maligned by the republicans for being a monarchist, and persecuted by the monarchical party for being a revolutionist. We have already shown how the predominance in him of æsthetic over political interest had excited the anger and the scorn of Börne. All the correspondents in Paris for German papers, for the most part refugees, were for ever on the look-out for some bit of tittle-tattle to gratify at once their own little envious malignities, and to find food for the suspicious fancies of the German liberals. Vexations of this kind became so intolerable at last that Heine changed his residence time after time to throw his tormentors off the scent, sought afresh for habitations in the most retired quarters, and gave orders that no German should ever be admitted to him. Not a few of this noxious swarm of German scribblers were inveterate and impudent beggars, as may be seen from the following letter:—

'For the last two years,' he wrote to Laube, in 1835, 'nothing very cheerful has reached me from the *Vaterland*,

and the Germans whom I have had to see in Paris have cured me of all yearning for home. A pack of rascals are they, mendicants who take to menaces if you refuse to give them anything; scoundrels who are always speaking of honour and *Vaterland*; liars and thieves—that I need not tell you: in your letter I saw how you commiserate with me on account of these cleanly individuals who are for ever claiming kindredship with me. I could never give *poignées de main* to the dirty fellows, and now I deny them the sight of my countenance.' And yet, in spite of the vexations which greedy calumniating countrymen thus brought upon him, there are many acts of pure spontaneous generosity recorded of Heine during this trying period, when his own purse was too often in a very critical state and he was himself at times dreadfully pressed to find money. Poor as he was, he lent to his necessitous countrymen hundreds upon hundreds of francs without hope of ever seeing them again, and with few exceptions he met with little but ingratitude in return.

CHAPTER VIII.

PARIS SOCIETY.

HEINE, however, found compensation for the vexation and unpleasantness which this German *Lumpengesindel* and refugee element brought upon him in the visits of old friends to the French capital, and in intercourse with all that was distinguished in the cultivated and elegant world of Paris.

As for his friends in Germany, death had been busy amongst them almost every year, beginning with the time he settled in Paris. Ludwig Robert and his beautiful wife died of that visitation of cholera which went the round of Europe, during a visit to Baden-Baden in July 1832. The noble-souled Rahel von Varnhagen, with whose intelligence and character Heine perhaps felt the most intimate sympathy that was given him to feel with anyone on this earth, died March 7th, 1833. Heine wrote, on the news of her death, to Varnhagen, 'alas! I feel the truth of the signification of these Roman words, "Life is a combat." Thus I stand in the breach and see how my friends fall around us. One friend has always fought valiantly, and well deserves her laurel. I cannot this moment write for tears. Alas, we poor men! we must fight with tears in our eyes. What a battle-field is this earth!' About the same time died his mother's brother, Simon von Geldern, in Düsseldorf. In August 1838 his old friend Moses Moser died; in May 1839, Edward Gans; in January 1840, Rosa Maria Assing, a sister of Varnhagen, who had passed through Paris in 1835; and in August of 1840, also, his 'true brother in arms,' his *treuer*

Waffenbruder, as he styled him, Carl Immermann. On the death of Rosa Maria Assing, a lady of fine gifts and the mother of Ludmilla Assing, she who was condemned to imprisonment by Prussian justice for publishing the diary of her uncle, Heine wrote to Varnhagen, 'I knew the departed quite well: she ever exhibited towards me the most amiable sympathy: she was so like you in circumspection and gentleness, and although I did not see her very often, yet I number her among the confidants and the intimate circle where people understand each other without speaking. Blessed God! how has this circle, this quiet community, gradually dissolved in the last ten years! We weep fruitless tears after them, until we too shall depart: the tears which will then flow for us will not be so warm, since the new generation neither know what we would nor what we have suffered. And how could they know us? Our special secrets we have never spoken out and we never shall speak them out, and we descend into the grave with closed lips. We understood each other with mere looks: we looked at each other, and knew what we felt: this language of the eyes will be for the later-born only an undecipherable riddle.'

Nevertheless, many were the visitors to Paris during these years, in whose intercourse Heine found delight and entertainment. O. L. B. Wolff, his ever genial friend and critic; Helmina von Chezy, the poetess whom he had known at Berlin; his friend August Lewald; Count Auersperg, the genial Austrian poet, known under the name of Anastasius Grün; Prince Pückler-Muskau, whose sparkling 'Letters of a Deceased Individual,' '*Briefe einer Verstorbene*,' consisting for the most part of minute descriptions of English society, Heine was ever ready to praise.

We have already seen that Heine and Heinrich Laube had been in friendly correspondence. Laube, too, visited Paris with his wife in 1839, and his presence was all the more agreeable to Heine as he was in a condition to give him

information about the literary and political state of Germany, of which he stood sadly in need. For such intelligence he had been accustomed to rely on the few German papers which he could pick up in the Parisian *cabinets de lecture*, journals limited for the most part to the 'Allgemeine Zeitung' and the 'Morgenblatt,' or in a German establishment of the same character established in 1837. In respect of which *cabinets de lecture* a story characteristic of Heine may be told. He was reading in one of them near an old French gentleman who kept up a long course of 'hems' and clearings of the throat, and on the occasion of each outbreak Heine cried 'hisch! hisch!' At last the individual got up and complained to Heine of his exclamations. 'I beg your pardon,' he replied, 'but I thought it was a dog.' Upon which the complainer retired quite satisfied.

Laube was introduced by Heine to all the numerous French authors of his acquaintance, and he on his side made Heine acquainted with Richard Wagner, who did not then appear so clearly in the light of the author of the music of the future as he does at present. Richard Wagner, with that boundless confidence in his genius which is now of European notoriety, being then a musical composer quite unknown, had shipped himself at Riga in a sailing vessel bound for London, with his wife, and a half-finished opera in his portmanteau, together with a monster Newfoundland dog of immense appetite, and with a very light purse, and from London he had transplanted himself to Paris, under the idea that his genius would rapidly arrive at fame and prosperity in the great capital of taste and elegance. Heine folded his hands, he says, reverently before this example of the confidence of a German artist. Poor Wagner seems not to have an idea that every musical artist in Europe rushed to Paris on the same errand, namely, to get the stamp of celebrity placed upon them by a Parisian public, nor did he quite proceed in the right way to secure success. He saw Rossini, and was

very eloquent to him on the subject of the 'music of the future,' by the side of which the 'music of the past and present,' of which Rossini was no mean representative, was to be reduced to insignificance; and Rossini made to him the sly and caustic reply which we have before reported. With Meyerbeer he got on better. Meyerbeer gave him recommendations, but Wagner soon, in spite of his fatuity, saw that he had no chance of getting one of his operas played in the French capital. He managed, during the time he was there, to scrape together the bare means of subsistence by writing tales and musical articles, scores for operatic partitions, &c., and returned to Germany in 1842. One advantage, however, he derived from his visit to Paris, and that was the *libretto* for his opera of the 'Flying Dutchman,' which is founded, as already noticed, upon the version of the tale contained in Heine's 'Memoirs of the Herr von Schnabelowopski,' and both in Heine's version and in Wagner's *libretto* is one of the most charming of fantastic tales. Having obtained Heine's consent to make use of the story, Wagner wrote the *libretto* himself: the subject excited his imagination: he wrote the opera in seven weeks, and the success was rapid: so that Heine had some share in giving Herr Wagner a start on the road to fame and fortune.

Heine was, as we have before seen, a persistent *habitué* of the *salons* of the musical world: one of them which he much frequented was that of one of his countrymen, Ferdinand Hiller, in the Rue Saint Florentin, where the *soirées* were regularly attended by Cherubini, director of the Conservatoire, Baillot the violinist, the inimitable Chopin, Thalberg, and Adolphe Nourrit, the great tenor of the French opera.

Hans Christian Andersen and Oehlenschläger, the Danish poets, both visited Paris in these years, and made acquaintance with their German brother poet. On Heine the naïve vanity and childish submissive bearing of Hans Andersen in respect of great people made a somewhat ridiculous effect. 'He met me like a tailor,' he said, 'and he has just the air

of one. He is a lean man with a hollow fallen-in sort of visage, and betrayed in his exterior a pitiful devout bearing such as princes like. Hence has Andersen always been so very well received by princes. He is a perfect type of a poet such as a prince would have him. When he visited me he had adorned his breast with a kind of big clothes pin, and when I asked him what he had there hanging in front of his breast, he answered in an unctuous pathetic voice, "That is a present which the Lady Electress of Hesse was graciously pleased to give me."' Oehlenschläger passed the winter of 1844–5 in Paris, and Heine was present one evening when he read one of his tragedies in German but with a very strong Danish accent; and when it was over Heine remarked 'On my word I never imagined I knew Danish so well.'

But that which gave to Heine especial compensation for the privations of exile and the annoyance which he suffered at the hands of the German press and his refugee countrymen, was his intercourse with the literary and polite world of Paris. To arrive within these charmed circles his genius alone would have been a sufficient passport, even had he lacked introductions. Among his chief literary friends were Alexandre Dumas, Jules Janin, Théophile Gautier, Alfred de Vigny, the historians Mignet and Thierry, and also Georges Sand, for whose talent he had an especial admiration, and whom he styled the greatest poet in prose whom the French possessed. He also visited in friendly fashion Thiers, Victor Hugo, Béranger, Alfred de Musset, de Custine, Frederic Soulié, Philarète Chasles, Eugene Sue, Léon Gozlan, Hector Berlioz, the great singer Roger, Emile de Girardin and his charming first wife Delphine Gay, as beautiful in person as distinguished as a poetess and a wit, and also of Madame d'Agoult, known as an authoress under the name of Daniel Stern, whose highly cultivated intelligence and social charms are remembered with admiration by those acquainted with the Parisian *salon* world. With

another great lady, too, in Paris at that time Heine was on intimate terms, and that was the Princess Belgiojoso of Milan, herself a refugee in Paris in those days for her patriotic participation in all the efforts of Lombardy to shake off the Austrian yoke. She was then in all the fulness of youthful beauty, and Heine had such an opinion of her spirit that when she went off to Italy to take part in the Italian rising of 1848 he promised laughingly, if he died himself, to appear to her as a ghost after death. 'If I did,' he said later, in talking of ghosts, 'she would receive me quite calmly. She *had* courage.'

The Princess, during the Italian war of 1848, raised at her own expense a regiment of cavalry, and led them into the Piedmontese camp. After Novara the Austrians took possession of all her estates in the neighbourhood of Milan, and the Princess went off to Asia Minor, where she lived as she best could deprived of her revenues for two years, after which time they were restored to her, and she returned to Paris. In the interval, however, Heine had, through the Count Auersperg, made every effort that he could to secure some alleviation of the rigour to which the Princess and the Lombard emigrants generally had been subjected. The Princess lived to see the generous dreams of her youth accomplished, and returned to her princely residence at Milan, and sat on the terrace of her villa on the Lake of Como, dreaming over the blue waters, breathing the free air of United Italy, delighting in the consciousness that the noble victims of Austrian oppression, the refugees of Lombardy, were no longer trailing their weary and exiled hearts over the pavements of London and Paris.

With Georges Sand also especially was Heine on the friendliest footing. This 'large-souled woman with the manly brain' felt that in spite of the fleeting and superficial frivolity of Heine there was a depth of poetry and humanity in him akin to her own: he not only attended regularly at her

receptions, but introduced his friends to her when they arrived in Paris: and he found at that time habitually in her *salon* Chopin, the pianist, then in the height of his fame; Boscage the actor; Lamennais, too, then one of the chief celebrities of Paris and a member of the Rochefoucauld family, who represented in this variegated society the traditions of the old French nobility. The impression which Heine generally made on such society was good, according to the testimony of Théophile Gautier and others. Gautier says he was no less prodigal of his wit than he was of his health and his money as long as he had them. Nevertheless Heine's conversation was by no means brilliant at all times: like most poets he was a creature of moods and impulses, and, above all, susceptible as a chameleon to the medium in which he found himself; hence, before some of his rough, hard coarse fellow-countrymen, and in other uncongenial company, his manner would be stiff and cold, and his speech of such a hesitating incomplete character that he gave the idea of a man without talent at all. In fact, with unsympathetic people he either could not or would not give himself the trouble to listen or to think at all, and oftentimes did not take pains to finish his sentences, but left them hanging in mid-air, finding that to some people you may as well speak a sentence of Coptic as say a good thing or give an opinion on a matter of taste. Pompous bores and solemn pedantic sour-faced people he would endeavour to keep aloof from him by wild sallies of wit and humour. Then, too, his health was precarious, and he was often not in a good state to be 'interviewed;' and if an unfortunate unsympathetic visitor came upon him at such a time he was pretty sure to come in for one of Heine's dull fits; or, if the poet took the trouble to rouse himself, had to listen to a malicious play of cynicism and petulant humour. Hence hundreds of Germans and heavy-witted foreigners who either forced themselves on Heine, or had occasion to visit him during his residence in

Paris, went away disgusted and shocked. However, the fault was chiefly with themselves: in the kindly air of French society, with its humane and amiable sociability, which brings out at once all the best qualities of a man, Heine was quite another being to what he was in the company of Teutonic bears and bores, spies and informers, who visited him to make capital out of his conversation by printing it in their blotting-paper journals, in which also they would report, if they were able, the character and cost of his furniture and the prices and qualities of his dinners. Knowing what touching and particular interest the German governments and the German public were taking in his affairs; and since the former, after having driven him into exile, had done their best to reduce him to hopeless misery and utter starvation; and since the latter, while they raved affectedly about his poems, and sang them from the Baltic to the Adriatic, never contributed a *groschen* to keep him alive, it was not extraordinary that he should not be very genial to curious 'interviewers' of the Teuton species. To France, however, the exile was indebted for freedom, for his very existence disembarrassed of dread of a German dungeon: to France he was indebted for hospitality embellished with all the graces and charms of civility and polite culture: to France he was indebted for having a multitude of amiable men and charming women as friends, and in their society all his better qualities expanded like tropical flowers replaced in their proper atmosphere.

It was fortunate for Heine that from the circumstance of the French occupation of his native place, Düsseldorf, in his youth he knew French well enough to be at his ease in conversation: he had more foreign pronunciation at one time than at another, since, as we learnt from Théophile Gautier, he spoke French sometimes with something of the accent which Balzac puts into the mouth of the Baron de Nacingen; but he was very far at any time from having that hideous German accent which of all the foreign fashions of

pronouncing French is the most vulgar and repulsive. His appearance in print as a French author caused him to be considered as more than half a Frenchman immediately after his arrival in Paris, and on nearer acquaintance he was found to possess also in conversation that *tournure d'esprit*, and that incisive wit which confers a diploma of rank in the Parisian social world. Those scintillations of the *salon* which sometimes, if fortunate, go the round of society, and may even be kept alive for a week or so, are rarely preserved, nor is it desirable that they should be. However, a repartee of Heine's occurs to us which will give an example of his manner. Some one having said that he could understand Rationalism, but not Atheism, 'cependant,' retorted Heine, 'l'athéisme est le dernier mot du théisme.'

With one great magnate of the practical world in Paris Heine was on terms of considerable intimacy, and that was the Baron James de Rothschild, into whose family circle he found entrance, soon after his arrival in Paris, by means of a letter of introduction from his rich Frankfort uncle. The Baron's liking for Heine's society must have been founded on the latter's social qualities, for his intelligence extended only to financial matters, and his acquaintance with art and poetry was of the smallest. Heine, however, took care, as the representative of spiritual power, to preserve absolute independence in the presence of the great Sultan of the realm of Mammon. He treated him, he said, *famillionairement*, and there was a certain story of Horace Vernet which Heine did not fail to recall to the Baron's memory on occasion. Rothschild wanted to be painted by Horace Vernet, who asked him 150 *louis d'or* for a portrait. Rothschild found this too dear, and tried to make a bargain. Vernet raised his price first to 200, then to 300 *louis d'or*, and then cried out impatiently, '500 *louis*, or gratis.' Rothschild declined to pay 500 *louis*, and was painted gratis in Horace Vernet's best and largest picture, 'The Capture of

the Smala of Abd-el-kadir,' where, during the confusion, a Jew with Rothschild's features is seen running away in the most prominent part of the picture with a casket of jewels. 'What are all the dirty writers and artists to me?' said the Baron one day; I could buy them by the dozen.' 'So you may,' said Heine, 'but still you would not be their master then: remember Horace Vernet.' 'Why is this wine called *Lacryma Christi*?' said Rothschild to him one day. 'It is called *Lacryma Christi*,' said Heine, 'because Christ weeps when rich Jews drink it, and so many poor men are dying of hunger and thirst.' Naturally contact with such a potentate, and the insight gained through him with the doings of the great financial world, called into exercise Heine's powers of observation and his wit. 'Rothschild,' he remarks in one place, 'might build his own Walhalla, he might fill a Pantheon with the princes who had borrowed money of him;' and he puts down on another occasion how—was it at Heine's own suggestion, *ex ungue leonem*?—Rothschild sent nine sous to the Communist who proposed to divide his millions among the people, telling him that now his share was paid he might remain quiet. 'M. de Rothschild,' he wrote, 'is, in fact, the best political thermometer—I will not say weather-frog, because the word does not sound sufficiently respectful. And respect must be paid to this man if it be only on account of the respect with which he inspires the greater part of people. I visit him with the greatest pleasure in the *bureaux* of his *comptoirs*, where I can observe him and where I observe how people—and that not only the people of God, but all people—bow and bend before him. There goes on a bending and twisting of the spine which the best acrobats would find fatiguing. I saw persons who when they approached the Baron quivered as though they had touched a voltaic pile. Even before the door of his cabinet a shudder of veneration, such as once Moses experienced upon Horeb when he felt that he stood upon holy

ground, seizes upon many. And just as Moses took off his shoes on the instant, so certainly would many a broker and *agent de change* who dares to enter the private cabinet of M. de Rothschild, take off his shoes if he did not fear that he would still more inconvenience the Baron by so doing. This private cabinet is, in fact, a remarkable place, which excites lofty thoughts and feelings, like the aspect of the sea or of the starry heavens: we see here how small man is, and how great is God, since money is the god of our time, and Rothschild is his prophet.

'Many years ago, as I was visiting the Baron, a servant in gold-laced livery carried his slop-pail along the corridor, and a speculator of the Bourse who passed by at the same moment respectfully raised his hat. So far—to speak respectfully—goes the respect of certain people. I took note of the name of that devout man, and I am convinced that he will in time become a millionaire. As I once related to M. —— that I had dined with Baron Rothschild *en famille* in the rooms at his *comptoir*, M. —— clasped his hands together, and said I had enjoyed an honour which had only been allowed to Rothschilds by blood, or, at most, to some reigning princes.

'The *comptoir* of M. de Rothschild is very extensive. It is a labyrinth of *salons*, a very barrack of wealth. The room in which the Baron works from morning to night—he has nothing else to do but to work—has been very much embellished of late. On the chimney is the marble bust of the Emperor Francis of Austria, with whom the house of Rothschild has the greatest amount of business. The Baron will, out of respect, have by him the busts of all European princes who have contracted loans through his house, and this collection of marble busts will form a Walhalla which will be more magnificent than that of Regensburg.'

In his correspondence for the 'Allgemeine Zeitung,' Heine writes humorously, 'I believe, indeed, that his gold

is rather a misfortune than otherwise for the poor Baron. Had he a hard nature he would feel much discomfort, but for a good-hearted gentleman as he is, he must suffer much from the pressure upon him of so much misery which he might relieve—from the applications which are being continually made to him, and from the ingratitude which follows upon the heels of his benevolence. Excessive wealth is perhaps harder to bear than poverty. I advise every one who is in great need of money to go to M. de Rothschild—not to borrow of him (for I doubt if he would get anything extraordinary), but to console himself with the sight of that money-misery. The poor devil who has too little, and does not know what to turn to, may here convince himself that there is a man who is far more tortured because he has too much money; because all the money of the world has run into his great cosmopolitan pockets, and because he must drag about with him such a burden while the great masses of hungry people and thieves stretch forth their hands around him.' 'How fares it with you?' Heine once said to Rothschild. 'I am crazy,' he replied. 'Until I see you throwing money out of the window,' said Heine, 'I shall never believe it.' 'That is just my form of craziness, that I do not pitch money out of the window.'

'How unhappy are the rich in this life—and after death they have not a chance of heaven! "A camel can easier pass through the eye of a needle than a rich man can enter into the kingdom of heaven." This sentence of the Divine Communist is a fearful anathema, and is a proof of His bitter hatred against the exchange and the *haute finance* of Jerusalem.

'The world is swarming with philanthropists. There are societies for prevention of cruelty to animals, and much is done for the poor; but for the rich, who are yet more unhappy, nothing is done. Instead of offering prizes for essays on the culture of silk, cattle-food, and Kant's philosophy, let our learned societies offer a prize for solving the difficulty of

how a camel can be threaded through the eye of a needle. Before this great camel question is settled, and the rich have a prospect of getting into heaven, no radical remedy for the poor will be found. The rich would be less hard-hearted if they had not to rest content with earthly happiness only, and had not to envy the poor who will inherit eternal happiness *in floribus* up above. They say, "why should we trouble ourselves to do anything here on earth for the rascal rabble, since they are to be better off than we shall be, and we in any case after death shall never meet with them again!" If the rich knew that they were going to dwell there above with us in common, they would assuredly here on earth stint themselves just the least bit at times, and keep from misusing us too much. Let us therefore before all things solve the great camel question.'

Heine's intimacy with Rothschild led his hungry fellow-countrymen to imagine that the great millionaire's inexhaustible purse was also at his disposal—an illusion of which he found it impossible to dispossess the indefatigable claimants on his bounty, and which served also to increase the spite and malice with which they unrelentingly persecuted him. Heine, we know, through the suppression of his works by the Bund, had money troubles enough of his own at this time. In one of the many justificatory statements which circumstances obliged him to publish he says, defending himself under this head:—

'I had never learnt the art with which man feeds the hungry with bare words, and this the more as nature had given me so prosperous-looking an exterior that no one believed in my indigence. The necessitous who up to this time had largely profited by my help, laughed when I said that it was I in future who would be in want of money. Was I not the relative of all possible millionaires? Had not the generalissimus of all millionaires, had not the Millionairissimus called me his friend—his friend? I could not make it intelligible to my clients that the great Millionairissimus

styled me his friend because I had not asked him for money. If I had done so, our friendship were gone in a minute! The days of David and Jonathan, of Orestes and Pylades, are no more. My poor needy blockheads thought that it was so easy just to get a little out of the rich. They have not seen, as I have, with what frightful iron locks and bars their big money-chests are shut up. Only of people who themselves have little, something may be easily borrowed, since, in the first place, their chests are not of iron, and, in the next place, they would gladly appear richer than they are.

'Yea, to my especial mischances was added this one also —that no one believed in my own want of money. In the Magna Charta which Cervantes tells us the god Apollo has granted to poets, the first paragraph runs, "When a poet assures us that he has no money, he shall be believed on his bare word, and no oath shall be required." Alas! I appealed in vain to this right of my poetic profession.'

That the nephew of Solomon Heine and the friend of Rothschild, who moved in the most elegant circles of Paris, should be in straitened circumstances seemed to hungry refugees incredible; nevertheless it was too true, and his money difficulties grew to be so distressing that his delicate nature was shaken. He had an attack of jaundice, and was for some time in a sickly state of health, from which, however, he recovered to enjoy a few years of what for his constitution was health, until he was finally overthrown on a sick bed by the malady which kept him there for years, and until he died.

Heine, we need hardly say, had no property of his own, and his income was entirely derived from literary sources and from the pension allowed him by his uncle. The pension which he got from Solomon Heine was 4,000 francs, or about 160*l.* a year, while his income from literary sources up to the time of the decree of the Bund, which bade fair to stop it altogether, and did for a time seriously diminish it, was about

3,000 francs, or 120*l.* a year; so that his whole income was about 280*l.*—a miserable sum enough for the first poet of his time to move about in polite society upon, and to satisfy all the exigencies of such a position, and to practise unceasing liberality towards fellow refugees. German poets and writers, when they came to visit him, and compared his style of living with that of French literary men, remarked with something like shame that the first poet of Germany had lodging and living in worse style than a third-rate writer in France. Moreover, Heine, as is the case unfortunately with too many who give themselves up to ideal studies, was by no means a good manager, and, as has been said, the continual state of excitement which his persecution produced—fear of being driven from France, and fear of being hunted up by German refugees—rendered him unsettled in his mind, and he was for ever changing his place of abode; while the state of his health, although it had improved since his arrival in Paris, yet necessitated visits every summer to a sea-bathing place, such as Boulogne-sur-Mer, Dieppe, Havre, or Granville. His personal habits were not expensive. He dressed with taste and in the last fashion, but not extravagantly, and his means prevented him from entertaining any notion of furnishing his apartments in the style familiar to French people of taste—for indulging in carved-wood furniture, costly carpets, statuettes, and paintings; the furniture was of the most ordinary *bourgeois* character. In the matter of diet, too, he was moderate. Spirituous liquors he detested equally with beer, and of wine he was a small drinker, taking it in sips; no one had ever seen him drunk, and we have already spoken of his aversion to tobacco smoke; but he was somewhat of a *gourmet*, and made a study of the artistic preparations of the French *cuisine*. With his tastes it was natural that the German eating-houses in Paris, where his compatriots went to have the pleasure of renewing acquaintance with the national *Sauerkraut*, sausages, and *Nudeln*, among the reek of foul

pipes, over tables slobbered with beer, were a horror to him; but he frequented, when circumstances permitted, Véfour's, Véry's, the 'Trois Frères,' or the Café de Paris, with great relish, and would be observed in these places studying the *carte du jour* with serious attention. 'This dish is so good,' he said to Arnold Ruge on one occasion when they were dining at Véfour's, 'that it deserves to be eaten on one's knees.' But even in the matter of the *cuisine*, although he would have declared the man to be an object of compassion who had no taste for the delicate preparations of French cookery, the grave interest he professed in it was partly a humorous exaggeration. His interest, moreover, in the *cuisine* was strictly in harmony with the doctrine of the *réhabilitation de la chair* of the Saint Simonians—a doctrine, too, which had no doubt a good deal of influence over his tastes in another direction of which it is more difficult to speak—his tastes in relation to the lady portion of the Parisian world.

However, as we are now approaching the subject of his marriage, it is necessary to touch a little upon the dangerous topic of his preliminary love-affairs while resident in Paris, and upon a certain side of public life in that capital connected therewith. We have already seen that his admiration was quickly and vividly excited at the first view of the feminine portion of the population, and with his temperament this admiration was not likely to continue to be of a purely æsthetic nature. Indeed, he gave too much proof of this in the series of poems inserted in the third volume of the 'Salon,' and included later in the 'Neue Gedichte,' which justly gave much offence to his admirers.

The subject naturally evokes considerations on the moral aspect of Paris,—a topic apt to be treated by some foreign and hostile censors, and those chiefly of Northern nations, with a good deal of hypocrisy, bad logic and uncharitableness. Narrow-minded uncultivated persons of a canting Puritanical turn speak of Paris as the head-quarters of Satan:

public writers, themselves in no wise remarkable for purity of life, make episodes of Parisian life a pretext for mounting the highest of moral stilts and uttering withering denunciations: people of the world, *blasés* and *roués* to the last degree—other persons so ill-favoured both in form and nature as to hold a life-long feud with beauty of all kinds, oblivious of the scandals brought to light by their own divorce and police courts—lift up their hands against the fair city as a modern Sodom.

This way of speaking of Paris and the French people is entirely unjustifiable. When people speak of Paris as the most vicious capital on the face of the earth, it would become them to consider first of all if there is only one form of vice. Is drunkenness not a vice? If it is, it is but truth to say that more vice of this kind, and of a more horrible character, is to be seen in London in one night than you see in Paris during a whole year. The reek and the tawdry splendour of innumerable liquor-palaces of the capital tell their own tale in this respect. Nor are things better in the country. Even as I was writing this passage, there was to be read in the columns of the 'Times' of that day an account of a horrible scene of universal drunkenness and debauch which took place at Portland on the sea-shore —a scene in which drunkenness and theft were combined, and which was enacted in the face of a wreck in which lives were lost before the eyes of a bestial crowd. 'Then,' it is written, 'followed a horrible scene. The ship at once broke up, and her cargo was washed ashore. Among other articles were large quantities of spirits, and as the barrels floated in they were broached by the crowds assembled on the beach. In a short time scores of men and even boys were lying about in all directions dead drunk. A patrol of soldiers and coastguardsmen endeavoured to protect the property of the ship, but they were powerless to control the pillaging and drinking of the demoralised crowd. The next

morning several persons were found dead on the beach from the effects of drink, and more on the following day. Several persons who were described as "respectable" have been apprehended with articles stolen from the wreck in their possession, and will have to be brought before the magistrates. In short, a passion of selfish debauchery seems to have seized on the people, and they drank and stole as if they were savages with no impulse but that of reckless greed. They had seen under their own eyes men and women fighting bitterly for life, some saved as if by a miracle, and others swallowed up by the sea: some of their own neighbours had risked their lives with exemplary heroism: the noblest and saddest aspects of life had been presented in one terrible drama before them, and the only effect was that they abandoned themselves to a worse than bestial drunkenness, or snatched at their own selfish gains out of the wreck of lost lives and hopes. They were brutalised instead of being softened, maddened instead of being sobered!'

And as for Germany, at the gathering of the representatives of German science and learning which celebrated the opening of the Strasburg University after the conquest of Alsace, in the course of their festivities, professors and students, fathers and sons, uncles and nephews, got drunk together upon beer and lay like swine on the floor side by side; and one of the favourite pastimes and feats of the German student is to drink beer until he vomits, or is ready to burst, and falls upon the floor. Other forms of vice are there too in which those who have lived among the French people, and those acquainted with statistics, can bear testimony that the nation will bear comparison, and that most advantageously, with any other; while in the purer qualities of morality, in real social virtues, such as absence of purse-pride and class-pride, in kindly consideration for persons less kindly treated by fortune and by destiny, in the wish to please and to charm, in the effort to avoid all that is

likely to offend or to wound, in the desire not to show even an appearance of ill nature, and moreover in capacity for deep and lasting friendships, and in family affection and devotion in all qualities, which may be summed up in the term social benevolence, and which are counted among the most lovable of virtues except by those who do not know how to practise them, the French are as well endowed and accomplished a nation as any. In fact, if you want to find anything like a parallel to the dignity and grace of intercourse between man and man as it exists in France, you must go, not among northern nations, but to Italy, Spain, or the East. But all this counts as nothing with some people because they are pleased to imagine that the relations between the sexes, to speak plainly, are of a less pure character in France than among a more besotted people, and in more frigid climates. Now, in the first place, as regards the great mass of the French nation, the accusation is wholly untrue. Among the thirty-six millions of French people the section is a small one indeed which is not industrious, frugal, thrifty, and honest, and in which the marriage tie is not held as sacred as it is anywhere in the world, and indeed, considering that the law makes no provision at all for divorce in France, while in Germany divorce is as easy as if the people were cocks and hens, it may be said that the marriage tie is held very much more sacred in France than in Prussia or any Prussianised country. Nowhere, moreover, is the family link so strong; nowhere is the love between parents and children more deep, more tender, and more enduring; nowhere is the affection more gentle, more solicitous, and more lasting between the children of the household. As for what is termed 'high society,' whatever England may be in this respect at the present time, Lord Minto's 'Memoirs' assure us that at the end of the last century in London there was no woman in good society who was not really horrible who was not suspected of being unchaste. Indeed, in most ages, and in most

parts of the world, 'high society' seems to have regarded it as a privilege to be immoral. The writer, during a residence in chaste and virtuous Germany, happened to stay at a watering-place where a German prince was living openly with his brother's wife, and society took the thing as a matter of course; and adulterous scandals and adulterous and illegitimate offspring are not quite unknown among royal and noble families elsewhere. Then, if we come down to the lower and more appalling forms of incontinency and licentiousness, it may be asserted with truth that the streets of Paris are pure compared with the revolting horrors which swarm among the gas-lamps and walk the pavement after nightfall in London, and that especially in the neighbourhood of the clubs. While as for Berlin, there are public dancing-places and concert rooms there which for gross and barefaced profligacy on a large scale can find no parallel in Europe. At the same time it must be remembered that the succession of Mogadors, Rogolboches, Cora Pearls, and other magnificent ladies of the *demi-monde*, whose abundance and luxury are placed to the account of French immorality, are also styled *demoiselles internationales*, and their supply is kept up by the prodigality of foreign kings and English noblemen and *richards*, Russian princes, Wallachian boyards, Brazilian diamond merchants, and titled and untitled rich men and adventurers who import to Paris as to a centre a constant tribute of vicious habits and indulgences. However, it would be absurd to say that any nation can assume any airs of superiority as to its comparative freedom from the social sin pervading all great cities: all are infected pretty much alike with these dark plague-spots inherited from the earliest times, and growing wider from generation to generation. The pertinacity of their existence is a mystery and horror, and a proof of how much of the brute there still remains in man with all his boasted civilisation: but this may be said, that if, as Burke observed, 'vice loses half its evil

when robbed of its grossness,' then even in this respect our neighbours can lay claim to some superiority, since, if the quantity is the same, the quality is different; for those who cultivate even such illicit relations do so, not in the coarse, bestial, selfish way common elsewhere, but remain even here true to the genius of the nation in the cultivation of courtesy and grace, and even of all compatible elegance and refinement.

To this courtesy and grace, to this love of elegance and refinement, it might also be added by way of extenuation, that the people have a most delicate sense of female beauty and of feminine charm, and that the existence among them of types of exquisite beauty and feminine charm rouses such sense to consciousness and vitality. The Esquimaux in his gelid state of existence is probably rigorously faithful to his hard-featured mate, and eats his blubber with her and her offspring with great regularity; but then he has in his ice-bound region no opportunity even of toying with any Amaryllis in the shade, and would possibly see nothing to admire in the Venus of Milo.

However, perhaps, there is nothing so well established and so pleasant as the habit certain people have of

> Compounding sins they are inclined to,
> By damning those they have no mind to—

in the use of which habit we may be sure that the patrons of the coarser and less humane views will always be the most aggressive and the most unreasonable. It must be remembered, finally, that it is this very special quality of recognition possessed by the French of the peculiar excellences of feminine nature which created chivalry, which surrounded woman with a deference and respect not known in ancient times, which gave her in France a queenly position in society which she fills with a grace unrivalled elsewhere, and that in all these respects they gave the tone to Europe, whose manners have been fashioned after their model.

To a nature like Heine's it was natural that this side of Parisian life should afford great attraction. He felt with Goethe and with all creative spirits that the capacity for loving should only end with life itself, and ever too ready to sing with the Great Heathen No. I. as he termed him,

> Wer nicht mehr liebt und nicht mehr irrt
> Der lasse sich begraben

with his quick sense of the charm and simple grace of beauty, and before all on account of that natural faculty which he possessed of entering into immediate sympathy with the daughters of the people, and which enabled him to draw such charming *vignettes* of the peasant girls of the Harz Mountains as are to be found in his Book of Songs, it was natural though improper that he should take to the study of that fascinating mixture of *naïveté* and malice, artlessness and *finesse*, of ignorance and wit and intelligence, the Parisian *grisette*, who has been sung by Béranger and Murger and portrayed by so many novelists.

The Parisian *grisette* was then indeed common and in the plenitude of her charms, but she, among other things, has now been well-nigh improved away, and we do not know that her place is better supplied. What has become of her? Perhaps she had been sung and praised so much that she too was in the end spoilt, and when kings and *millionaires* came and laid the treasures of the earth at her feet, these *filles de portières et de concierges* were decoyed from the Quartier Latin and laid aside their modest little white caps and aprons to outshine in their *toilette* princesses and marchionesses in the Bois de Boulogne as '*fille de l'air*' or '*la dame aux camélias*.' However, the Parisian *grisette* was plentiful enough in the days when Heine arrived in Paris, and alas! easy enough of access: the *fille du peuple* has no dragons about her to preserve her from harm, as have even the daughters of the *bourgeoisie*; so Heine had no difficulty in meeting with

her. One of the first of the race which he met was the flower-girl, *la bouquetière*, in the Passage des *Panoramas*, to whom, as he tells us, he at once endeavoured to explain the Linnean system of classification of plants: the young lady, however, told him that she had a system of her own which she made use of in classifying her flowers: she classified them into flowers which smelt well and into flowers which smelt ill. An habitual lounge with Heine was this Passage des Panoramas in his first years in Paris, and, doubtless, each time he had a glance and a word for the little *bouquetière*, as he passed up and down delighted with the unceasing stream of gay and prattling human nature as it passed to and fro, and glancing, too, from time to time at the Seraphines, Hortenses, and Angéliques as they tripped by, and as he paused to look at each brilliant display of jewels and carved ivory, or at the variegated splendours displayed in the windows of M. Félix. We know too from his own 'Confessions' that he speedily went through a course of balls at the *Grande Chaumière*, the *Closerie des Lilas*, and other places where Seraphines, Hortenses, and Angéliques were to be found in abundance in company, as he says, with the 'future great men' of France; namely, the students of the Quartier Latin. It was at a ball at the *Grande Chaumière* that he made acquaintance with Mademoiselle Josephine, of whom he has given a lively sketch in his 'Confessions,' which shows with what zest he must have enjoyed this first acquaintance with the vivacious Parisian nature in all its unsophisticated simplicity: the novelty of *genre* acted as a sort of witches' draught, and carried him away altogether for a time. The scene of introduction was, as we have said, the *Grande Chaumière*, where there had been a slight disturbance among the dancers.

'I had to thank this circumstance for my acquaintance with a young person who stood in my vicinity, and whom I took under my protection when the crowd was pressing curiously about us. She was very elegant and small, her

mouth was fashioned like a heart, her black eyes were almost too large, and there was something defiant in the cut of her *nez retroussé*, whose fine-formed nostrils expanded with delight at every crash of the music. She was called Mademoiselle Josephine, or Josephine, or Fifine for short. When she heard that I was a German she was much delighted, and asked me to give her a bear's skin, since for many years, she said, it had been her wish to possess a bear's skin for a *descente du lit*. It was her constant dream! She took me more for a Northerner than I really was, and these ladies, it seems, think that in my *Vaterland* one has only to stretch out one's hand to seize a bear by the collar and strip him of his skin. The little creature was so harmless, her smile was so flattering, her tone of voice so sweet, her twittering prattle found so lively an echo in my heart, that I should have been delighted, good patriot as I am, to have sacrificed to the little French witch the skins of all the bears of Germany. I wrote down her request in my note-book, and promised her that I would soon present myself at her door with my German bear's skin. * * * * Yet, in my conversation with Mademoiselle Josephine, I must honestly confess that the poor child was very ignorant and had not the most elementary conception of ethnography. She did not know the difference between Russians and Prussians, between the Prussian cudgel and the Russian knout.'

A poet wearied with the heartless artificialities of the world and of society would feel contact with such an unsophisticated *naturelle* as Mademoiselle Josephine like a fresh draught of rejuvenescence. That Heine carried on his studies in this direction too zealously is evidenced by the little gallery of figures which he has preserved in the series of songs—before mentioned—which excited so much the disapproval of his admirers, and with the originals of which his relations appear to have been as fugitive as were those of Horace with his Chloes, Lydias, &c.: they were, in fact, a series of pagan

amourettes in rhyme at least, for in both cases it may be doubted whether they existed in reality. Setting aside, however, the fact that an early love disappointment, as in the case of Byron, had given a wrench to his affection from which he never wholly recovered, Heine had come to Paris in a peculiar state of dangerous moral exaltation—an exaltation which was increased and further perverted by the Saint Simonian doctrine of the 'rehabilitation of the flesh:' he had come, in fact, at this time to look upon himself as a kind of apostle in the cause of love and beauty.

He arrived in Paris, as he tells us in his 'Confessions,' with his head full of the Hegelian philosophy. 'I was young and proud,' he says, 'and it suited my arrogance when I heard from Hegel that it was not the good God whom my grandmother believed in, and who resided in Heaven, who was the dear good God, but I myself upon earth. This silly pride exercised, however, by no means a destructive influence on my feelings, which were rather exalted to heroism, and I made then such an expenditure of magnanimity and self-sacrifice, that I thereby threw wholly into the shade the most brilliant deeds of those great citizens of virtue, who only acted from a feeling of duty and obeyed the laws of morality. I was myself the living law of morals and the source of all right and authority. I was original morality myself. I was incarnate purity.'

It is easily conceivable how such profane conceptions, conjoined with the Saint Simonian idea of the necessity of the '*réhabilitation de la chair*,' might lead to some very reprehensible aberrations from the path of morality. But, at least, Heine was always able to boast that he never violated the confidence of girl or woman: he was, as he said, never a woman's first lover or her last: never crossed any man's threshold on whom he at any time inflicted a domestic wrong: the altar of marriage sanctity remained to him ever inviolable.

Indeed, in a little more than three years from the time at which Heine arrived in Paris, he came into contact with the lady who fixed his affections for life, who gave him that which he had always yearned for—a domestic hearth and enduring sympathy, and who became the source to him of the deepest joys and consolations which it was his lot to know in the course of his chequered existence.

CHAPTER IX.

MARRIAGE.

THE name of this lady was Mathilde Crescence Mirat, and Heine's first attachment for her appears to have dated from October 1834. In April of the following year he writes to Lewald: 'How shall I excuse my silence towards you? and you have the friendliness over and above to suggest to me the good excuse that your letter has been lost! No; I will confess to you the whole truth—I received it duly, but at a time when I was up to the neck in a love affair, out of which I have not yet escaped. Since October nothing has the slightest interest for me which has not immediate connection therewith. Everything do I neglect since that time. No one do I see, and at the most a sigh escapes from me when I think on my friends, and I have sighed thereat so often that my silence might be misunderstood; but I could never get to actual writing. And that is all I can tell you, for the rosy waves are rushing around me with such power, my brain is still so deafened with the furious scent of flowers, that I am not in a condition to converse reasonably with you.

'Have you read the lofty Song of King Solomon? Well, then, read it again, and you will find therein all that I would tell you.

'Wait yet a little, and a change will take place in me, and then I will write, as you wish, for the stage, and my pieces will surely be capable of being played if care is taken to announce my tragedies as comedies and my comedies as

tragedies. Read the lofty Song of King Solomon. I call your attention to *him*.—H. HEINE.'

Other letters, written at the same period, leave, like this one, no doubt about the nature of Heine's preoccupations at this time. To Campe he writes, on July 2, 1835: 'For the last four months has my life been agitated so stormily! and for the last three months the waves of life beat so violently on my head that I could scarcely think of you, much less write to you. Fool that I was, I thought the time of passion was gone by—that I could never be torn again into the whirlpool of wild humanity—that I had been raised to a level with the gods in peace, composure, and moderation; and see! I went wild again, and, in truth, like a young man. Now, thanks to my imperishable power of geniality, has my soul again become appeased, my excited senses again become subdued, and I live cheerfully and quietly at the *château* of a fair friend in the neighbourhood of Saint Germain in the amiable circle of distinguished individuals and distinguished individualities.

'I believe my soul is now at last purified from all dross, my piety will be purer, my books more harmonious. That I know: for all that is impure and ignoble, for all that is vulgar and musty, I have at the present time a real horror.'

Soon after writing this letter he went off to Boulogne-sur-Mer. But his passion followed him there, for he writes to Laube, under date September 27, with somewhat more reticence than to Lewald, since Laube was a less intimate friend: 'Alas! in spite of the greatest foresight, some overpowering evil oft gets hold of us which deprives us of that clearness of observation and thought which I do not readily give up. So soon as our sense is troubled, and our spirit is shaken, we are no more the companions of the gods. Of this companionship—I can now confess it—I could boast enjoyment for some time, but for some months great storms have become again loud in my soul, and invisible long

shadows encamped all round about me. This confession may explain to you my present inactivity: I am even now occupied with endeavouring to calm my excited soul, and to arrive, if not to clear days, yet to work myself out of a thick night. I am doomed to love only what is most trivial and foolish: imagine how that must torment a man who is proud and high-spirited!'

From all which we conclude that the poet had gone through a period of wild and violent passion; that it was at one time so deep that he anticipated it would endue him with new vitality and genius, and yet that he nevertheless contemplated breaking it off; and we can imagine his visits to Saint Germain and to Boulogne-sur-Mer were undertaken with this latter intention. However, the current in which he was carried away was too violent for him to escape from, and his friends, when they visited him on his return to Paris, found him comfortably installed at No. 3 Cité Bergère, with a lady whom he presented to them as Madame Heine.

He had thus established himself in what is termed in Paris a *faux ménage*, yet he regarded the union from the first as a real marriage, and it subsequently became so; indeed, being still under the illusion of Saint Simonianism, he persuaded himself that such an alliance was of a more spiritual character than a marriage before M. le Maire. 'I understand thereby' (by the name of wife), he wrote to Campe, 'something nobler than a married woman chained to me by money-brokers and parsons.' 'Mathilde,' he wrote later to Lewald, 'is become a good housewife in spite of her wild humours, and our marriage is as moral as the best in *Krähwinkel*;' indeed, it was only his intimate friends who were aware that the marriage ceremony had not taken place.

Heine had never reason to regret his choice; to the last hour he remained happy in the possession of his 'petite femme'—'sa Nonotte,' as he christened her by a pet name. The union was childless, but they adopted a little stranger—

Cocotte, a parrot—and the three together, in spite of the external troubles which came upon the poet from time to time, made the happiest of households until the dreadful malady arrived which chained the poet for eight years to a sick bed, and then, had it not been for his Nonotte he would perhaps have hardly been able to exist at all. 'Have you ever seen a Parisian *grisette*?' asked Heine of Kertbeny, the Hungarian German writer, eleven years after their union, 'rounded in form, sprightly, ever cheerful, amiable, true, and noble? You must not mix up any German notions with the picture, otherwise you spoil it. Mathilde is not passionate, neither is she sentimental: she is good through and through, no beloved in a lyrical sense, but a friend, as only a French woman can be. I never now put any restraint upon her; she comes and goes as she will; she remains out often the whole day, especially in summer, and then again she remains days long by my side like an angel.'

A curious chapter might be written on the marriage of poets and men of genius. Goethe married his housekeeper, Southey a dressmaker, Moore a ballet girl, Heine a *grisette*, and they were happy marriages. Byron married a lady of another kind, and she became the chief misfortune of his life. The explanation of such marriages in the case both of Goethe and Heine is very nearly the same; they despaired of finding anything like intellectual sympathy, and came to the conclusion that they must be content with simple affection, and with that made themselves happy. Heine, moreover, had already had sufficient experience of the exigencies of the world to know that a marriage with a woman of anything like his own degree of cultivation would be surrounded with insuperable difficulties; exile as he was, and with no fixed income, he would have been considered little more audacious in proposing for the daughter of a reigning sovereign than for the daughter of a prosperous *bourgeois*: certainly it is possible to imagine that he might have found a helpmate

who might have been a new inspiration for him and directed his powers to higher uses, just as one can imagine there may be a priceless pearl at the bottom of the German Ocean; but no sane person could counsel him to wait for the one any more than a fisherman could be advised to spend his life in dragging for the other. Heine's choice, however, did in truth turn out well; he had fallen upon a lovable person and a loving nature, of whose beauty he was proud, and whose capricious, lively humour and childish goodness of heart made an ever-present sunshine for him which no care could ever cloud. She was a child of nature fresh from the bosom of the unconscious, without pretence, conceit, or artfulness; and perhaps few other women could have done so much to lighten the leaden weight of care upon his heart or to soothe the anguish of his stricken nerves; while in return he lavished upon her all the pent-up affections of his nature, made her happiness and her contentment the chief object of his anxiety during their twenty years of married life, and indeed his deep solicitude for her welfare when he should be no more was supposed to have brought on or hastened the approach of the cruel malady which devoured him piecemeal through a long course of years. As we shall see further on, there was something really idyllic and pathetic in the tenderness and passion with which this poet of cynical repute looked ever towards his 'petite Nonotte,' whether present or absent, every hour of his life. What, too, also gives a fitting touch of humour to their relations, and made the *ménage* truly Heinesque, was the circumstance that Heine laid aside being the poet, and the satirist, and the wit entirely by the side of his *grisette* wife: like some of the princes or the gods of fable, he would not be loved for his crown and his golden bow, but as a mere ordinary mortal, for simple human qualities. 'One of Mathilde's best qualities,' said Heine, humorously, to Lewald, 'is that she knows not one atom of German literature, and has not read a single

word of my writing or of that of my friends and enemies.' 'People say,' said Mathilde, who was present, 'that Heine is a very clever man, and writes very fine books, but I know nothing about it, and must content myself with trusting to their word.'

'For Madame Mathilde,' writes Laube, 'Heine was not, therefore, the great poet which he was to all the rest of the world; but he was for her what all the rest of the world denied—the best, the most hearty, and the most honest man. With tears in her eyes has the smiling French woman often told me individual *traits* of her Henri which were the most touching proofs of his singular goodness of heart. To all the witty sallies, *bons mots*, and explosions of genius of her husband she paid no attention; she knew nothing of them, and they passed for her with the moment away. She will be able to give us little more account of them than a child would who might have lived in his company, but she will feel herself immeasurably solitary, helpless, and deserted, and live only in the remembrance of the past.'

In her face, indeed, was to be read the expression of one of those sunny natures who are content to live from day to day without taking a thought of the morrow. She was a somewhat tall and handsome *brunette*, well formed, and of fair oval face, with black eyes and rich black hair. Heine took some pains at first to give her some education and to improve her French writing, and to impart to her some knowledge of German, but the result seems to have been small; in German she seems to have got no further than *nehmen sie Platz*, and indeed Heine seems to have thought at last she was better left alone to her own uncultivated originality. The process, however, gave the poet some amusement for a time, if we may trust Laube's report given in the following description of Heine's married life:—

'Heine found the greatest pleasure in Mathilde's naïve, happy nature. Continually, up to the last breath of his life,

did he esteem himself happy in the possession of her, and he himself had always something naïve and childish when he spoke of her. In no other relation had I observed him disclose so many of those little amiable traits and turns of character which look at us, as though with the eyes of a child, out of his best poems. He was thoroughly lovable and good, and delicate and amiable, with his *petite femme* as he called her. It was very droll when she enquired if it was true that her Henri was a famous poet. But Heine at that time had a fancy for bringing her on systematically in knowledge and culture. In 1839 he put her for a time into a boarding-school, and only visited her on Sundays. One Sunday he took us with him. The little school-girls had a ball, and we were to see his *petite femme* dance. She was by far the biggest of all these, but she danced in as maidenly and graceful a way as the smallest shrimp of the party. How happy was he then; how unconstrained in the magic circle of his attachment! Every step of her school progress, especially in geography and history, gave him matter for humorous remarks. That she knew the list of Egyptian kings better than he did himself, and that she had instructed him in the wonderful story of the wool-spinning Lucretia, he found charming beyond measure.'

Heine, moreover, took the same naïve humoristic pleasure in seeing Mathilde, who was a strict Catholic, go off every day, as her custom was, in toilette nicely adjusted, to mass. In her bedroom, which was filled with little knick-knacks and ornaments, his gifts, there was a crucifix and a little image of the infant Saviour. Heine, in his fanciful way, touches thus, in his 'Confessions,' upon his wife's religious habits:—

'It is a good thing that our wives should have a positive religion. Whether wives of the evangelic persuasion have the most fidelity I leave undecided. In any case Catholicism in his wife is a most wholesome thing for a married man. If

they have committed a fault they do not pen up their vexation about it long in their hearts, but as soon as they receive absolution from the priest they strike up their cheerful trillings and quaverings, and do not spoil their husband's good humour, or his soup, by a melancholy hanging-down of the head, and make it a matter of duty to do penance to their life's end by admirable prudery and peevish excess of virtue.'

In the month of May 1836 Heine and his wife went to stay some time at the village of Coudry, near Le Plessi, on the road to Fontainebleau, from whence he wrote to August Lewald his charming series of essays about the French stage; and a sparkling letter of his to Lewald gives us a glimpse of the interior of their little *ménage*.

'I am in the country since yesterday, enjoying the most sweet month of May; to wit, there fell this morning a gentle snow, and my fingers were benumbed with cold. My Mathilde is sitting with me before a great fireplace, working at my new shirts; the fire is not in a hurry to burn—is, in fact, not passionately inclined, and announces its presence only by a gentle smoke. I have lived very pleasantly lately in Paris, and Mathilde cheers up my life by the unchangeable changeableness of her humours. Very seldom now do I think of poisoning or asphyxiating myself. We shall probably put an end to ourselves some other way—by reading some book till we die of *ennui*.

'For your exertions touching my most material interests I give you my most devoted thanks. My finances, through the present wretched state of things, have fallen into too sorry a state for me not to recognise with thanks every assistance on this side. (At this moment an old peasant woman comes to shave me. I tremble before the razor. I beg, my friend, that you will say a prayer for me.)

'I am shaved—but how! and under what pangs! What must a poet not suffer in this world! Especially when he cannot shave himself! But I will learn yet, late as it is!

Also my boots are smelling horribly. They have been smeared this morning with fish-oil instead of having been blacked (on account of country roads and bad weather probably). What a rustic pleasure! What a contrast with Paris, where yesterday evening I heard the masterpiece of Giacomo for the tenth time (the "Huguenots"). What a masterpiece! It will be difficult for me to praise it enough. What a masterpiece!'

Yet, alas! this first year of his union with Mathilde was the year of all his life in which he suffered the most from money-pressure. It was for him, in respect of money matters, a blank year of misfortune. Independently of the stoppage of his literary supplies, other calamities had fallen upon him. His relations with Rothschild had given him the idea of trying to increase his income by speculations on the Bourse, and these had turned out unfortunately. He had moreover, in the course of such transactions, become surety for a friend, and entrusted him with money to the extent of some thousand francs, which he wholly lost, so that there ensued in his affairs a monetary crisis of the sharpest. In his distress he applied to his *millionaire* uncle at Hamburg, who refused to help him, in a sharp letter, to which Heine replied in a sharper one, and his supplies from his uncle were intermitted for two years, when a reconciliation took place. The distress into which Heine thus fell not only threw him out of health again, but affected him with fears of serious illness. As a remedy he betook himself to his usual summer practice of sea-bathing, in which he had the greatest confidence, and he set out once more for Boulogne-sur-Mer; but he was attacked on the way with jaundice, stopped a day at Amiens, and returned to Paris, where his doctors advised him that the air of the South was necessary to restore his health. He accordingly set off, but without his wife, whom he sent to stay with her mother—feeling, probably, that his resources were not equal to a double journey. The first place

he made for was Marseilles. He had resolved to visit Spain, which as the land of Don Quixote had always a powerful charm for him. He embarked on board a ship, but it sprang a leak and put back. Heine then changed his plans and decided for Italy; but a fatality seemed to beset him at this time. The ship in which he again embarked ran ashore and nearly made shipwreck, and he escaped with danger of life. He was always a little superstitious, so he seems to have taken this mishap as a warning from Neptune, and thereupon desisted from the idea of quitting France at all, and, after making a slight *détour* by Aix and Avignon, returned to Paris by Lyons.

During the course of these journeys his letters bear marks of the greatest distress of mind, and at Avignon he was wound up to such a pitch that he wrote to Moses Moser, with whom he had broken off friendship on his arrival in Paris, in a testy and ill-considered letter, to borrow the sum of 400 thalers. We believe, from the tone of Heine's letter, that he had long regretted the hasty letter he had written, that nothing but a certain shame and dilatoriness had prevented him from writing before, and that he still felt in his heart that Moser was his truest friend. Yet still the step must have caused him a bitter pang of humiliation. One fragment of the letter runs: 'Truly I have often enough thought of thee, and when I was down on my bed in Paris dead sick, and in a sleepless night of fever, reckoned up all my friends to whom I could entrust with confidence the execution of my last will; then I found that I possessed no two on this earth, and could only venture to count upon you, and perhaps my brother Max.' After stating that this is the passion-time of his life, and excusing himself from giving a description of his sufferings which would give Moser double pain in case he could not assist him, he goes on to say candidly, 'As respects my solvency, I must at the same time say my affairs are in so bad a way at this moment that

only a fool or a friend would lend me money. With my uncle, the *millionaire*, I have a short time ago broken off in the bitterest fashion. I could endure his meanness no longer. My French friends, with their amiable levity, have brought me into the greatest want of money. Others have made a market of me. In Germany I get nothing printed now but the tamest of poems and innocent tales, and yet I have other things ready in my desk: that my pen has been confiscated, so to speak, without accusation or judgment, is a violation of the most incontestable laws of property, of literary property, and a bare-faced robbery. But these people have only contrived to ruin me financially.'

We do not know what answer Moser returned to this letter; probably he counselled him to apply again to his uncle. He died two years afterwards, and this letter of Heine's to him was not very justifiably published in the volume containing all the letters addressed by Heine to Moser. The letter was dated Avignon, November 8; on the 21st we find him at Lyons, and he returned to Paris in December.

Mathilde had been awaiting his return with impatient anxiety, and her lively joy and cheerfulness at his arrival drove away half his cares. He settled down for the winter with her at No. 4 Cité Bergère. Mathilde, we find, during his absence had been spending her time in knitting a table-cover which Heine despatched as a present to Lewald, with this humorous comment on its manufacture: 'Herr —— will bring you a fine table-cover which Mathilde has knitted for you. By this toilsome and painful labour she has convinced me that during my absence she has been very industrious and therefore faithful. For in the meanwhile no doubt she has lacked as little for suitors as Penelope of blessed memory, who delivered to her spouse, on his coming home, a far more suspicious testimony of her fidelity. Or do you believe that this Madame Ulysses did really undo the web at night which she wove in the day? This was an excuse she made the old

man when he wondered why he found ready for him no work of her hands: the *Saloppe* had spent all her days and nights with her suitors, and only woven intrigues. You can hardly believe with what loving diligence my Mathilde worked to finish the table-cover when she knew that I destined it as a present for you. We both live happily; that is, I have not a quarter of an hour's peace day or night.'

Indeed, we find in the first year or two that Heine was afraid that the vivacities of his French wife would be too much for his endurance; but he learnt to accommodate himself entirely at last to her humour and caprices, and to her little bursts of anger, which really were not any more violent or lasting than those of a canary-bird, and found delight in the never-ceasing mobility of an unartificial nature.

'My wife,' Heine wrote to his brother in 1843, 'is a good natural cheerful child, as capricious as a French woman can be, and she does not allow me to sink down into that dreamy melancholy for which I have so much talent. For eight years now, I love her with a tenderness and passion which border on the fabulous. I have since then enjoyed a frightful quantity of happiness, tortures and bliss in terrible admixture, more than my sensitive nature could endure.'

Letters were written by Heine during this last tour in the south of France, but it is remarkable generally that in the letters which Heine writes when on his travels there is scarcely any attempt at narrative of his adventures or of impressions made by the scenery he passes through or the cities which he visits. This may be partly because he had already made a practice of preserving his good things for his books, but it is moreover now painfully evident, on comparing his letters of this epoch with those which he wrote ten years earlier, that the 'weariness, the fever and the fret' of his troubled existence had already told terribly on his spirits. There is no longer to be traced in them that fresh wild buoyancy which in his early letters to his friends rings like

the joyous laugh of a young Titan; and as he goes on we find his letters get briefer and briefer, fewer and fewer, until at last, for some years before his death, they came almost to an end altogether.

The few notices he takes of the places he visited in this last journey in the south of France are indeed hardly worth reading. At Marseilles he says: 'I shall hardly remain here longer than a few days: the bustle of this trading city painfully affects my nerves. Marseilles is Hamburg translated into French, and I cannot endure the latter in the best translation.' At Aix he merely remarks, 'Not far from my window is the statue of King Réné, who never had a *groschen* of money, and was always like me, in money difficulties.' At Avignon he just notes that it was the former residence of the Popes and the muse of Petrarch, and that he likes one as little as the other, the expression of which latter dislike, indeed, was to be expected from the partisan of the *réhabilitation de la chair*; and Heine would not have been Heine had he been capable of appreciating the spiritual elevation of the pure singer of Vaucluse, who has effected the civilisation of Europe to a degree and in a fashion which perhaps Heine little imagined; and when he thus frivolously casts a jibe at the laurelled brow of Petrarch, he suggests a comparison very much to his own disadvantage.

On Heine's return to Paris, he set himself at once to work to face the difficulties of his pecuniary condition, which, aggravated as they were by the ever-meddling tyranny of the censorship, were a constant source of irritation. He moreover considered that he had special reason to complain of Campe's treatment of him as respects the censorship. His complaint against Campe's firm was that, although they were Gutzkow's publishers, and Hoffmann von Fallersleben's, and also the publishers of Börne's posthumous works, and of all the most revolutionary stuff written in Germany, they never submitted their works to censorship at all, and trusted them

to circulate in Germany as they best could; but that they selected Heine's publications as those of the most notable author on their list, either to make favour with the German Government or for some trade reasons. In his letters to Campe Heine goes wild again and again about the cuttings and slashings to which his writings were submitted, so that they no longer represented his thoughts at all. He was at this time preparing for the press the third volume of the 'Salon,' and had indeed, during his journey, been carrying on these preparations: the preface had again, contrary to his own instructions, been sent to a censor: immediately on his return to Paris, we find him writing to Campe excusing himself from some delay in forwarding MS. 'I am come sick from Lyons, the most vexatious money affairs have laid claim to all my thoughts, and it is a hellish torture for me to write in the situation wherein you have set me. I say *you*, for since, according to all assurances which come to me from all sides, the irritations of the Governments are not appeased, and in Germany strong matter is now being published again, *you* find it necessary to hand over to the censorship the very tamest things I write. My God! I know not why you have chosen me for a scapegoat and let me be sacrificed to appease the German state-gods. On all sides—yea, from the highest authorities—the assurance rises to me that I must pay more for the sins of the publishing-house of Campe than for my own: in fact, I shudder every time I reflect what men you have given me for some time as comrades in your publications. I name none, while I do not wish such a vile rabble should have any notion that I take the smallest notice of them. When your newest author was named to me I veiled my face.'

Heine's letters to Campe being necessarily chiefly about matters of business, do not form very attractive reading; nevertheless, a perusal of them is on the whole favourable for Heine: it is noticeable that he is far more bitter in his

complaints against Campe for publishing his writings in a mangled fashion, or for issuing under the name of their firm publications which abused him, than for their shortcomings in liberality, although he declared that they offered him such *honoraria* as would not be accepted by a writer enjoying a tithe of his popularity. 'I have at least one great monument in Germany,' he said to a visitor. 'What is it?' 'The new stone premises of Hofmann and Campe.'

However, the tie was too strong between author and publisher to be broken, although they were time after time on the point of rupture; and Heine at one time thought it necessary to explain to the public his position by a published letter addressed to Campe, respecting some underhand insinuations which the firm had circulated in the papers about the eliminations of some passages in one of Heine's publications; for, among the many calumnies which were current about Heine, one was that Hofmann and Campe held him so completely in their power that he did not dare to break with them or assert his independence. The correspondence of author and publisher, however, prove that there was no foundation whatever for such a statement; and if Heine continued to publish with the firm, it was simply because his kindness of feeling made it appear repulsive to him to break away from a publisher with whom he had been on intimate terms, although he might have fared better elsewhere. In his first letter, in the year 1837, he wrote to Campe, 'If we do not grow old together it will not be my fault.' In the same letter he explains to Campe the difficult position he was in as to money matters. 'I am here this moment, through a course of most incomprehensible circumstances, become subject to a debt of 20,000 francs, and which, God help me, I will pay off before long. If Cotta were my publisher instead of Julius Campe, I would contrive to make up the sum in a short time with my pen.'

However, 20,000 francs with an author working under

the ban of the German Bund, and with the sword of censorship hanging over his head, were not to be made in a moment, and debts were pressing; so, in spite of all feelings of humiliation, Heine was constrained to apply again to the crusty old *millionaire* of Hamburg. It may very well be imagined that it must have cost Heine many bitter pangs to subdue his pride sufficiently to make such advances; but he made them—at first through his brother Max, next by a conciliatory letter which he sent to Max to deliver, and which the old fellow read and said curtly '*Nichts will ich für ihn thun.*' However, Max contrived at last to bring about a reconciliation; and when the *millionaire* came to Paris in September 1838, he augmented his pension to 4,800 francs (192*l.*), and promised that at Heine's death the half of the pension should go to the widow.

Meanwhile, for two years Heine had been excruciated with all the agonies of embarrassed circumstances, and this just as he had taken a wife to his side, and while he was reading in the papers that the great Rothschild of Hamburg was founding asylums, endowing institutes, and portioning off cousins of remote degree. Heine's distresses, of course, got bruited about in the German newspapers: the baser ones mentioned them with satisfaction, but the greater part made them matters for commiseration. Gutzkow, considering that he was never on very cordial terms with Heine, wrote some words which do him credit. Addressing himself to the German public, he reproached them for their ingratitude to their authors. 'If Jean Paul,' he wrote, 'were yet among us, and any humorous postscript of his to his 'Dämmerungen' had laughed away for him his Bavarian pension, you would not have made it up to him. In truth we Germans are only poetic to a certain degree. We *might* now be thinking how much that is lovely and good has not Heine written, how tearful is his laughter, how smiling are his tears, how magic and attractive are all his gestures; and we *might*,

instead of raising stone monuments to Goethe and Schiller and Lessing, do as the French have done with Berryer, and purchase Heine an estate; or, as the English have done with Walter Scott, pay his debts (?); but we are too clumsy for that in our generation. No one could prevent us from getting up a pension for him, to be paid into some Paris bank until the police-interdict has run out, and the state considers itself satisfied. But no, not a brass *Heller* will the Germans club together.'

Thus denied help by his family, persecuted by his Government, and neglected by the German people, Heine took another step which it was natural enough that he should have taken, although his enemies have given it the worst interpretation—he appealed to the generosity of the French nation, and found a ready and a gracious hearing.

Heine, as he expressed it, had recourse to 'those magnificent alms which the French nation bestowed on so many thousands of strangers who had compromised themselves more or less gloriously by their zeal in the cause of revolution in their own countries, and sought for a seat of freedom by the hospitable hearth of France.'

'Yes,' Heine said, 'I prefer to name the thing by its least alluring name. Although I might well have been able to suggest that this pecuniary aid which was adjudged me as an *allocution annuelle d'une pension de secours* might also pass as a grand recognition of my literary reputation, as had been notified to me with the most delicate courtesy, yet I set down the pension unreservedly to that national generosity, to that political fraternal love, which have manifested themselves in as touching a way as ever did evangelic charity. . . . I accepted this pecuniary aid shortly after that time when those deplorable decrees of the Bund appeared which endeavoured to ruin me financially as the leader of the so-called "Young Germany," inasmuch as they placed under an interdict not only my writings which had already appeared, but all that

should flow subsequently from my pen, and robbed me in such wise of my property and of my means of livelihood without judgment or right. Yes, "without judgment or right," I think I may venture with reason to characterise in such wise a proceeding which was unheard of in the annals of absurd violence. By a decree of my own Government were not only all writings forbidden which I had then written, but also which I might write in future; my brain was confiscated, and by this interdict it was intended to cut off all means of life from my pen-innocent stomach. At the same time my name was to be rooted up from out the memories of men, and to all the censors of my country strict orders were given that in the daily journals, as well as in all pamphlets and books, every passage should be struck out which spoke of me, no matter whether favourably or the reverse.'

The preceding passages are taken from articles written by Heine in 1848 and 1854, in explanation of the manner in which the pension was granted to him; for in 1848 there was published, in the "Revue Rétrospective," the famous list of the pensioners on the bounty of the government of Louis Philippe, which gave not only a great deal of trouble to Heine, whose enemies at once made an onslaught upon him, but to a good many others innocent altogether of having participated in the great game of corruption of M. Guizot.

The amount of pension thus granted to Heine, and paid at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, was 4,800 francs a year, which continued to be paid to him down to the date of the Republic of 1848. Heine had no reason to be ashamed of the company in which he found himself on the pension list at the French Foreign Office. Paris at that time swarmed with refugees from all parts of the world, and to all, as far as was possible, aid was extended. 'Among the men who were named in the same list for yearly pensions were to be found exiles from all parts of the earth—refugees from Greece and Saint Domingo, Armenia, and Bulgaria, from Spain and

Poland; high-sounding names of barons, counts, princes, generals, and ex-ministers, even of priests; forming an aristocracy, as it were, of poverty; while less brilliant poor devils figured in the lists of other departments.' The German poet truly did not need to be ashamed in such society: he found himself in company of celebrities of talent and misfortune whose fate it was harrowing to witness.

Not only, however, was a pension allotted to Heine by the French Government in the way most calculated to spare his pride, but most flattering offers were made him of employment in the French Civil Service, which he was prevented from accepting because he could not resolve upon shaking off utterly his German nationality and being naturalised a Frenchman, although it appears that he had gone so far as to take preliminary steps. The passage in which he gives account of the reasons is too characteristic not to form a portion of his biography.

'Once, in a discontented mood of precaution, I fulfilled the formalities which engage you to nothing and yet put you in condition to obtain, in case of necessity, the rights of naturalisation without delay. But I ever felt a strange sort of shrinking towards performing the definitive act. On account of this consideration, on account of this deep-rooted aversion to naturalisation, I fell into a false position which I must regard as the reason of all my distresses, tribulations, and failures during my three-and-thirty-year's residence in Paris. The income of a good appointment would have sufficiently covered the excessive cost of housekeeping here, and the requirements of a style of living not so much extravagant as humanly liberal; but without previous naturalisation the state service was closed to me. High dignities and fat sinecures were placed by my friends enticingly in view before me, and there was no lack of examples of foreigners who in France had mounted to the most splendid heights of power and reputation; and I can say that I should have had

less than another to contend with local jealousy, since never had a German won the sympathy of the French in such a degree as I in high society as well as in the literary world, and not as patron but as comrade were the most distinguished wont to cultivate intercourse with me. The chivalrous prince who stood next to the throne, and was not only a distinguished commander and statesman, but also read the "Buch der Lieder" in the original, would only have too willingly seen me in the French service, and his influence would have been strong enough to forward me in such a career. I do not forget the amiability wherewith once, in the garden of the *château* of a friend and princess, the great historian of the French Revolution and of the Empire (M. Thiers), who was the *President du Conseil*, seized my arm, and walking along with me, pressed me long and anxiously to tell him what my heart desired, and that he would engage to procure it for me. In my ear there is yet resounding the flattering sound of his voice, and there is yet tingling in my nostrils the odour of the great blooming magnolia by which we passed, and which with its fine elegant flower of alabaster whiteness spread up into the blue air, as splendid and as proud as then was the heart of the German poet in the days of his joy!

'Yes, I have named the word. It was the foolish pride of a German poet which kept me from being formally a Frenchman. * * * *'

This matter of the pension we shall have occasion to revert to again, observing that without it it would hardly have been possible for Heine to have tided over his difficulties. Thus the greatest poet and the greatest writer of Germany was indebted to the generosity of France for the very means of existence. Prussia had cast him forth from her bosom like a leprous creation, vilified his intelligence, and robbed him of the means of subsistence; but France received in the lap of her generous hospitality the outcast genius, gave him a

kindly welcome, consolation, honour, friends, a fair and loving wife, with the quiet solace of the domestic hearth as a refuge from the outer storms of existence; and now it gave him bread, and the means of acquiring things as necessary to so delicate a nature as bread itself, and thus enabled him to await a change of fortune: it was as though he had been brought up, like one of the children of fairy tales, in the house of a step-mother (his *Rabenmutter* as he styled her himself) who had driven him forth with curses into the world, while France played the part of the good fairy in pity for the oppressed child of genius, and used all the resources of her magic power to assuage the pangs of a wounded heart. He would indeed have been graceless had he not, as he did, cherished the sense of such sympathy to the last gasp of his breath.

Meanwhile, in spite of delicate health, in spite of the fearful pressure under which he worked, he plied his pen unweariedly, and devoted all his ingenuity to the consideration of how he could turn his literary resources to most account. Old manuscripts were taken out of the desk and revised, old literary projects were reconsidered and recommenced, new schemes were framed, new veins of literary wealth were explored, plans for complete edition of his works were bargained for; he even, for a time, took passionately to the idea of founding a German newspaper in Paris. With the censorship waiting like a kite in the air to capture and mangle each winged thought as it started from his brain, and the very needs of existence goading him on to work, it was a difficult time.

In order to escape the hateful censorship, he hit upon the idea of writing the prose tales under the title of 'The Florentine Nights,' and which were published simultaneously in the 'Revue des Deux Mondes' and in the 'Morgenblatt,' then edited by August Lewald. 'You will see, perhaps,' he wrote to the latter, 'by this second "Florentine Night," that

in case of necessity, if I am forbidden to speak of politics and religion, I can exist by novel-writing. To say the truth, however, it will be a sorry business for me. I find but little amusement in it. One must, however, be able to do everything in bad times.' His letters on the French stage written for Lewald for the 'Allgemeiner Theater-Revue,' were written at this time and published in 1838 in French in the 'Revue Musicale du 19e Siècle,' and afterwards, in 1840, in the fourth volume of the 'Salon.' He also wrote at this period a preface to an edition of 'Don Quixote,' published at Stuttgardt, with illustrations by Tony Johannot, for which he received 1,000 francs. 'I did it,' he wrote to Campe, 'just for solid coin, as you will see by the bad style. As a hack-writer I am worth cursed little (*verdammt wenig*).' He also, from the same motive, wrote a preface and text for a series of illustrations called 'Shakespeare's Maids and Women,' for which he was paid 4,000 francs. Other literary plans which he had he did not carry through, such as a characteristic sketch of Grabbe, whom he had known at Berlin; the 'Rabbi of Bacharach,' also, he designed now to complete, but failed in his intention, and published the fragment also in the fourth volume of the 'Salon.' But the great labour of these painful years at which Heine worked was the composition of his 'Memoirs.' The notion of writing his memoirs occurred to him at the time he was in treaty for the publication of a complete edition of his works, and he proposed with them to complete the series of his volumes of prose and poetry. During the years 1837 and 1838 he was working diligently at them in all the hours which he could spare from his other labours. We know that in 1840 he had completed four volumes, and he considered them his best prose work. He gives this account to Campe, in a letter written on March 1, 1837, of the way in which he intended to write them: 'I am not inclined to give a short, dry sketch of my life, but a large book, perhaps several volumes, which shall form

the conclusion of my complete edition, and shall comprehend the whole story of the age in whose greatest moments I have participated, together with the most marked persons of my time—all Europe, all modern life, German affairs up to the July Revolution, the result of my costly and painful studies —the book which is especially looked for from me.' And again he writes to Campe on March 17: 'Day and night am I at work with my great book, the romance of my life, and now I feel for the first time the whole worth of that which I have lost, by the fire in my brother's house, in respect of my papers. I had in view the publishing of this book later, but, incited by the idea of a complete edition of my works, this shall be the next thing which the public shall have from me.' In May Heine writes to Campe respecting a request that Varnhagen had made to him for letters of Rahel in order to insert them in the correspondence of that gifted woman which was about to be published. 'He does not know that these perhaps fifty letters were burnt in the fire at my mother's. Yet I have a few letters which she wrote to me about Saint Simonianism, and which are the most remarkable that ever came from her pen. I am intending to make use of them for my autobiographical work, in which I give a plastic sketch of this remarkable woman.' In September 1840 he announces to Campe that he had completed his work so far in four volumes, and he appears well satisfied with them; for, in allusion to the intrigues and abuse of his adversaries, he says: 'My inner spirit remains all the same cheerful and at peace, for I am used to insult, and I know the future belongs to me. Even if I die to-day I shall leave behind me four volumes of autobiographical history or memoirs which will represent my thought and striving, and which, on account of their historic matter, of their true exposition of the most mysterious of transitive periods, will go down to posterity.'

It cannot be known, of course, whether these 'Memoirs'

of Heine possess the value which he ascribed to them, for they have never been published, and report says they were sold by his family to the Austrian Government, by whom they have been consigned to the secret archives in the library of the Imperial Court. A small integral part of them, consisting of extracts from Heine's daily journal and letters describing the period of enthusiasm of 1830, forms the second book of the work on Börne.

In the years 1837–8 Heine likewise entertained other and glowing projects of arriving at opulence by means of establishing periodicals—projects which came to nothing. Such dreams as these occur to most writers when the strain of production begins to tell upon them; but it is seldom they succeed. It was natural enough that Heine, hard pressed for money as he was at this period, and with the dazzling proof all around him of the immense rise of journalism in France after 1830, and of the large fortunes gained thereby, should enter with ardour into such a scheme, and this the more as he had found a friend who was willing to advance 150,000 francs to start the paper. Heine had, since his arrival in France, carefully watched the system of journalism, and he thought he had discovered all the secrets of its success. He was passionately hopeful for a time of the plan which he had conceived, and began to dream of 100,000 francs income a year. What a change in prospect for a poor German poet living in upper storeys, and eternally engaged in the operation styled in Paris '*tirer le diable par la queue!*'

The journal scheme having failed, he fell back on the idea of a monthly periodical, then took up the notion of a Keepsake, and visionary plans of co-operative publications, and periodicals of other kinds, floated before his eyes; but all turned out abortive, and what may be called the journalistic proprietary fever wore itself out, and he found he had to depend for a literary income to the end of his days on his unaided wits and his single pen.

However, by means of the labours above mentioned, and by a contract which he made with Campe, giving to the latter the exclusive right to publish complete editions of his works for eleven years, and for which he received 20,000 francs, he was enabled to pay off his debts, and looked forward to a happier future. Yet the bitterness and strife of the struggles which he had passed through had told much on his productive faculties, for during the years 1836 to 1840-1 his productions had been of the scantiest, both in prose and poetry. It is true we have not the four volumes of 'Memoirs' which he himself considered his best achievement in prose, but besides this the only things which he has left worthy of him are the 'Florentine Nights' and the 'Letters on the French Stage.' In poetry, had it not been for a good ballad published from time to time, it would have seemed that his faculty had wholly withered in the deadly atmosphere of sordid cares and of political and literary persecution. Indeed, in a letter dated 1839, he seems to have lost all faith in his poetry and in the aptness of the time for poetry at all; he writes to Kühne, editor of the 'Elegante-Welt'—'I have decidedly not much confidence now in my poetry—to wit of the versified kind. My time of life, and perhaps our whole age, is no longer favourable for verses, and demands prose.'

This indeed is almost the saddest of all human conditions—for a poet no longer to believe in himself or in his art; but sorrow, pain, and tribulation had brought him to that, and worse still: in the year 1837 we find him affected with a malady of the eyes, which gave him serious fears, and which in fact was but a warning of how delicate was the fabric of his constitution. This malady attacked him again still more seriously in the year 1839, as we find by his letters to Laube, who, as we have already said, came with his wife at this time for some months. We find him writing in December 1839 to Laube, who at this time, it appears, was also

ill:—'Dearest Laube,—My malady begins to be very painful; in a few moments they will set on me a quantity of leeches, which will prevent me from seeing you to-day, and perhaps also to-morrow. On Monday I remained all day at home, and yesterday I only went out to see my doctor. How unfortunate that your visit should occur precisely at a time in which we are both ill! I hope you will recover before myself, who have at least four weeks more to endure.—Your friend, H. HEINE.'

It was during this period of vexation of mind and body that Heine wrote his book on Börne, which brought him an infinity of trouble. We have already said that Heine had, years before Börne's death, sought entirely to avoid the sour-visaged republican. He felt that their characters were so incompatible that no pleasant intercourse was possible.

Börne, in his impetuous, boring way, however, kept hunting about for all opportunities to come in contact with the man who, he knew, wished to avoid him; he frequented restaurants, theatres, reading-rooms, and all places where he was likely to meet with Heine, so that his friends, who knew his mania, and that it might lead to unpleasant scenes, did all in their power to keep him back. In 1836, Henry Heine, an uncle of the subject of this Memoir, established as a merchant at Havre, visited Paris with his son, and having chanced to meet Börne in society, the latter appealed to him in the most earnest manner to bring about friendly relations with his nephew. Heine, however, steadily refused, objecting that Börne's suspicious nature rendered all friendly intercourse impossible. One can hardly imagine what purpose Börne had in thus following up a man who declined further acquaintance, except it was to get fresh matter for more hostile criticism about Heine, his character, and his sayings and doings. At all events, up to the time of his death, he never retracted any of the insinuations or accusations which he had thrown out against the poet, or showed any contrition for the treacherous part he played while pretending to be

his friend; and Heine was quite justified in considering himself the aggrieved party. Börne died in 1837, and Heine, although he had remained silent under Börne's attacks in his lifetime, now seems to have thought his death a good opportunity to show to the world both what were his real relations to the revolutionary party with which he was always associated by his adversaries, and at the same time to give his own opinion of the man who had been so free of abuse himself. We have touched on the characteristics of this book, which, by the way, was, to the intense annoyance of Heine, published under a title which he had expressly desired Campe not to put to the volume—'Heinrich Heine über Ludwig Börne,' the title which he himself had chosen being 'Ludwig Börne, Denkschrift von Heinrich Heine.' The net result of the book is to show that Börne had, with his one-sided revolutionary proclivities, become a bore, and that Heine had avoided him in consequence. Heine was the bright Hellenist, a blithe spirited Cavalier; Börne, a narrow-minded republican Nazarene, a gloomy Puritan. Yet Heine does much more justice to Börne than Börne would ever have rendered to the poet.

The conception of the publication of the book was a grave error; it had an ungenerous look, although the principle of '*de mortuis*' may be carried too far; and then it was a great imprudence, as it was certain to bring all Börne's partisans down upon his head, and give the revolutionary party still further reason for calling him an apostate; while the proclamation of his monarchical tendencies, which he had professed publicly again and again without success, would give him no favour with the Governments of Germany, who believed all such professions to be assumed. But the worst blot in the book was the introduction into it of the name of a married lady, the wife of a Jewish gentleman at Frankfort, a passionate admirer of Börne's genius. Heine, who had been accused by Börne of libertinism, misled by scandalous tale-bearers,

retaliated on the memory of the deceased writer by the most unjustifiable insinuations respecting his relations to the lady in question. The aggrieved person conceived, as was natural, great animosity towards Heine; she first collected in a pamphlet all the severe things written by Börne about Heine, and published it, and then sent her husband, whom she had married since Börne's death, to challenge Heine to a duel. The husband seems to have been somewhat tardy in obeying this summons to fight in behalf of the prenuptial purity of his wife, for it was not till the year after the publication of the book in June 1841 that he took any steps in the matter, and then he appears to have done so by reason of hismeeting Heine by chance in the Rue Richelieuin Paris, just as the poet was about to go off to the Pyrenees for his summer trip. Herr Straus—such was the gentleman's name—having accosted Heine in a few unintelligible words, the latter took out his card and coolly said that if he wanted to speak with him he could afford to wait a few weeks longer, since he had waited twelve months already! Upon this Heine went off to the baths of Cauterets, and the rumour was circulated in Germany that Heine had had his ears boxed by the indignant Straus, and, instead of demanding satisfaction, had fled! This brought him back from Cauterets sooner than he intended, and after a good deal of debate about preliminaries as to seconds and choice of weapons, the duel came off at St Germains, of which Heine gives the following account to Campe, under date Sept. 9, 1841:—

'Dearest Campe,—I briefly let you know the termination of the "false story of the box on the ears" as it has been called. The day before yesterday, at 7, I had the satisfaction of seeing Herr Straus on the ground. He showed more courage than I expected, and chance favoured him beyond measure. His ball grazed my lip, which is at present much swollen and black as a coal. I must keep to my bed, and shall not be able to walk so very quickly. The bone appa-

rently has not been injured, and I only got a severe contusion, which I still feel. The affair, therefore, has not turned out so very favourable for me—physically, I mean, not morally. Farewell.—Your friend, H. HEINE.' Heine fired in the air; Herr Straus omitted the usual courtesies after the duel was over. Heine, however, in the year 1845, caused a declaration to be published in which he declared that the imputations in his book respecting the lady had been founded upon unreliable evidence, that he believed them to be false, and pledged his honour that in all future editions the passage should be expunged. The injured lady would not, however, be appeased; she carried on war against Heine to the utmost of her power, stirring up editors and writers to assail his reputation. Many an injurious and insulting attack on his private life and public character did Heine fancy he could trace to the Frankfort 'Judengasse,' and to Madame Straus.

Previously to the duel, on August 31, in order that in case of accident his wife's future position should be more secure, he married Mathilde according to the Roman Catholic rite, in the church of St. Sulpice. He invited to his marriage feast a number of literary men and artists, themselves living in irregular connubial relations, and in a humorous speech, which was perhaps more serious than it seemed, invited them to follow his example. Two days later he made his will, and left all he possessed to Mathilde. On October 13 we find him writing to Lewald, 'You will have heard that, in order to secure Mathilde's position in the world, I found myself under the necessity of changing my wild marriage into a tame one. This connubial duet, which will not come to an end before one of the two is dead, is certainly more dangerous than the short *Holmgang* with Solomon Straus, of the Frankfort "Judengasse;"' and he concludes by saying, 'In these last days I have changed my abode, and my address is as under—H. H., Faubourg Poissonière 46. I am

very prettily lodged, and my house looks very well; you could hardly believe that you were in the house of a German poet.'

The circumstance that Heine had gone through the ceremony of a Roman Catholic marriage had caused a report to be spread that he had become converted to Catholicism—a report which continued to gain ground even in after-times, and to which he alludes in his 'Confessions.'

After mentioning that such a report had been spread which gave both the time and place of his conversion, and that newspapers and letters had reached him expressing the most affectionate congratulations on the event, he adds: 'Travellers tell me that this salvation of my soul has been a subject for the eloquence of the pulpit. Young Catholic priests are said to be desirous of confiding to my patronage their first-born homiletic writings. People see in me a future father of the Church. I cannot smile at this, since the pious mistake is made with so honest an intent. These false reports I do not ascribe to malignancy, but to error, and chance has only disfigured the most innocent facts. The information as to time and place was indeed quite correct. I was, in truth, on the said day in the said church, to wit, Saint Sulpice, which once was a Jesuit's church, and I there performed a religious ceremony, but this ceremony was no frightful abjuration, but a very innocent conjugation; to wit, I there received the benediction of the Church on my marriage after the last ceremony had been performed, for my wife, who is of a strict Catholic family, without such a ceremony would not have considered herself married in a fashion sufficiently pleasing to God. And on no account would I be the cause of any disquiet or trouble to this beloved being in her attachment to the religion she was born in.

'My liberal friends were vexed with me, and overwhelmed me with reproaches, as though I had made too great a con-

cession to the clerical party. Their discontent with my weakness would have been still further increased if they had known how much greater concessions I made then to the priesthood which they so detested. I, as a Protestant intermarrying with a Catholic, required a dispensation from the archbishop, who in such cases only grants it under the condition that the bridegroom binds himself in writing to allow the children of the marriage to be brought up in the religion of the mother. I accepted this condition *de bonne foi*, and should certainly have fulfilled honestly my undertaking. But, between ourselves, since I knew that I had small talent for paternity, I could sign the said obligation with so much the lighter conscience, and as I laid the pen aside my memory was tickled with the exclamation of the fair Ninon de l'Enclos, "*O, le beau billet qu'a Lechastre!*"

'I will make my confession complete and admit that at that time, in order to obtain the dispensation of the archbishop, I would not only have signed away my children, but even myself to the Catholic Church. But the *Ogre de Rome* contented herself with the poor unborn children, and I remained a Protestant.'

But alas! even while the poet was making merry with his friends in a way which showed his inward satisfaction at the purer and brighter conditions of household existence into which he felt himself removed, a ghastly phantom kept untiring guard by his hearthstone, and quitted him not by day or in the lonely watches of the night. It stretched forth from time to time its withering hand to try the force of its poisonous power on the busy brain and the fine-strung nerves of this finely organised nature: it was the spirit of his future malady. Even in the above letter, in which he writes so pleasantly to Lewald about his marriage and his new apartments, we read: 'If I have deferred till to-day to answer your friendly letter, the fault lies entirely with my poor head, which, since I was obliged in such an unfortunate

way to interrupt my bath-cure on the Pyrenees, suffers much with my old malady; indeed, the last has grown so much worse that my physician has quite forbidden me the use of pen and ink.'

Happy is it for men in such cases that the future is veiled before them. Had Heine known what years of torture, what a veritable state of death in life, his symptoms portended, would even his humour have been, as it was, invincible?

CHAPTER X.

GUIZOT STEERS FOR MAELSTROM.

It was, however, during these years 1840-3, when his malady made upon him its first deadly spring, that Heine found energy enough to become again political correspondent to the 'Allgemeine Zeitung.' We know not what were the antecedent circumstances under which the journal was induced to make use of the services of a writer to whom it had felt itself constrained by the pressure of the Austrian Cabinet to close its columns eight years before. Dr. Gustav Kolb, however, was still editor of the paper, and he remained always Heine's steadfast friend; and it was doubtless owing to his good offices that Heine found himself installed anew as Parisian correspondent to the Augsburg journal.

The letters thus published in the columns of the 'Allgemeine,' and afterwards collected in two volumes and published both in German and French, embrace nearly the first half of the time known as the parliamentary period of the reign of Louis Philippe—a period remarkable for the brilliance and abundance of its parliamentary debates, when Guizot and Thiers contended for mastery in the Chambers and before the public, and carried on a rivalry fraught with the most momentous consequences to France.

The period at which Heine thus again took up his pen as correspondent was a few days antecedent to the advent of M. Thiers to power, on March 1, 1840. The vivid sketch which Heine has left of the orator and statesman as he thus appeared to him thirty-five years ago will be read with the

liveliest interest in the present day by a generation which has so lately witnessed the old veteran directing the destinies of his country in one of the most tragic and difficult crises in which it was ever the lot of statesman to be called to office. This ministry of Thiers, which came to an end on October 29 in the same year, was remarkable chiefly for the difficulties which arose in Syria, and which seemed at one time likely to result in a European war between France, which supported Mehemet Ali, on the one side, and England, Russia, Austria, and Prussia, who entered into a convention for supporting the interests of the Sultan, on the other. M. Thiers, as is well known, seemed to be inspired at that time by the very spirit of Bellona, and peace was only preserved by his retirement at the request of Louis Philippe, and the accession to power of M. Guizot who then remained in office seven years and eight months, steering all the time straight for Maëlstrom with composed and disdainful countenance.

Another important affair which characterised the ministry of M. Thiers was the decision to which the Chambers came to bring the ashes of Napoleon from Saint Helena—a decision which was carried out under the ministry of M. Guizot, and which assisted to keep alive in the hearts of a large portion of the French people that Napoleonic worship which has inflicted such calamities upon the country. It will be seen what different terms Heine at this period used for the ruthless soldier who regarded mankind as so much *chair à canon*, to those which he employed in the enthusiasm of his boyhood; and other radical changes of political sentiment will not fail to be remarked in comparing this correspondence with the former series.

We proceed to select from the two volumes such of the letters as are most illustrative as well of the period during which they were written as of the opinions of Heine himself.

In about eleven weeks after the installation of M. Thiers

as minister appeared the following appreciation of the orator and statement of his political situation :—

'Paris, May 20, 1840.

'M. Thiers has again won new laurels by the convincing clearness with which he has treated in the chamber the driest and most intricate subjects. The banking question, the sugar question, as well as the affairs of Algiers, are made self-evident by his speech. The man understands everything: it is a pity that he has not applied himself to German philosophy —he would have known how to make it as clear as day. But who knows? if circumstances were to rouse him, and he had to occupy himself with Germany, he would speak as instructively about Hegel and Schelling as about sugar-canes and beetroot.

'Of more importance for the interests of Europe, however, is the solemn return of the earthly remains of Napoleon than the commercial, financial, and colonial questions. This affair is occupying all spirits here, the highest as well as the lowest. While below there among the people there is nothing but joy and exultation, warmth and fire, in the colder regions of society they shake the head about the dangers which are daily drawing nearer from Saint Helena and threaten Paris with a very portentous "festival of the dead." If, indeed, one could place the ashes of the Emperor to-morrow morning under the cupola of the Palace of the Invalides, one could accredit the present ministry with sufficient strength to prevent any over-violent outbreak of passion. But will this strength be sufficient six months hence, at the time when the triumphant coffin is brought floating up the Seine?'

In the following passage Heine shows how the Bonapartist party in 1842 were growing up—how, namely, the Bonapartist flag collected gradually to it all the unprincipled discontented spirits, the political adventurers and blacklegs of the time, men without any convictions at all, and with no

ambition or aim except that of sharing in the plunder of a Bonapartist *régime*:—

'In the time of fluctuations, when no one knows what the immediate future will bring to him—in which many, discontented with the present, do not dare to break decidedly with the government of the day—in which the majority desire to take up a position which shall not bind them for ever, and not deeply compromise them, but permit them, without especially difficult recantations, either to go over to the camp of the victorious republic or that of the monarchy in case it should prove invincible—in such a time Bonapartism is a convenient party of transition. On these grounds do I explain it to myself how it is that every one *who does not precisely know either what he wishes, or what he stands in need of, or what he is fit for, gathers around the imperial standard.* Here there is no necessity for swearing an oath to any idea, and perjury is here no sin against the Holy Ghost. Conscience and honour here will oppose themselves to no defection and no change of flag, and in fact the Napoleonic empire was itself nothing else than a neutral ground for men of the most heterogeneous opinions: it was a useful bridge for people who had freed themselves from the stream of the revolution, and ran up and down it for twenty years together, undecided whether to betake themselves to the right or the left bank of the opinions of the time. This Napoleonic empire was in fact nothing else than an adventurous *interregnum* without spiritual notabilities, and all its ideal bloom resumes itself in one man who at last is nothing but a splendid fact, whose significance even now is half a mystery. This material *interregnum* was quite appropriate to the necessities of the time. How lightly could the French *sansculottes* jump into the gold-laced *gala* pantaloons of the Empire, and with what lightness could they again hang up on the nail the feathered hat and gold jacket of glory and

snatch up again the red cap and the rights of man! And the starved-out emigrants, the proud royalist nobles, they had no need to renounce their inborn courtier-needs—they could play the lackey to Napoleon I. instead of Louis XIV., leaving them free to turn their backs on the former, and then pay homage to their legitimate lord, Louis XVIII.

'In spite, however, of all this—of the fact that Bonapartism finds some sympathies in the people, and gathers towards it a mass of ambitious men—in spite of this, I do not think it will carry off the victory so easily: if, however, it arrived at power, its reign would not be of long duration, and it would, just like the first Napoleonic rule, only form a short period of transition. *Meanwhile, all possible birds of prey are gathering together around the dead eagle:* the far-sighted ones among the French are thereby filled with no small anxiety. The majority in the Chamber were, perhaps, not altogether wrong when they refused the second million for the interment [of Napoleon].'

In the summer of 1840, Heine undertook a journey along the coasts of Normandy and Brittany. He found the population everywhere agitated with rumours of war on the fatal Eastern Question, which was then again agitating all men's minds, and setting diplomacy and fleets in motion. News of a massacre of Jews in Damascus, of a revolution of the Maronites in the Lebanon, of the march of Mehemet Ali into Syria, had come quickly one after the other. France was arming, recruits besieged the recruiting offices, her forts were being prepared, war seemed at one time inevitable, and, to increase the fever of uncertainty which had taken possession of the whole nation, Louis Napoleon, in the month of August, had made his unsuccessful adventure at Boulogne.

The following extracts from his letters, written soon after Heine's return to Paris, give some idea of the state of the public mind:—

'Paris, October 3, 1840.

'Since yesterday evening there is an agitation here which surpasses all conception. The thunder of the cannon of Beyrout finds its echo in the breast of all Frenchmen. I myself am as though stunned: horrible fears press in upon my spirit: that is, however, the lightest evil which I fear. In Paris, events might take place in comparison with which all the scenes of the former revolution might appear like mid-summer nights' dreams. The former revolution? No: the revolution is one and the same: we have just seen the beginning, and many of us will not survive the middle of it. Before the *bureaux de recrutement* people are making *queue* as they do at the theatres when a good piece is being played; an innumerable quantity of young men are enrolling themselves as volunteers. The Palais Royal is swarming with *ouvriers* who read the papers and look serious. This seriousness, which is sparing of words, is far more disquieting than the talkative anger of two months back. They say the Chambers will be called together, which, perhaps, will be a fresh misfortune.'

'October 7, 1840.

'Hourly does the excitement of spirits rise. In the present impatient state of France, it is hardly intelligible how they can remain in that state of uncertainty. The whole people, which feels its honour is at stake, is crying out: decision, decision at any price.'

On the same day on which Thiers resigned and Guizot became minister with a peace policy, Heine appreciated the position of the statesman in the following letter, which was supplemented by another on the 3rd of November. Marshal Soult was named Président du Conseil:—

'Paris, October 29, 1840.

'Thiers resigns, and Guziot again comes in. It is the same piece, only the actors are changed. This change of

parts took place at the request of very many high and exalted personages, and not at the request of the general public, which was very well content with the play of its first hero. He courted too much the applause of the *parterre*: his successor has more in view the higher regions—the boxes of the ambassadors.

'At this moment we cannot deny our pity to the man who, under the present circumstances, enters the *Hôtel des Capucines*: he is much more to be pitied than he who leaves the house of martyrdom or house of discipline. He is just as much to be pitied as the King himself. * * * * * The great question, whether France has been injured or not by the London preliminaries, will now be debated in the Chambers. It is a complicated question, to answer which regard must be had to the differences of nationalities. As for the present, we have peace; and to Louis Philippe must be ascribed the praise, that he has expended as much courage for the preservation of peace as Napoleon once exhibited in war. Yes, laugh not, he is the Napoleon of peace!'

'Paris, November 4, 1840.

'Marshal Soult, the man of the sword, has to provide for the inner peace of France, and this is his exclusive task. For peace abroad Louis Philippe has to answer,—the King of prudence, who with patient hands, not with the sword, seeks to loosen the entanglements of diplomacy—the Gordian Knot. Will he succeed? We wish he may, and that too in the interests of the princes as well as of the peoples of Europe. The last can gain but death and misery by war. The former, the princes, would, under the most favourable circumstances, by a victory over France, realise the dangers which exist now perhaps only in the imagination of some statesman as solicitous thoughts. The great revolution which has taken place in France during the last fifty years is, if not ended, at least stayed, if the terrible wheel is not

set in motion from without. Under the menace of war, with a new coalition, not only the throne of the king, but also the domination of that *bourgeoisie* world which Louis Philippe rightfully in any case actually represents, would be placed in danger. The *bourgeoisie*, not the people, began the revolution of 1789, and finished that of 1830; the *bourgeoisie* it is which now rules, although many of their representatives are of noble blood, and that class it is which up to now holds in check the pressure of the people, desirous not merely of equality of laws, but also of equality of enjoyments. The *bourgeoisie*, which has to defend its painful labour, the founding of a new order of government, against the pressure of the people, which desires a radical transformation of society, is certainly too weak if foreign nations attack it with fourfold greater strength; and before it came to an invasion they would have to abdicate, the lower classes would step into their places, as in the horrible years after 1790, but now better organised, with a clearer conscience, with a new doctrine, with new gods, with new powers borrowed of heaven and earth; foreign nations would find themselves in conflict with a social instead of a political revolution. Prudence, therefore, should counsel the Allied Powers to support the present *régime* in France, in order that far more dangerous and contagious elements might not be unbridled and make themselves felt. God Himself gives his vicegerents an instructive example. The last attempt at assassination shows how prudence vouchsafes especial protection to the head of Louis Philippe; it protects the great overseer of fire-engines, who puts out the flames and prevents an universal world-wide conflagration.'

The fear of an European conflict, we see, had not yet passed by when the following letter was written—in Germany, too, which we were taught during the late war to consider as having been always so lamb-like of mood towards France, we find there was then a great clamour for war against

her neighbour, and some of the *Franzosen-fresser* were then crying, as they have never ceased to do since 1815, for Alsace and Lorraine.

This letter may be read even with application to the state of public opinion in France toward Germany in 1870. It terminates with some observations on the funeral procession of the body of Napoleon, which had just been brought by the Comte de Joinville in the 'Belle Poule' from Saint Helena. Something weird and strange must it have seemed to Heine to have witnessed the national celebration of funeral rites to the hero of his boyhood, whose triumphant entry into Düsseldorf he had seen with childish eyes. Remarkable, too, among his observations, are his remarks on the decay of the *Soldatesque* spirit. The Emperor is no longer a hero, even for him, except in a poetic and retrospective sense; he is dead and buried, and he thanks God for it. Who, however, is the hero of the new time? 'Perhaps James Watt, perhaps a cotton-spinner.'

After the termination of the year 1840, Heine ceased to contribute so frequently to the columns of the 'Allgemeine Zeitung,' and in 1843 he concluded his correspondence altogether. Evidently the eternal see-saw of parliamentary discussion wearied him more and more, till at last he found it unendurable to have to attribute to them any significance at all, He saw too the chaos to which all things were tending, and above all he saw, and continued to see to the end of his life, the dark spectre of communism lowering in the future.

It is well not to assume the mantle of prophecy, therefore one need not declare this vision of a communistic future for humanity to be impossible, in spite of the temporary and limited dimensions acquired in 1871 by the Commune of Paris under circumstances such as the history of the world affords no example of before and probably never will again, and as to which the resemblance of the names Commune and Communism have misled many unreflecting people; but it may at least be declared that such a future is in the highest

degree improbable. As for the Commune of Paris, it made no pretensions to establishing a new social principle at all.

It is easy, however, to discover why Heine was led to look forward to these gloomy communistic prospects. He beheld with horror the growth of the reign of industrialism in an age destitute of poetic sense, and without enthusiasm for anything higher than gain, in an age whose heroes were Watts and Stephensons, cotton-spinners, bill-discounters, brewers, and money-jobbers; and seeing that in France political power had thus passed into the hands of the *bourgeoisie*, he imagined it must descend still lower into the hands of those who were not even *bourgeois*, and possessed nothing at all. Besides, too, France was at this time swarming with new social and socialistic theories, some of which found a hearing even in the columns of respectable journals. The Saint Simonian system, of which Heine, as we have seen, had been for a time a disciple, was but one of the many which abounded in France at this period, counting each among its adepts some distinguished intellects. It has been, however, one of the unexpected results of the adoption of the principle of universal suffrage in France—a result which is in itself a crushing condemnation of the miserable Guizot-system which restricted, and persisted in restricting, the capacity of voting to 280,000 electors—that socialistic theories have excited much less attention, and much less fear, since 1848 than they did before, which circumstance is explicable enough by the fact that, on account of the great subdivision of property in France, the mass of the voters are proprietors in some way or other, and that the small proprietors, who are the most numerous of these, are the most conservative of all electoral bodies.

But although Heine's vision of a communistic future for the world may be baseless, there is reason to fear that the worse characteristics which he dreaded in such a future—the extinction of poetry, art, and refined sentiment—may attend

the absolute dominion of industrialism and the spirit of machinery which then was taking triumphant possession of the world and breaking down the walls of every city, riding in victory on a steam-engine.

It is a confirmation of our views that we find Guizot in these sentences with his Puritan force terrorising the *bourgeoisie* by his cant about the 'dangerous classes:' he was then, in fact, building up the bogy of the *spectre rouge* which Louis Napoleon and his fellow bandits finally got possession of and used so effectively.

'Paris, December 11, 1841.

'Now as New Year's Day, the day of New Year's gifts, is approaching, the shop-windows afford the most varied displays. This spectacle offers to the idle *flâneur* a most agreeable way of spending his time; and, if his brain is not quite empty, he will find matter for thought as he looks through the clear windows of plate glass at this gay abundance of articles of luxury and art, while perhaps he throws too a glance at the public which stands there near him. The faces of the public are so frightfully earnest and care-worn, so impatient and threatening, that they form a strange contrast with the objects at which they are staring, and inspire us with the fear that they will suddenly smash them with their clenched fists and scatter into atoms all the gay glittering toywork of the gay world together with the gay world itself! He who is no great politician, but only an ordinary *flâneur*, who troubles himself less about the *nuance* between the politics of M. Dufaure and M. Passy than about the appearance of the people in the streets, will gain at last the firm conviction that early or late the whole citizen comedy in France, together with their parliamentary stage-heroes and *figuranti*, will be hissed down to a frightful end, and an after-piece be played which will be called the communistic *régime*. This after-piece will certainly not take a long time

to play, but it will on that account cause so much the more agitation and purify the spirits: it will be a proper tragedy.

'The last political events might open the eyes of many, but blindness is far too agreeable. No one likes to be put in mind of the dangers which might injure his agreeable present. Therefore it is that every one bears a grudge against the man whose powerful glance looks deepest down into the night of terror of the future, and whose severe words, sometimes inopportunely, when we sit at the most joyous banquet, warn us of the general peril. All bear a grudge against the poor schoolmaster Guizot. Even the very conservatives are for the most part ill-disposed towards him, and in their blindness are meditating replacing him by a man whose cheerful face and pleasant speech pain them and terrify them less. You conservative fools, who are not in a position to "conserve" anything but your own folly, you should be as careful with this Guizot as with the apple of your eye; you should brush the flies away from him, the radical ones as well as the legitimist ones, in order to keep him in good humour; you should also sometimes send out to the Hôtel des Capucines flowers and roses and violets, instead of making the place intolerable to him by your continual badgering, or by endeavouring to intrigue him out of it. In your place I should even have dreaded that he might suddenly rush away from the splendid tortures of his ministerial place and take refuge in his quiet study in the Rue l'Evêque, where he once lived so idyllically among his calf and sheepskin-bound volumes.

'But is Guizot really the man qualified to avert impending destruction? There are, in fact, united in him qualities not generally combined—that of deepest insight and that of a firm will: he would with an antique steadfastness bid defiance to all storms, and avoid with the most modern dexterity dangerous precipices; but the quiet tooth of the mouse has made too many holes in the bottom of the French ship of state, and against this inner necessity, which is far

more critical than the outer one, Guizot, as he has very well understood, is powerless. Here is the danger. Destructive doctrines have in France taken too much hold on the lower classes; the question is now no more about equality of rights, but equality of enjoyment on this earth; and there are in Paris somewhere about 400,000 coarse hands which wait for the watch-word to realise the idea of absolute equality which is brooding in their heads. On many sides is to be heard the opinion that war would be a good conductor for such a destroying element. But is not this exorcising Satan by means of Beelzebub? War would hasten a catastrophe and scatter the evil over the whole world which is now merely gnawing into France; the *propaganda* of communism possesses a tongue which every people understand; the elements of this national tongue are as simple as hunger, as envy, or death. The learning of it is so easy!

'Yet let us leave this sad theme, and again pass over to the cheerful objects which are exposed behind the windows of plate-glass in the Rue Vivienne, or in the Boulevards. There is sparkling, smiling temptation!—a dashing life expressed in gold, silver, bronze, jewels, in all imaginable forms, and especially in the form of the period of the Renaissance, the imitation of which is at this time the ruling *mode*. Whence comes this preference for the style of the Renaissance, of this age of rebirth, or rather of resurrection, when the antique world came out of the grave, as it were, in order to embellish the last hours of the expiring Middle Ages? Has our present time any electric affinity with that period which, even like we ourselves, sought in the past for a spring of rejuvenescence, yearning for a fresh drink of life? I know not how it is, but that time of *François premier* and of the companions of his taste exercises over our spirits an almost awful magic, like the remembrance of events which we have experienced in dreams, and there is a wondrous original charm in the way and fashion in which that time knew how

to assimilate into itself rediscovered antiquity. Here we do not see, as in the school of David, a dry academic imitation of Grecian plasticism, but a fluent fusing of the same with Christian spiritualism. In the forms of art and life which owed their strange existence to the espousals of two most heterogeneous elements, there was such a sweet melancholy expression, such an ironical kiss of reconciliation, such a blooming audacity, such an elegant antithesis as subdue as by magic—we know not how.'

Heine's spirit was still filled with this vague foreboding of communism when he wrote the following passage in a letter of December 29, 1841, respecting the possibility of the destruction of the Vendôme Column, which did receive a curious fulfilment under the reign of the Commune.

'Does the Column of the Place Vendôme stand fast? I know not, but it stands in the right place in harmony with surrounding objects. It is planted truly on the national soil, and who leans thereon has a steadfast support. No; here in France nothing stands steadfast. Already once has the storm torn down the capital, the iron capital figure, from the summit of the Column of the Place Vendôme, and in case the Communists come to rule it might well happen that the same would occur a second time, if the radical madness for equality did not tear down to the earth the Column itself, in order that this memorial and symbol of the thirst for glory may be blotted from the earth. No man, and the work of no man, shall tower above a certain communal measure, and architecture, as well as epic poetry, is threatened with perdition. "Wherefore should there be monuments for the ambitious assassins of nations?" I heard some one call out lately, on the occasion of the competition for designs for the mausoleum of the Emperor, "It takes money from the starving people, and we will smash it to pieces when the day arrives. Yea, the dead should have remained at St. Helena, and I will not engage that at some time or other his

monument shall not be opened and his body be thrown into the fair river, to wit the Seine, by whose bank he was to rest so sentimentally. Thiers has, as minister, done him perhaps no great service."'

The next letter was written on the eve of a general election. Guizot, disdainful Guizot, was about to appeal to his 280,000 electors. People watched the elections then in France as eagerly as they do now. M. Guizot had created a chronic state of fright among good people with the exhibition of his scarecrow of the 'Spectre Rouge,' thus carefully continuing to prepare the way for the conspirators of the 'Deux Decembre.' Heine, we shall see again, was one of the believers in M. Guizot's scarecrow. Fortunate, perhaps, had it been for France if Guizot and his scarecrow and his policy of disdain had not had a majority at this time.

'The fate of France, and perhaps of the whole world, is dependent on the question whether Guizot will have a majority or not in the new Chamber. And here I will by no means give room to the conjecture that among the new deputies some turbulent bullies may start up who will drive agitation to the utmost. No; these new arrivals will bring only sounding words to market, and have the same modest fear of action as their predecessors; the most decided innovator in the Chamber would not violently overthrow the existing state of things, but only turn to profit the fears of those above and the hopes of those below. But the confusions, perplexities, and momentary difficulties, whenever the Government may fall by reason of such conduct, may give to the dark powers who lurk in secret the signal for an outburst, and, as ever, revolution awaits a parliamentary initiative. The terrible wheel (of revolution) then again will be set in motion, and we shall see this time an antagonist arise which will be the most dreadful of all who have entered the lists against the existing state of things. This anta-

gonist preserves at present his awful *incognito*, and resides, like a needy pretender, in that ground floor of official society, or those catacombs where, amid death and corruption, new life is germinating and sprouting. Communism is the secret name of the fearful antagonist who is coming forward with the rule of the protectorate in opposition to the present *régime* of the *bourgeoisie*. There will be a fearful duel. How will it end? That the gods and goddesses know before whom the future stands revealed. Only so much do we know. Communism, although it has as yet been little spoken of, and hungers on in obscure garrets on its wretched straw pallet, is yet the dismal hero to whom a great, if only a passing, *rôle* is allotted in modern tragedy, and which only waits for the watchword to step upon the boards. We shall, therefore, not lose this actor out of sight, and will report about the secret rehearsal wherein he prepares himself for his *début*. Such indications will perhaps be more valuable than all communications about election trickeries, party hate, and cabinet intrigues.'

The election took place. Paris returned twelve opposition members, and only two Guizotites: the election throughout the country seemed at first to go so that the Government would not have a majority—and no majority meant the overthrow of Guizot, the return of Thiers to power, and perhaps, but not probably, war, and of this and its consequences we have seen that Heine entertained the gravest apprehensions. The final result of the elections, however, gave M. Guizot a new lease of power. In his next letter it will be seen how M. Guizot's scarecrow, the hateful figure of Communism, still preoccupied Heine's attention. These pages contain, indeed, some of the most striking things on the subject which came from his pen.

'Paris, July 12, 1842.

'The result of the elections you will see in the journals.

Here, in Paris, you do not need to consult the papers about it; it is to be seen in all faces. Yesterday it was very sultry, and spirits betrayed an anxiety such as I have only observed in great crises. The old well-known birds of the storm were rushing invisibly through the air, and the sleepiest heads were suddenly awakened out of a two-years' peace. I confess that I myself, when I felt the wave of this fearful flapping of wings, had a huge palpitation of the heart. I always feel fear at the first beginning when I see the demons of revolution unbridled; afterwards I become quite composed, and the wildest appearances can neither disquiet nor surprise me—just because I foresaw them. What will be the end of this agitation to which, as ever, Paris gave the first signal? War, a most frightfully destructive war, which, alas! will call into the arena the two most noble nations of civilisation —I mean Germany and France. England, the great sea-serpent which can always creep back to its monstrous lair in the ocean; and Russia, which has most secure hiding-places in monster pine-forests, steppes, and ice-fields—these two would not be quite overthrown by the most decisive defeats; but Germany in such case is threatened with a far worse fate, and even France might have to part with its political existence. Yet that would only be the first act of the great *extravaganza*—the prelude as it were. The second act is the European, the world-revolution, the great duel of the destitute with the aristocracy of wealth, and in that there will be neither talk of nationality nor of religion. *There will then be only one nation, to wit, the world; and only one faith, to wit, prosperity upon earth.* There will then perhaps be one shepherd and one flock—one free shepherd with an iron crook; and one herd of human creatures all shorn alike, all bleating alike! Wild dismal times are menacing us, and the prophets who write a new apocalypse must insert quite new monsters, and those so horrible that the older beast-symbols of St. John should be gentle doves and *amoretten* in

comparison. The gods veil their faces out of pity for the children of men, their nurslings for so many centuries, and perhaps at the same time out of anxiety for their own destiny. The future smells of Russia leather, of blood, of godlessness, and of very strong cudgelling. *I advise our descendants to come into the world with a very thick skin to their backs.*'

Two days after this letter was written Paris was thrown into a state of consternation by an event which perhaps made many citizens regret having given votes hostile to the Government. The heir to the crown, the Duc d'Orléans, met, as has so strangely been the case with so many heirs to the crown in France, with a sudden death. He was thrown from his carriage in the Chemin de la Révolte, the road made by the old reprobate Louis XV. in order to pass from Versailles to Saint Denis without showing his hateful face to the citizens of Paris. This tragic event was at once felt as a public calamity; it may have been, nay it is most probable, that if the Duc d'Orleans had lived the race of Louis Philippe would now have been on the throne of France, the Franco-Prussian war never dreamed of, and the whole history of Europe changed.

Heine's next letters register some of the prevailing impressions consequent on this terrible event.

'Paris, July 15, 1842.

'After the boisterous excitement of the day before yesterday, a state of terror and consternation set in yesterday which is indescribable, and the Parisians have come, through an unforeseen and fatal accident, to the consciousness of how little secure is the state of things here, and how dangerous every shock may be. For it was only a little shaking that they wished to produce, and in no way by too powerful shocks to shatter the state edifice. Had the Duke of Orléans died earlier, Paris would not have chosen twelve opposition deputies against two conservatives, and through this tremendous

action set agitation again going. This fatal event places everything in a critical state.

'The deceased Duke of Orleans was generally beloved; indeed he was adored. The news of his death came like a flash of lightning out of a clear sky, and grief prevails among all classes of the people. At two o'clock yesterday, a dull report of misfortune was spread about at the Bourse, where the funds immediately fell three francs. But no one would believe in what had happened. The prince died at four, and up to that hour the news of his decease was very generally contradicted. Up to five o'clock people were in doubt. As, however, at six o'clock a white sheet of paper was covered over the theatre announcements, and *Relâche* was given out, everybody perceived the frightful reality. When they came tripping up, the smartly dressed French women, and found only closed doors instead of the play they expected, and heard of the misfortune which had happened at Neuilly on the Chemin de la Révolte, tears poured forth from many pretty eyes, and there was nothing but sobbing and weeping about the handsome prince who was thus snatched away so fair and so young, in his beloved chivalrous form, a Frenchman in the most amiable sense, and worthy in every way of national lamentation. Yea, he fell in the bloom of life, a cheerful heroic-hearted young man, and he bled away, as pure, as unstained, as fortunate, among flowers as it were, as Adonis once did too.'

'Paris, July 19, 1842.

'The deceased Duke of Orleans remains ever the subject of conversation of the day. Never yet has the decease of a man excited such universal sorrow. It is remarkable. But for France the death of the young prince is a real misfortune, and he need have possessed fewer virtues than those for which he was praised, and the French would still have had sufficient reason to shed tears when they think of the future.

The question of the regency already occupies all heads, and that, alas! not the best alone.'

In the next letter Heine speculates on the length of time which this new state of mind into which this fatal event had thrown the French people might last, and he introduces some very apposite and true considerations on the character of the people. After saying that other nations went through their chief periods of agitation in their youth, and then sobered down quietly in mature age, he goes on:—

'But the French ever preserve the levity of youth, and however much they may have done or suffered yesterday, to-day they think no more about it, and a new morrow excites them to fresh action and to fresh sufferings. They will not become old, and they trust, perhaps, to hold fast by their youth in refusing to abandon youthful infatuation, youthful carelessness, and youthful magnanimity! Yea, magnanimity, an almost childish goodness in forgiving, forms the ground note of the French character; but I cannot avoid remarking that this virtue rises from the same spring as their faults —forgetfulness. The conception "to forgive" with this people is the same thing as "to forget,"—to forget injury. Were this not the case there would be daily murders and assassinations in Paris, where at every step men are meeting each other between whom is a blood feud. A few weeks ago I saw an old man passing along the Boulevards whose careless physiognomy struck me. "Do you know who that is?" I said to my companion. "That is M. de Polignac, the same who was the cause of the death of so many thousands of Parisians, and cost me a father and a brother! Twelve years ago the people, in their first burst of wrath, would have torn him to pieces, but now he can walk here quietly along the Boulevards."'

Amid these tragic events and this wild fermentation of conflicting interests and opinions, there were intervals of quiet which Heine depicts in his own quick deep sensitive fashion.

'Here in France prevails at present the greatest calm. A weary, sleepy, yawning state of peace. All is still as a night of deep snow in mid-winter. Only a light monotonous fall as of drops. That is interest (*Zinse*), which keeps trickling into capital; you can really hear how they grow, these riches of the rich. Between whiles the light sobs of poverty. Sometimes, too, there is a sound as though a knife was being sharpened.'

Throughout these letters you come constantly across some little passage which could only have been written by Heine, as witness the following, at the termination of that black old year of 1842 which saw the death of the Duke of Orleans, the horrible holocaust of victims burnt up in the pleasure-train to Versailles at the opening of the railway to that place, and the great fire at Hamburg. This is the greeting for the new year which Heine sends to his friends in Germany:—

'I write these lines in the last hours of the departing wicked year. The new one stands at the door. May he be less cruel than his predecessor! I send my most melancholy felicitations for the new year over the Rhine. I wish to the stupid a little reason, and to the reasonable a little poetry. To the ladies I wish the finest of dresses, and to their husbands a good deal of patience. To the rich I wish a heart, and to the poor a little bit of bread. But above all I wish that we may speak as little ill of one another as possible in this new year.'

The first letter which he wrote to the 'Allgemeine Zeitung' in the year 1843, is so instructive that we would, if possible, gladly give nearly the whole of it; it commences with considerations on the pliability and adaptability of the French character; from thence it passes to sketches of the characteristic differences of Guizot, Thiers, and Molé as politicians, and concludes by pointing out in as strong language as his position as correspondent of a German

paper would permit, that constitutional government, as practised in France, was a mere deception and pretence; that the Chambers, got together and manipulated by corrupt influences, did not represent the country, and that the whole system was not worth a 'charge of gunpowder,' if indeed it was not destined to be blown to the winds by a charge of gunpowder.

'Paris, February 2, 1843.

'The thing at which I wonder the most is the adaptability of the French, their adroit capacity of going over, or rather of leaping over, from one occupation to another. And this is not only a quality of their mobile nature, but also an historical acquirement: they have in the course of time made themselves quite free from all impeding prejudices and pedantries. Thus it happened that the *émigrés* who during the revolution fled over to us endured their change of relations so lightly, and many among them, in order to earn their bare bread, were able to extemporise a handicraft. My mother has often told me how a French marquis established himself in our town and made there the best ladies' shoes and boots in the place. He worked with a will, chirped the most delightful songs, and forgot all his former magnificence. When the French came over the Rhine, our marquis must fain quit his shop, and he escaped to another town—I think to Cassel—where he became the best tailor; in truth, without any apprenticeship, he went migrating thus from one trade to another, and soon attained the master-place in each, which will appear very unintelligible not only to a German noble but to an ordinary German citizen. After the fall of the Emperor, the good man came back home with grey hair but an unchanged youthful heart, and then he cut as mighty noble a figure and carried his nose as high as if he never wielded awl or needle. It is an error to assert of the *émigrés* that they learnt nothing and forgot nothing;

they forgot all that they learnt. The heroes of the Napoleonic war-period, when they were cashiered or placed on half-pay, threw themselves at once with the greatest dexterity into the business of peace, and every time that I entered the *comptoir* of M. Delloye, I had my own especial cause of wonder to see the *ci-devant* colonel sitting at his desk as a bookseller, surrounded by several white *moustaches* who had fought as brave solders under the Emperor, but were now serving under their old comrade as book-keepers or accountants, or simply as assistants. Out of a Frenchman you can make everything, and every man thinks himself fit for anything. Out of the most wretched stage-rhymer there jumps up suddenly, as by a *coup de théâtre*, a minister, a general, a light of the church, yea a divinity!'

Of his sketches of the three statesmen we only give that of M. Guizot.

'With M. Guizot is it quite different. For him the victory of the party of the *bourgeoisie* is an accomplished fact —*un fait accompli*—and he has with all his capacities entered into the service of this new power, whose dominion he knows how to support, with all the arts of historic and philosophic acuteness, as reasonable and therefore as justifiable. That is just the characteristic of the Doctrinaire—that he can find a doctrine for everything for which he wants to find one. Perhaps in his most secret convictions he stands above this doctrine perhaps below it—how do I know? He is too gifted a man, and too many-sided in his learning, to be at bottom anything else than a sceptic, and such a scepticism suits very well with the service which he devotes to the system which he accepted once for all. At present he is the true servant of the rule of the *bourgeoisie*, and silently as the Duke of Alba will he defend it with inexorable logic to the last moment. With him there is no wavering, no hesitating; he knows what he wills, and what he wills that he does. *If he falls in the combat, even this fall will not astound him, and he*

will only shrug his shoulders. That for which he fought was at bottom indifferent to him. If the republican party, or even the communists, are ever victorious, I counsel these brave people to take Guizot for minister, and to turn to profit his intelligence and his stiff-neckedness, and they will have a better chance of standing than if they gave the government into the hands of the most approved blockheads of citizen virtues. I might give the same advice to the Henri-cinquists in the impossible case that through any national misfortune, by a judgment of God, they came again into possession of official power—take Guizot for minister, and be able to hold on for thrice twenty-four hours longer than you otherwise would.

'However much we may esteem the noble aims of the king, and however much we may accredit him with the best desires for the happiness of France, yet we must avow that the means he takes for its accomplishment are not the right ones, *and that the whole system is not worth a charge of gunpowder, if indeed it is not at some time or other blown up into the air by a charge of gunpowder.* Louis Philippe desires to govern France by the Chambers, and he thinks he has gained everything when by a system of buying over the members he gets a majority in all governmental measures. *But his error consists therein, that he thinks France is represented by the Chambers.* That, however, is not the case, and he misjudges entirely the real interests of his people, which are very different from the interests of the Chambers, and indeed are not especially regarded by them at all. If the unpopularity of the King rises to a critical height, the Chambers will hardly be able to help him, and it will be a question whether that favoured part of the *bourgeoisie* for whom he does so much will hasten to his assistance in the moment of peril.

'"Our misfortune," an *habitué* of the Tuileries said to me lately, "is that our adversaries do not fear us because

they think us weaker than we are, and that our friends, who look black at us from time to time, ascribe to us greater strength than that which we really possess."'

It would seem that Heine's thoughts were especially occupied with the critical state of French politics in these days, for this last letter of May 5, 1843, was followed by another, his last on French politics, written on the very following day. This letter treats of the Guizot system of corruption—the system by which the inflexible pedagogue managed to mould a mock representative Chamber to his will, and to make it register his decrees—a system which prepared the way for the overthrow of the government of Louis Philippe, and for the *coup d'état* of 1852, the foul scandal of the Second Empire, the German invasion, and the loss of two provinces. If a succession of such unexampled disasters has taught the best minds of France the need of patriotic compromise and tolerance, and ensures thus life and permanence to their present form of government, then she will not have suffered in vain.

'As has been said, with the life of Louis Philippe all security for peace disappears. This great sorcerer holds the storms bound by his patient prudence. He who will sleep in peace must in his nightly prayer recommend the King of France to all the guardian angels of life.

'Guizot will yet be able to keep his place for some time, which is certainly very much to be desired, since a ministerial crisis is ever combined with unforeseen fatalities. A change of ministers is, with such lovers of change as the French, a substitute for a periodical change of dynasties. But these revolutions in the *personnel* of the highest offices of state are not perhaps a lesser misfortune than a change of dynasty for a land which more than ever requires stability. On account of their precarious situation the ministers cannot undertake any far-reaching project, and the simple striving for self-preservation absorbs all their powers. Their worst misfortune

is not so much their dependence upon the royal will, which is for the most part reasonable and wholesome, as their dependence on the so-called conservatives, those constitutional janissaries which according to their caprices remove and replace ministers. If one of these excites their discontent, they gather together in a parliamentary revolt and beat their kettle-drums. The discontent of these people arises, however, commonly from real soup-kettle interests: they it is in truth who are ruling in France, since no minister can refuse them anything, neither office nor act of favouritism, neither a consulate for the eldest son of their brother-in-law nor a *débit de tabac* for the widow of their *concierge*. It is not proper to speak of the *régime* of the *bourgeoisie*; we should only speak of the *régime* of the conservative deputies. These are they who make such a traffic out of France for the benefit of their private interests as once was made by the nobility of birth. The last is, however, in no case decidedly separated from the conservative party, and we meet here many an old name among the parliamentary lords of the day.

'I will not examine of what quality is this so-styled Guizot corruption, and what complaints the injured interests address to it. If the great Puritan is forced of a verity to have recourse to that Anglican system of corruption, then is he very much to be pitied: a vestal virgin who was forced to preside over a *maison de tolérance* would find herself of a surety in a less incongruous position. Perhaps the conviction drives him on that, on his preserving his place depends also the continuance of the whole present state of society in France. The breaking down of the same, however, is for him the beginning of all possible horrors. Guizot is the man of moderated progress, and he sees the dear, the blood-dear, acquisitions of the Revolution more imperilled than ever by the dismal world-storm which approaches. He would, as it were, win time in order to bring the sheaves of

the harvest under the roof. In fact, the duration of the period of peace in which the ripe fruits can be gathered in is our first necessity. The seed of liberal principles has just begun to shoot up in their green abstract state, and that must first quietly grow up into concrete knotty reality. Freedom, which has up to now only here and there been represented by individuals, must pass into the masses themselves—into the lowest classes of society, and become people. This process of the democratization of freedom, this secret process which, like every birth, every fruit, demands as a necessary condition time and place, is certainly not less important than that promulgation of principles wherewith our ancestors were occupied. The Word became flesh, and the flesh bleeds. We have a meaner work, but a greater sorrow than our predecessors, who thought that all was happily completed after they had solemnly proclaimed the holy laws of liberty and equality, and notified them on a hundred fields of battle. Alas! that is still the pitiful error of so many men of the Revolution who fancy that the chief thing is that a rag of freedom more or less be torn from the purple of the reigning power; they are content if only the *ordonnance* which proclaims a democratic law of principle be printed in the "Moniteur" in fair black and white. Thus I remember that twelve years ago, when I paid a visit to old Lafayette, he pressed into my hand when I went away a paper, and he had, as he did so, the air of conviction of a miraculous doctor who hands us an universal elixir. It was the well-known Declaration of the Rights of Man which the old man had brought with him from America sixty years ago, and still continued to regard as a panacea which could effect a radical cure for the whole world. No! with a mere receipt one cannot help the sick; although the receipt may be indispensable, it has need of the countless manipulations of the apothecary, the watchfulness of the nurse; it has need of peace, it has need of time.'

The reader will here not have failed to remark inconsistencies such as indeed are to be found in Heine's political views at all times in his life. This is the last letter he wrote on French politics so far as related to the play of the representative institutions of the country, and his cessation at this point is remarkable. The reason is clear—he had lost all faith in M. Guizot—all faith in the constitution as established, and had, as must be apparent from all the foregoing letters, a foreboding of a fearful abyss to which all things were tending. He was weary of playing the superfluous part of critic where criticism was of no avail. Why continue to enact the *rôle* of Cassandra? Why continue to ponder over and to grieve at the daily spectacle of unreason, of folly, of selfishness exhibited by the French Government by the so-called conservative party? Up to this point he had hoped against hope, but the burning enthusiasm of the hot liberal of 1830 had cooled gradually down to the zero point of utter scepticism, and in future he replaced all that eager participation which he had once felt by an attitude of despairing acquiescence in the inevitable.

In one question, however, he still continued to take interest for some time longer, and this was the conflict of the Ultramontane party with the University of Paris, a matter which concerned the spiritual freedom not only of France, but of all society.

It is the peculiarity of France, which some people are apt to speak of as a blank desert of infidelity, to be, as has before been hinted, precisely the country in which there are masses of people prepared to make greater sacrifices in behalf of their religious convictions than would be made anywhere else in Europe. This is a necessary result of the intensity of spiritual faith which has distinguished this people from other nations; and from the earliest times of Christianity down to the present some of the grandest, purest, and completest examples of the ecclesiastic and religious character have been

exhibited in France. Had it not been for France, the religion of Europe would most probably have been Arian or Mussulman, and France has ever been the chief support and the most affectionate daughter of the Catholic Church. When the great religious schism took place in the sixteenth century, a large part of the French nation was seized with the new enthusiasm, and had the nation been left fairly alone by its neighbours, and the new creed been allowed a fair trial, there is no saying how far France might not have become Protestant. But cruelty and terror in the end gave the predominance to Catholicism, and the French nation in the mass is Catholic.

The faith of a thousand years with which so much of the past glory of France is associated cannot be extinguished in a day, but the ardour with which it is still professed among a large section of the French people has been and is the source of much political misfortune; the simple faith of conscientious believers has afforded a field for the intrigues and the machinations of Jesuits and Ultramontanes which they have worked indefatigably up to the present hour; knowing or fearing that they cannot hold their own under a form of government which allows freedom of speech and thought, they have been ever plotting with Legitimist or with Buonapartist for the suppression of free government, and in the interests of despotism.

Heine, in common with many of the liberals of his time, was not aware of the enormous influence which Catholicism was yet destined to exercise over human affairs, nor had he a conception of the indefatigable—almost, it may be feared, irrepressible—pertinacity of the Jesuits and of the Ultramontane party; he was not then aware of the influence which the Catholic Church would exercise on such minds as those of M. Thiers and M. Guizot, and if he were alive at the present day he would be astounded at the rebirth of superstition as evidenced by the pilgrimages of Lourdes, the

intolerant power acquired by the clerical party in Belgium, and daring effort it has lately made to get hold of education in France.

He did not then do full justice to the energetic opposition made by the University of Paris to the intrigues and activity of the clerical party in France in their endeavours to get hold anew of the instruction of the youth of the country; and the passion and eloquence with which Michelet and Quinet, the most noted champions of University privileges, defended the cause of liberty of education against the assaults of their dark and wily adversaries seemed to him to partake of extravagance; nevertheless, had he been able to see farther into the future he would, without doubt, have descried in the Ultramontane *propaganda* danger for society quite as great as that which he shuddered at in the prospect of Communism.

Heine committed the mistake of treating Loyalism and Jesuitism as absolutely dead; then also he had a certain respect for men who professed at heart to represent spiritual interests among the wild greed for things material which seemed to be about to take possession of the world. These, too, seemed to Heine to be sincere; while he viewed with a certain contempt and dislike that fashionable sort of coquetry with Catholicism which he notices as making great way in the Parisian world.

Spectacles of this kind of religion Heine tells us he witnessed at the Madeleine, Nôtre Dame de Lorette, and Saint Roch, the fashionable churches in those days—'holy *boudoirs*' he calls them—where prevailed the most sweet rococo taste, where there were *bénitiers* which smelt of lavender, with softly cushioned *priedieus*, roseate illuminations; languishing music, flowers everywhere, and dangling angels—a *coquette* adoration which fanned itself with the fans of Boucher and Watteau—a Pompadour Christianity.

In another passage he says of the Legitimists: 'They

have the greatest expectations of a *propaganda* which aspires to restore the authority of the Church by educational establishments and by influencing the country populations. With the faith of the fathers the rights of the fathers shall also be established. Therefore ladies of the noblest birth are to be seen who, like lady patronesses, as it were, of religion, make a spectacle of their devout sentiments in order to win souls for heaven, and through their elegant example entice the whole of high society to the Church. The churches, therefore, were never so full as last Easter. Especially did devotion *en grande toilette* crowd to Saint Roch and Nôtre Dame de Lorette; here shone the most splendid ravishing *toilettes*, here the fine dandy handed the holy wafers to the ladies with spotless kid gloves, here the graces prayed. Will this last long? Will this *religiosity*, if it were the *vogue* of fashion, not also be subjected to the rapid vicissitudes of fashion? Is this bloom a sign of health? "God has a good many visits to-day," I said to a friend last Sunday as I witnessed the crowds pressing into the churches. "Visits P.P.C.," the unbeliever replied.' Yes, Heine was under the delusion that this *renaissance* of Catholicism was a fleeting whim of the time; but he was wrong—it has had immense influence on the destinies of France. In fact, if it be true, that the Empress was in the Imperial Council the most, as is believed, vehement advocate of a war with Prussia on Catholic grounds, and inspired by Catholic advisers, France may ascribe chiefly to this neo-Catholicism all the horrors and losses of the Franco-Prussian war.

Nevertheless, though Heine was mistaken in underrating the importance of the cause which Michelet and Quinet in those days pleaded with a vehemence and eloquence which impassioned the youths of the Sorbonne and filled their lecture-rooms to overflowing, his sympathies were with them, and we find sketches of these two great men in these letters which show that Heine was fully capable of appreciating the

special nature of the genius of these remarkable writers. Neither Michelet nor Quinet, however, have met with the recognition due to such very exceptional qualities as they have given proof of in their writings; and those who think the estimate Heine sets upon Michelet extravagant should read the essay on his 'History of France,' written by John Stuart Mill.

'The clergy,' writes Heine of this battle between the Ultramontanes and the University, 'desires, as it always did desire, to have the rule in France, and we are impartial enough not to ascribe its secret and public strivings to little motives of ambition, but to the most unselfish care for the salvation of the people. The education of youth is a means whereby the holy aim is forwarded the most advantageously, and already in this way has the most incredible progress been made, and the clergy was bound of necessity to fall into collision with the authority of the University. In order to get rid of the supervision of the liberal organised form of instruction established by the State, they sought to enlist in their service the revolutionary antipathies against privileges of every kind; and the men who, if they once obtained power, would not even allow liberty of thought, are most enthusiastic now in inspired phraseology about liberty of teaching, and complain about a spiritual monopoly.'

We shall treat in another chapter of the final evolutions of opinion which proceeded from Heine's sceptical spirit under the influence of contemporary events, and content ourselves here by finally noting how vastly different is their tone from that which animates his political correspondence of 1831–2. All trace of liberal enthusiasm has disappeared, and the poet has taken a large stride towards that sceptical political indifferentism in which he passed the latter part of life; he is so far now from being eager for France to enter upon a war of propaganda in favour of liberal ideas, that he trembles at the thought of peace being broken. He even speaks without smiling of 'Louis Philippe' as the 'Napoleon

of Peace,' and declares that peace is dependent on his preservation. The *bourgeoisie* domination, which he formerly thought more ignoble than that of the mistresses of Louis XIV., he now accepts, if not with satisfaction, at least as something inevitable, and he trusts to that alone to delay the arrival of that communistic rule which is to give the future law to the world. He even beheld with aversion the cabals and combinations of the so-called conservative deputies which have for aim the imposition on the *bourgeoisie* of ministers of their own choice; being, however, quite contradictory to himself in this view, for he regards the stability of the ministry of M. Guizot, which was sustained alone by the corrupt collusion of these conservative deputies, as a present means of salvation for France. Singular, too, is the fashion in which he terminates his last political letter—the relation of the anecdote about Lafayette, and his evident scepticism as to the value to be placed on declarations of the rights of man. Although there is manifest contradiction to be observed in all this political disbelief, in all these gloomy views of the future of humanity on the one side, and in his vague continuing faith in progress and in the 'democratisation of freedom,' when the spirit of liberty shall pass into the masses themselves, into the lowest classes of society, and become people on the other, few politicians, even by profession, can triumph over Heine on account of such contradictions, for indeed contradiction among the articles of faith of the professors of political opinions is rather the rule than the exception, and Heine was strangely right in some of his forecasts, if wrong-headed in others.

CHAPTER XI.

'ATTA TROLL' AND THE TENDENCY POETS.

Out of the poetical inactivity of the last sad years, Heine aroused himself to write the first of the two longest of connected compositions which he ever undertook—the satirical poem 'Atta Troll,' in twenty seven chapters, and filling one hundred and twelve pages of his works.

It would, we fear, be taxing too much the patience of an English reader to explain minutely the political and literary condition of Germany which gave rise to the production of this singular satire, and assuredly it will be necessary even for the Germans themselves of future ages to have as many *scholia* attached to it as there are to the Satires of Juvenal and Perseus to make it wholly intelligible.

Let us first take Heine's own account of the origin of the poem published in 1846, premising that the poem first appeared before the world in fragmentary fashion in the pages of the 'Elegante Welt' in 1842, the journal then conducted by his friend Laube.

'"Atta Troll,"' says Heine, 'was born in the autumn of 1841, at a time when the great *émeute*, which foes of the most different colours had got up against me, had not yet stormed itself out. It was a very great *émeute*, and I never imagined that Germany could produce so many rotten apples as were pitched at my head. Our *Vaterland* is a blessed country; no citrons and no golden oranges grow there, and the laurel itself only thrives painfully in our soil in a creeping way; but rotten apples thrive in the most delightful

abundance, and all our great poets have had a song to sing of them. In this *émeute*, which aimed at depriving me of my crown and my head, I lost neither, and the absurd charges wherewith the mob were excited against me have since that time come to a pitiful end, without any need of my having to refute them. I once undertook my justification, and even the various German governments, whose attentions I must carefully acknowledge, have in this respect deserved my thanks. The warrants of arrest which waited longingly for the return home of the poet at every frontier post, were always carefully renewed every year about the holy season of Christmas, when the cheerful lamps are sparkling on the Christmas trees. On account of such insecurity attending my passage, it has been made very difficult for me to travel into German districts, and on this account I pass my Christmases in a foreign land, and shall probably also finish my days in a foreign land, in exile. The valiant champions for light and truth who accused me of inconstancy and of servility, are meanwhile walking securely about in the *Vaterland*, either as well-stalled state servants, or as office-holders in some corporation or other, or as *habitués* of a club where of an evening they pathetically refresh themselves with the grape-juice of *Vater* Rhine, and with the oysters of Schleswig-Holstein *meerumschlungen*.

'I have stated the period at which "Atta Troll" was composed for special reasons, for at that time the so-styled political poetry was in full bloom. The Opposition, as Ruge says, sold off its leather and took to poetry. The Muses received the strongest warning thenceforward not to conduct themselves with such insolence and with such levity, but to enter into *Vaterland*-ish service—to become something in the way of sutler-wenches to Liberty or washerwomen to Christiano-German nationality. Then arose among the German bards that vague barren pathos, that useless vapour of enthusiasm, which set death at defiance and plunged into

an ocean of common places, and which always put me in mind of the American sailor who was so extravagantly enthusiastic about General Jackson that he at last jumped from the top of a mast into the sea crying out "I die for General Jackson." In truth, although we Germans had no fleet as yet, we had already many sailors who died for General Jackson in verse and in prose. *Talent* was esteemed then a very suspicious endowment, since it brought one into suspicion of being without *character*. Manger-dogged impotence had at last, after a thousand years of cogitation, discovered her great weapon against *genius*; it had discovered the antithesis of talent and character. It was personally flattering for the common crowd to hear it asserted: respectable people are truly generally very bad musicians, but then good musicians are generally anything else but good people, and respectability is the chief thing in the world, and not music. The empty head pointed with emphasis at his full heart, and good intentions were trumps. I remember a writer of that time who claimed it as especially meritorious that he could not write, and for his wooden style he got a silver cup of honour.

'By the eternal gods! there was need then of some defence of the inalienable right of the spirit, and that in poetry. And such a defence has been the great business of my life, therefore especially in the present poem have I had it in view, and the tone of it, as well as the subject matter, was a protest against the *plebiscite* of the tribunes of the day.'

The reader will now understand Heine's position as regards the tendency-poets who had a short-lived popularity in those years—'those artists,' as he described them, 'who took freedom and the work of liberation as the subject of their verse, and were mostly limited fettered spirits, *borné* natures, Philistines, who wore pigtails under the red cap of Liberty;' for, he adds, 'truly great poets have always

comprehended the interests of their time otherwise than in rhymed newspaper articles.'

Of his own 'Atta Troll' he thus writes to Campe: 'It is a politico-romantic poem, and will presumably give the death blow to the prosaic bombastic tendency-poetry. You know I am not in the habit of boasting, but I am this time certain that I have composed a work which will make more *furore* than the most popular *brochure*, and will yet have a permanent value as a work of classic poetry? And in fact the very first fragments which were printed of "Atta Troll" excited the gall of the *character*-heroes, of my Romans, who accused me not only of being a literary but also a social *reactionnaire*, yea, even of insulting the holiest ideas of humanity. As for the æsthetic value of my poem, I never thought of defending it, nor do I now: I wrote it for my own pleasure and delight, in the capricious dreamy fashion of the romantic school in which I passed my most pleasant years, and at last flogged the schoolmaster. In this respect my poem admits of censure. But thou liest, Brutus—thou liest, Cassius—and thou, too, liest, Asinius, when you assert that my mockery touched those ideas which are a costly acquisition of humanity, and for which I myself have struggled and suffered so much. No, even because those ideas continually hover before the mind of the poet in the most sublime clearness and grandeur, so much the more does irresistible laughter seize him when he sees how coarsely and clumsily those ideas can be conceived by the narrow-minded fellows of his age. He aims his jokes then, as it were, at the temporary bears' hides in which such ideas are enveloped. There are mirrors which are polished so badly that Apollo himself would appear therein as a caricature, and excite our laughter. But we laugh then at the distorted image, and not at the god.'

The reader of this passage of Heine's, written in his inimitably caustic and witty style, will find in it sufficient

explanation of the genesis of 'Atta Troll,' and the ground idea of this capricious production. Some few considerations may be added, however, to make these more intelligible to an English reader.

We have seen how an indiscriminating portion of the German public would insist on placing Heine and Börne in the same category of revolutionary spirits. We have seen how there existed, in fact, an irreconcilable divergence of views between Heine and Börne which ended in aversion and hostility. The æsthetic and intellectual freedom to which Heine limited his revolutionary tendencies was utterly unintelligible to the revolutionary Puritans, and since Heine chose to maintain his independence and to refuse to identify himself with their narrow-minded *propaganda*, they made show of considering him as a renegade and a traitor to the righteous cause from corrupt motives. His talent could not be denied, therefore they invented the distinction of 'talent' and 'character' and 'good intentions' (*Gesinnung*), appraising the latter qualities at the expense of the former, and of course claiming it exclusively for themselves and their friends. We have seen, too, how Heine, in his book on Börne, retorted on the revolutionary Pharisees by inventing the distinction of 'Hellenism' and 'Hebraism,' which really does give a just idea of the wide gulf which separated the two parties. Börne died, we have seen, in 1837, and the publication of Heine's book upon him was by no means calculated to appease the rancour of the bigots of revolution, and they continued the war. One of the most prominent of the refugee writers in Paris in those days was a dull prosaic voluminous writer named Jacob Venedey, a native of Cologne and an old friend of Börne's. Venedey had taken part in the ridiculous demonstration of the Hambach festival in Bavarian Pfalz, over which Heine made merry in his Börne book, and was in consequence incarcerated in a German prison, from which he escaped to Paris, and there published

a journal called 'The Proscribed,' respecting which representations were made to the French Government by the Prussian ambassador, and Venedey was banished to Hâvre de Grace. Heine at this time interested himself as far as he could for his brother exile, lent him money, and endeavoured through M. Thiers to get the decree of banishment recalled by the French Government. Venedey was enabled to return to Paris in 1840. But it was not possible but that two natures so dissimilar should come into collision. Venedey prided himself upon being *kern-deutsch*—German to the core—which we know with Heine might mean bear to the core—and the clumsy prosy revolutionist ended by doing his best to prove that Heine's interpretation of his *kern-deutschthum* was not so very far misplaced. If the personal intercourse between the two was small, yet, as Venedey stood at his desk day by day throwing off newspaper correspondence and volumes of political lucubrations, Venedey, who had without name been personally made fun of in Heine's jests on the Hambach Festival, could not fail to deplore Heine's lack of *Gesinnung* and 'character.' Perhaps he would have liked nothing better than that Heine should attack him by name in print; but while Heine carefully and wisely abstained from making his assailant a reputation in this way, some of the caustic sallies with which he avenged himself in private could not fail to be carried to Venedey's ears. Venedey had, at the time when Lola Montez began to make scandal at Munich, written a queer pamphlet called 'The Spanish Dancer and German Freedom.' Heine, on being asked if he had read it, said, 'No, I never read any but the great works of our friend. I like best his three, four, or five volume books. Water on a large scale—a lake, a sea, an ocean—is a fine thing; but I can't endure water in a spoon.' Poor Venedey, too, was supposed not to be very brave, and was for creating a German revolution by entirely pacific means. Heine declared that his chief title to the leadership

of the liberal army which he claimed was that his father had once danced round a tree of liberty at Cologne, and on this supposition he kept up a running fire of jokes. It may be imagined how even so heavy a dullard would wince under such provocation, and how he would work to the death the *Gesinnung* and the 'character' theory, and how Heine at length would be incited to make of him, under the name of 'Atta Troll,' the bear-bravo of a humorous epic, and cover his shaggy hide all over with a network of squibs and *banderillos* which set the old bruin wild with frenzy. Heine, however, still carefully avoided mentioning by name the subject of his sarcasm and his humour. And even later on, in a humorous poem called 'Kobes I.,' unmistakably aimed at Venedey, he carefully abstained from mentioning his patronymic even then. This poem was written after 1848, when Venedey had returned home and was chosen deputy for Hesse Homburg, and contained advice addressed to the Frankfort parliament in case they wished to elect a German Emperor, of which he did not see the necessity, to elect 'stupid Kobes of Cologne,' for a log for a king was always better than a stick. Poor 'Atta Troll' could endure this no longer, and the *kern-deutsch* bruin danced in his fury just as Heine would have desired him to dance. He wrote some clumsy verses in the 'Kölnische Zeitung' which told everybody plainly, 'He means me. I'm the stupid Kobes of Cologne;' and knowing that Heine was then bedridden with disease, cried out:—

> Wert thou but a man and wert thou not sick,
> I'd leave a plain mark on your back.

Poor Venedey, not content with this exhibition, committed a still more clumsy mistake: he sent back, with a letter which he made public, fifty francs, which Heine had lent him twenty years before. The only revenge which Heine

took for this was to send the fifty-franc note to Alexandre Dumas for a charitable subscription which Dumas was getting up, saying that he could take no credit to himself for the gift because the note had a smell of donkey about it, and this of all smells had been the most intolerable to him from childhood. Poor Venedey! he will now *in secula seculorum* stand before posterity as the man who cried out 'I'm Heine's donkey! he means me.'

But in 'Atta Troll' Heine, with a roguish malice hit upon the device of putting two bears into the same skin and so torturing both at the same time. 'Atta Troll' represents not only the revolutionary bear but the German Tory bear also. He has with consummate art made a hybrid bear out of the *kern-deutsch* revolutionist, and the *kern-deutsch* Reactionist as represented by Massmann the 'gymnast-master,' the follower of Jahn, the great professor of the gymnastic and other virtues of *Urdeutschthum*; and in this collocation he has nature as well as humour on his side, for the Tory bear and the Radical bear are indeed one and the same creature, the nature of the beast is the same, they are both equally arrogant and clumsy and overbearing: the only difference between them has been produced by the different sizes and qualities of the messes of bears' meat on which they have been raised.

But Heine contrived to squeeze yet another bear under the hide of 'Atta Troll,' and this was a very large one, for it was no less an one than the whole school of the tendency-poets—a new school of poetry which arose in Germany subsequent to the accession of Frederick William IV.

The liberal strivings of Börne and his colleagues seemed to have failed utterly when the reign of Frederick William III. came to an end. The cultivated tastes and social amiability of his successor, however, excited new hopes, and some enthusiasts promised themselves a new era; the new king was declared to be Romanticism on the throne, and new

visions of liberty filled the minds of ardent young men; they promised themselves that the long-cherished dreams of German liberals should be realised, and the promises held out by the German monarchs in their hour of need to the German people should be fulfilled, and a constitutional government appointed. The new king, however, with all his unquestionable talents, with all his enthusiasm for art and science, was of too undecided a character to liberate himself from the bureaucratic traditions with which the monarchy was entangled; he had, moreover, that ineradicable belief in the divine right of kings which has marked all the Hohenzollerns; 'never,' he said on one occasion, 'shall a written bit of paper stand between me and my people.' Nevertheless, visions came across him from time to time that divine right might be reconciled with the concession of some degree of liberty to his subjects, although he could never get himself to grant the thing a fair trial. His whole life long he was wavering—now taking a step forward, then a larger step backward, and then a short step forward again. There was only one thing in which he seemed to believe, and that was in the strong will of Nicholas the Emperor of Russia, and the Czar kept him in leading strings during the whole of his life; indeed Nicholas was the virtual monarch of Germany as long as he lived; the imperious Czar had no patience with Frederick William's coquettings with liberalism at all; he viewed, of course with greater dislike, his toying with the prospect of a German imperial crown, and always spoke of all signs of such policy in the Prussian King with contempt, and named Frederick William his cousin the Phantast, considering the idea of German unity to be all moonshine, and doing his best to prevent it from becoming a reality.

Frederick William's essays at giving liberal encouragement to German art and literature was of as fantastic, ill-conceived, fitful, and fruitless a character as his politics. He began cathedrals and never finished them; he was going

to found a great musical *conservatoire* in Berlin, and invited Mendelssohn to Berlin to place him at the head of it, and went no further; arts and literature he was resolved should flourish under his reign, so he invited old Tieck and the gentle Rückert, and the dethroned philosopher Schelling, and Cornelius, to Berlin, allowed Humboldt to read his 'Cosmos' to him—and this exhausted his sympathy with the literature of the day. He had a Greek play, the 'Antigone,' performed at the Royal Theatre at a great outlay of decoration and music, while the poorest playwright occupied the stage night after night with their pieces. In fact, the king was quite willing to give his subjects a new *era* if they would accept his inchoate designs and the mediocre writers and artists whom he chose to patronise as forming such, and if every-body would measure his thoughts so as neither to offend royal indolence or exceed his taste for expense.

Hence the writers of Germany soon found that the censorship under Frederick William IV. was as severe as under his predecessor in spite of all the affected tolerance of the new king, whose changes of policy in this respect were often so sudden as to be quite comic; witness his conduct towards Herwegh, the liberal poet, to whom he granted an interview one day at which he declared they would be honourable foes, and the next day sent him across the frontier under the conduct of *gendarmes*; indeed, there was hardly a single liberal writer in prose or poetry of the new school who had not to undergo prosecution, exile, and imprisonment. However, a new crop of poets arose at this time, of liberal tendencies, who betook themselves to the writing of political poetry, and declared that poetry ought to have a *purpose*—ought to be *Tendenz-poesie* ('purpose-poetry'). Of this class were Herwegh, Hofmann von Fallersleben, Dingelstedt, Freiligrath, Moritz Hartmann, Alfred Meissner, Karl Becker, which last not only wrote the song of '*Schleswig Holstein Meerumschlungen*,' but also the song about the Rhine which excited

Alfred de Musset to write the reply, '*Nous avons eu votre Rhin allemand.*'

The question of criticism which this school of the *Tendenz-poesie* raises forms one of the most vexed topics of debate in æsthetics, Should art or poetry have a purpose, moral or political? The most obvious reply to which question would seem to be that all art which is worth anything has a latent moral purpose, inasmuch as it refines the feelings, elevates the mind, and educates the sense of the beautiful; and the artist who does ascend to the heights of the beautiful has necessarily and unconsciously a moral purpose; all that art demands is that the didactic aim should not be apparent, and that a poem should not be a rhymed sermon or a political pamphlet. However, Heine's enemies took to praising the new school in order to depreciate him, and pointed triumphantly not only to the absence of *Gesinnung* and 'character' in the poet, but also to that of 'tendency.' It may be conceived how uncongenial such talk would be to the poet of the 'Book of Songs,' the best of which grew as naturally as violets; hence he makes his 'Atta Troll' not only a bear with *Gesinnung* and 'character,' but also a '*Tendenz-bar*,' a bear with a purpose.

With some of the poets, however, classed under the school of the *Tendenz-poesie*, such as Graf Auersperg, the genial Viennese poet who wrote under the name of 'Anastasius Grün,' Dingelstedt, and especially Meissner, Heine entertained friendly relations. Graf Auersperg, as we have seen, visited him several times in Paris. Dingelstedt, too, he saw in Paris in 1841. 'Herr Dingelstedt,' he wrote to Campe, 'is here, but I have not yet seen much of him; an extremely amiable man; a beautiful talent, with much future, but in prose.' Herwegh he saw too there, after his expulsion from Paris, but their intercourse does not seem to have been of the most genial kind. Herwegh, the author of a single volume, 'Die Gedichte einer Lebendigen,' on his moral

and political stilts looked down on the poet of nature with condescension, and Heine gave an account of him in 1847 to Kertbeny, of which time has justified the severity of the appreciation. 'He also, this Herwegh,' he said, 'visited me, and conducted himself as a great poet who honours a colleague of second rank with a few words. I let him, however, have his way, as I do all these great men who come to me, since I remain always a god compared with such men. I am still *the* Heine who is translated into Japanese and Malay. Herwegh, however, had only a certain little talent of his own, which has given out very pretty things of merit, but now is he empty and poor, like a ruined spendthrift. You will see now that he will ever remain dumb in future and live only on his fame, for Herwegh never laughs, and a poet of so bitter a visage has not much breadth of understanding; this testifies to a narrow-minded view of life.' Heine wrote three poems on Herwegh. The most complimentary is that in which he addresses him as *Herwegh, du eiserne Lerche* (Herwegh, thou iron Lark), and tells him that the spring of freedom which he has been singing exists only in his song. Another poem, entitled *Simplicissimus*, was only published in the 'Letzte Gedanken und Gedichten,' and made sport over the ridiculous part played by Herwegh at Baden in the revolutionary times of 1848. One poem, however, called 'The Audience,' was published in the 'Miscellaneous Writings of Heine,' in 1854, and gave a humorous account of the interview above mentioned of Herwegh with the King of Prussia, which ended in his being conducted to the frontier under the surveillance of *gensdarmes*.

The opening scene of the poem 'Atta Troll' is laid in the baths of Cauterets, which Heine had visited in 1851. The allusion to the Freiligrathian Moorish chieftain refers to Freiligrath's poem, 'The Moorish King' (*Der Mohren-Konig*), at whom humorous quips are levelled and crop up continually throughout the poem. In his preface, however,

Heine defends himself from any intention or wish to depreciate the talent of Freiligrath, whom he counts 'among the most remarkable poets who have arisen in Germany since the Revolution.' However, Freiligrath's reputation, in spite of some unmistakable poetic merits, has undoubtedly paled of late years; like his own 'Löwenritt,' he went off at first with a great dash, owing in a great measure to his strange choice of subjects and his out-of-the-way rhymes, but, like his 'Löwenritt,' too, he has failed to sustain his opening promise.

CAPUT I.

Girdled round by mountain summits,
Peak o'er peak defiant rising,
Sooth'd with lullaby of waters
Falling like as in dream-pictures,

In its valley lies the charming
Cauterets. The snow-white houses
Deck'd with balconies: fair ladies
Stand thereon all smiling gaily.

Smiling gaily, with looks bended
On the market-place thick crowded
Where old Bruin and his lady
Dance unto the bagpipes skirling.

Atta Troll and his fair lady,
Who was called by name Black Mumma,
Were the dancers, and admiring
Laugh'd and cheered the Basque spectators.

Stately serious with *Grandezza*
Danced the noble Atta Troll,
But his shaggy wedded partner
Lacked all dignity and bearing.

Yea! I had well-nigh suspicion
That the wretch was *cancan*-ising,
And her heartless bold leg-throwings
Brought the *Grande Chaumière* before me.

Also he, this stout bear-leader,
By the chain who held the lady,
Seemed of the immorality
Of the dancing to take notice.

For sometimes he lays upon her
Sundry lashes with his whip-thong;
Then Black Mumma howls out wildly
And wakes echoes thro' the mountains.

The bear-leader had a steeple-
Hat, and six Madonnas
Stitched therein, to keep his head safe
From foes, foreign or domestic.

He had too thrown o'er his shoulders
A gay altar-cloth of patchwork,
And this served him for a mantle
'Neath which lurked the knife and pistol.

In his youth he'd been a friar,
Later too a robber-chieftain;
To unite the two professions,
He enlisted for Don Carlos.

When Don Carlos took to flying,
With his whole Round Knightly Table,
And these Paladins all mostly
Tried to find some honest business,

(Herr Foodpadski turned an author)
Then became our champion truly.
A bear-leader, and went tramping,
Leading Atta Troll and Mumma.

And he sets the couple dancing
'Mid the people in the market
Of Cauterets—there in the market
Dances Atta Troll in fetters.

Atta Troll, who once lived freely
As a proud prince of the forest,
On the free tops of the mountains,
Dances now for human rabb'e.

And, to boot, for dirty money
Must he now dance he who whilom
In his majesty of terror
Stalked in pride of world-sublimeness.

Of his youthful days he thinketh,
Of his banished forest-kingdom,
And dim sounds come growling deeply
From the soul of Atta Troll.

Darkly looks he, like a darkling
Freiligrathian Moorish chieftain,
And as this one drummed so fiercely,
So fierce danced he in his anger.

Yet instead of soft compassion
Roused he laughter: e'en Juliette
From her balcony kept laughing
At his leaps of desperation.

Juliette in her bosom
Has no heart: a French girl is she,
Superficial is she, yet her
Superficies is charming.

And her glances are the sweetest
Web of sunbeams, in whose meshes
Our heart like a little fish lies,
Captured quite and feebly wriggling.

In Freiligrath's poem above mentioned the Moorish negro king is taken prisoner and brought to Europe, where he gets his living by beating a drum before a show-booth. Visions of his country came before him, and he beat the drum with such fury that he broke it to pieces. Hence the allusion in the first verse of:—

CAPUT II.

That a swarthy Freiligrathian
Moorish chief, in his mad yearning,
On the drum should beat with passion
Till the skin bursts with a clatter,

That is truly drum-affecting
And the ear-drum also shattering,
But just think you saw old Bruin
Break his chain and running loosely.

All the music, all the laughter
Stood quite still, with cry of terror
Rush the people from the market
And the ladies all turn pallid.

Yes, old Atta Troll has broken
Loose and left his servile fetters,
And with furious leaps he boundeth
Thro' the streets of Canterets.

Not a man but makes politely
Way for him and lets him clamber
To the rocks, wherefrom all scornful
Down he looks and seeks the mountains.

In the market-place, now empty,
Stays alone with swarthy Mumma
The bear-leader, and in fury
Down to earth his hat he dashes.

And he tramples it, he stamps on
The Madonnas, and his mantle
Tears he from half-naked body,
Curses at ungrateful natures.

At ungrateful black bear-natures,
For he swore that Atta Troll
Ever as a friend he'd treated,
And instructed him in dancing.

For all things the bear must thank him,
E'en for life! for he'd been offered,
Vainly offered, francs three hundred
For the skin of Atta Troll.

On the wretched swarthy Mumma,
Who, a picture of dumb sorrow,
Begging on her hinder quarters,
Stood before her raging master,

Falls the raging master's anger;
Down at length he beats her fiercely,
Calls her, calls her Queen Christina,
Madame Muñoz and *Putana*.

All this happened on a charming
Sunny afternoon in summer,
And the night which followed after
That bright day was fair and splendid.

On the balcony till the morning
Drew quite near, I spent the night hours;
By my side too Juliette
Watched the stars with me together.

Yet she speaks, and sighs 'The stars, ah!
Surely are in Paris fairest,
When on winter nights they sparkle
Mirrored on the muddy asphalt.'

CAPUT III.

Dreams of summer nights fantastic!
Aimless is my song, yes aimless
As is loving, as is living,
The Creator and creation.

To his own sweet will obeying,
Either galloping or flying,
Scurries on through realms of fable
My beloved Pegasus.

He's no useful heavy steady
Carthorse tamed for cockney uses,
Nor a battle-steed of party,
Stamping, neighing in brute passion.

Golden shoes bedeck the fair hoofs
Of my milk-white winged courser,
And his reins are pearl-bestudded,
And I leave them floating free.

Bear me on where'er thou willest
O'er the dreary mountain-passes,
Where cascades with fearful screaming
Warn us from the abyss of madness.

Bear me on thro' quiet valleys
Where the oaks are towering gravely,
Where among their knots contorted
Bubble world-old fairy springs.

Let me drink at these, and lave there
My faint eye-balls—ah! I yearn for,
Yearn for the light magic waters
Which can give me sight and wonder.

All my blindness goes. My vision
Pierces deepest rock recesses
To the cave of Atta Troll,
And his speech I can interpret.

Wondrous strange! how quite familiar
This bear-language seems to me now;
Have I not in my dear country
Heard the very self-same accents?

CAPUT IV.

Ronceval, thou noble valley,
When I hear thy name repeated,
In my heart the lost 'blue floweret'
Wakes and showers a fresh fragrance.

And the dream-world lives again which
A thousand years had buried,
And the mighty phantom faces
Glare upon me and I tremble.

Clash of swords and rage, a fight of
Saracenic, Frankish warriors—
Desperate and faint with bleeding
Sounds the horn which Roland's winding.

There in Ronceval's deep gorges,
Not far from the *Crèche de Roland*,
So called since the Frankish hero
Way to cleave amid the mountains,

With his goodly sword Durandal
In his deathly rage clove madly
Thro' the rock-wall, and the traces
To this day one may discover,

There within a darksome rock cleft,
All o'ergrown with woven branches
Of wild pine-trees, deep concealèd
Lies the cave of Atta Troll.

There, with household brood around him,
Rests he from the toils and dangers
Of his flight, and from the hardships
Of his human wrongs and travel.

Sweet return to home! his youngsters
Found he in his cave beloved
Where he reared them with his Mumma,
Four dear sons and two dear daughters.

Well-licked comely young bear-maidens
With blonde hair like parsons' daughters,
Brown the boy-cubs save the youngest,
Who'd but one ear and was black.

And the youngest was the favourite
Of his mother, who in playing
With him once had bit an ear off
And in very love had chewed it.

'Twas a youth of soul and spirit
In gymnastics much accomplished,
Prone his somersaults to cutting,
Like the master-gymnast Massmann.

Bloom of autochthonic culture
Only loved his native culture;
Never could he learn the jargon
Of the Grecians and the Romans.

Fresh and free, and fair and joyous,
Use of soap to him was hateful,
All luxurious modern washing
As unto the gymnast Massmann.

Poor Massmann, whom Heine chose as the life-long butt of his satire, chiefly from his being one of the chiefs of the *Franzosenfresser* party, was professor of Latin, as well as of the famous *Turnkunst* or gynmastics, being in this a follower of Jahn, to whom also, as a *Franzosenfresser*, Heine bore no great love. We do not know with what justice Heine was continually twitting Massmann with his pride and his ignorance of that Latin language, which he spent his life in teaching; subsequently, with much solemnity, he retracted all his numerous points at the '*magna ignorantia linguæ Latinæ*' of the professor.

We omit the humorous scene of 'Atta Troll,' that is, Massmann dancing in the moonlight before the children and discoursing on his own excellence in the art, and go on to another extract from his exhortations to his little bear-brood, where Atta Troll, as bear, declaims against the arrogance of the human species, the born foes of beardom and all the animal creation.

CAPUT V.

* * * * * *

Death and hell! these human creatures,
These proud arch-aristocrats,
Regard all things zoological
In disdain and pride of birth:

From us steal they wives and children,
And they chain us and maltreat us,
And they kill us too and chaffer
O'er our hides and murdered flesh.

And as men they think they've right too
Such vile crimes to perpetrate,
And this chiefly 'gainst the bear-race;
And they call these human rights.

Human rights! oh, human rights! oh!
Who has gifted you with these?
Never of a truth did Nature—
Nature's not unnatural.

Human rights! who gave to you men
Such exclusive privilege?
Never, never, sure, did reason;
Reason's not so void of reason.

Men, do *you* claim to be better
Than we others, just because you
Eat your meats all boiled and roasted,
While we swallow ours down raw?

In the end what difference is there?
'Tis the same thing: not ennobling
Is the form of eating: noble
Is who nobly thinks and acts.

Men, do *you* claim to be better
Since you art and knowledge use
To your profit, while we others
Had not such an easy task?

Yet are dogs not sometimes learned?
Do not asses write reviews?
Do not apes perform in comedies,
Beavers too in hydrostatics?

I myself in art of dancing
Have too got as far as Raumer
In his writing—writes he better
Than I dance a simple bear?

Leaving out a good deal more of bear-talk, we come in the next chapter to a project of an animal-trades-union which has not yet lost its applicability. Heine, speaking in his own person, goes on in

CAPUT VI.

Yet it may perhaps bring profit
Unto men, as chiefest creatures,
To know what the kind of logic
Current is in under-circles.

Yea! below there, in the gloomy
Social spheres of want and sorrow,
In the lower bestial strata
Misery broods with pride and anger.

There the natural historic,
All the rights of use and wont,
Which have stood good for millenniums,
Are denied with snout defiant.

By the old ones to the young ones
Are the vicious doctrines growled out,
Which on earth are full of sorrow
For humanity and culture.

'Children,' growls out Atta Troll,
To and fro as he is rolling
On his counterpaneless pallet,
'Children, ours is all the future.

'If each bear thought, if each member
Of the beast-world thought as I do,
With united forces would we
Soon subdue our tyrant masters.

'If the wild boar joined in union
With the horse, and elephants too
Made a league of tusk and trunk with
The strong horns of the stout oxen:

'If the bear and wolf together,
Goat and ape, and even hares,
Would but work awhile in common,
Victory would never fail us.

'Union! Union is the first word
Of the time. As *individuals*
Were we made *slaves, but united*
We can *circumvent the despots.*

'Union! Union! and we *conquer*,
And we break the base dominion
Of monopoly and injustice,
A beast-kingdom can be founded.

'Of all creatures shall equality
Be fundamental law;
All beliefs shall be held equal,
And all kinds of skins and scents.

'Strict equality! Each donkey
Shall have high official place,
And the lion shall henceforward
Drag the sacks unto the mill.

'As for dogs, the dog is truly
But a servile scamp at best,
Since as dog he has been treated
Now by man these thousand years.

'Unto him again yet will we
Grant anew in our free state
His inalienable rights; soon
Will the dog grow re-ennobled.

'Yea! the very Jews shall fully
Have their share in our State rights,
And before the laws be equal
With all other mammal beasts.

'Only dancing be forbidden
To all Jews in public places:
This amendment I insist on
In the interest of my art.

'For a proper sense of style and
Of a plastic genuine motion
To that race was ever wanting;
They would spoil the public taste.'

The bitterness of the irony here, in the bear's proposing still with some restriction to enfranchise the Jews, as the last of the animal race, is not easily to be matched in literature. In the next chapter Atta Troll continues his disquisition:—

CAPUT VII.

Darksome in his darksome cavern,
In his own familiar circle,
Atta Troll, man's foeman, cowers,
And he growls with wild teeth gnashing:

'O men! O ye pert *canaille!*
Laugh your worst, for from your laughter,
As, at length from your yoke, duly
Will the day of judgment free us.

'Me did ever anger mostly
That sour-sweet unseemly twitching
Of your proud lips—unendurable
Aye to me was human laughter!

'More impertinent by far
Than by language, the presumption
Of the human soul in laughter
Manifests itself towards us.'

* * * * *

CAPUT VIII.

Many a citizen moral-minded
Has a bad scent upon earth, while
Slaves of princes go perfumèd,
Steeped in lavender and musk.

Virgin-souls there are full many
Who but smell of casual soap.
All the while that some are using
Every day attar of roses.

Therefore turn not up your noses,
Dearest readers, if the cave of
Atta Troll does not remind you
Of Arabia's spicy gales.

Bear with me this atmospheric
Trial, howe'er malodorous,
Hear the hero to his pet son
Speaking like a god cloud-hidden:

'Child, my child, thou youngest offshoot
Of my loins, lay thou thy one ear
To the nozzle of thy father
And drink in my earnest speech.

'Keep from human ways of thinking,
That deprave both soul and body,
For among all creatures human
Will you find no creature human.

'E'en the Germans, even the best men
Of the race of Tuiskion,
Cousins dear of ours who once were,
These too have degenerated.

'Faithless are they now and godless,
Preaching flat black atheism.
Child, my child, be warned and read not,
Read not Feuerbach or Bauer.

'Ne'er become an atheist,
Ne'er a bear without due reverence
For our Maker—for a Maker
Has made all the universe.

'Up above both sun and moon,
All the stars too—those with tails on
Equally with those with tails off—
Shine thro' His omnipotence.

'Down below both land and ocean
Are the echoes of His glory,
And each creature of each species
Sings the glory of his glories.

'E'en the tiniest infant creeper
Which the pilgrim's beard was born in,
In life's pilgrimage partaking,
Sings the Eternal's song of praise.

'Up there in the stars' pavilion,
On the gold chair of dominion,
World-directing and majestic,
Sits a polar bear colossal.

'Spotless he, and snow-white gleaming
Is his skin: his head's adorned
With a dazzling crown of diamonds
Which fills all the heavens with light.

'In his face is harmony,
And the silent deeds of thinking;
Only with his sceptre waves he,
And the spheres they ring and sing.

'At his feet sit still and pious
All the bear-saints who on earth here
Had their trials, with paws holding
Each his palm of martyrdom.

'Oftentimes one sudden rises,
Then another is awakened
By the spirit, and behold! then
There they dance their holy dance.

'Shall I ever, Troll unworthy,
Be partaker of such glory—
From this life of earthly sorrow
Ever rise to realms of bliss?'

The reader will by this time have read sufficient to give him an idea of the nature of the bear-epic—the 'last free forest-song of Romanticism,' as Heine styled it.

The latter part of the poem, which extends to twenty-seven cantos, lacks the spirit and interest of the portions which we have analysed and translated: it is occupied with the story of the slaughter of Atta Troll, who was, poor bear, treacherously decoyed into an ambuscade by his heartless Mumma, when he was shot by his old bear-leader, who sold his skin, and this skin finally became a *descente de lit* for the superficial Juliette at Paris whose super-

ficies was so charming. As for the faithless Mumma, she receives a provision for life in the Jardin des Plantes at Paris, living on tender terms with a frightful monster of a bear from Siberia, oblivious of Atta Troll altogether, and waited on by the Freiligrathian Moorish chief, who had returned from Germany and become appointed one of the keepers of the collection of animals on the banks of the Seine.

This was the epitaph inscribed over the grave of Atta Troll:—

Atta Troll, a bear of purpose,
Pious, moral, and uxorious,
By the age seduced he grew a
Forest-born wild *sansculotte*.

He danced badly, yet intentions
Good he bore in shaggy breast;
Talents none, but noble character,
Tho' he smelt not always nice.

The poem of 'Atta Troll' was dedicated to Heine's oldest and perhaps his best friend in life, Varnhagen von Ense. In the letter of recommendation which Heine gave Ferdinand de Lassalle for Varnhagen, in 1846, he had written:—

'The thousand-year-old kingdom of Romanticism is at an end, and I myself was its last dethroned king. Had I not taken the crown from my head, and put on the smock frock, I should have been duly beheaded four years ago, before I became a renegade to myself. I had still a yearning to ramble about in the moonlight with the old companions of my dreams, and I wrote "Atta Troll," the swan song of the expiring epoch, and I dedicated it to you. That was your due, for you have been my most near and dear brother-in-arms, in jest and in earnest. You have, like me, helped to bury the old time, and acted the part of midwife to the new age; yea, we have brought it forth to the day and have been

terrified; it is with us as it is with the poor hen which has been set to hatch ducks' eggs, and with horror sees how the young brood rush into the water and swim so pleasantly.'

There is a tragic truth about this letter—tragic and prophetic too: his contact with Ferdinand Lassalle, the vehement restless positive child of the new time, had taught him that a new epoch was beginning in which he would have no share of activity, and this feeling was heightened by the foretaste and shadow of death with which he was already penetrated and environed, and which he was to feel slowly growing stronger upon him for ten weary years to come. The death-stricken man, with a life of disillusion and oppression behind him, could rise to no new hope, could be warmed with no new enthusiasm, and he settled down into a state of mind purely sceptical and critical towards all things social and political, sinking at times to the darkest depths of cynicism. A crowd of small poems which he wrote at this period were every one of them a scornful burst of mocking laughter against all existing things and persons. The whole world seemed to him to be a mad world, out of which all grace and nobility were being driven. In the horrible isolation of his independence, hoping for nothing and hardly wishing for anything, he made scorn of the popular movements of the time, and laughed in the faces of its kings. It is impossible in all modern literature perhaps to find more daringly satirical poems than 'The Song of Praise of King Ludwig,' the 'Emperor of China,' and the 'New Alexander,' aimed at Frederick William IV. and Louis of Bavaria. The hopeless irony which now consumed him is perhaps as apparent in the '*Verkehrte Welt*' (the world turned upside down) as in any other poem of his written at this time, in which, after making most of some of the chief perverse signs of the times, Catholic owls defending the rights of liberty in education, puss in boots bringing Sophocles on the stage, an ape building a Pantheon for German heroes, even Mass-

mann taking to combing his hair (according to the German papers), German bears taking to Atheism, and French parrots to Christianity, he ends with :—

> But let us not swim against the stream—
> That, brothers, will small help bring.
> Let us clamber up the Templower Berg
> And cry out, 'Long live the King!'

The year in which Heine entered on this last desolate stage of existence may be put down distinctly as 1845, the year in which his rich uncle Solomon died, and in which he had the first paralytic stroke.

CHAPTER XII.

THE FAMILY QUARREL.

BEFORE, however, the malady the germs of which were already ripening in his system had left upon him the marks of its first deadly spring, quenched the light of his eyes, and destroyed the elasticity of his nerves, Heine made two journeys to 'Verdammtes Hamburg,' in the years 1843 and 1844. He was led to undertake them chiefly by reason of the yearning which he felt to see his mother, who was now seventy-two years of age and whom he had not seen for twelve years. On the occasion of the first journey he quitted Paris towards the end of October and travelled by Aix-la-Chapelle, Cologne, Münster, Osnabrück, Hanover, and Bremen, and arrived at Hamburg on the 1st of November, remaining there until the middle of December. In the year following he repeated his visit in the month of July, going by way of Havre; and on this occasion he took his wife with him. Mathilde, however, received tidings shortly after their arrival at Hamburg, of the illness of her mother, and returned, after a few days' residence, back to Paris. These two journeys had this advantage for us, that they were the occasions of Heine's writing a series of letters to his wife, which enable us to obtain a near view of the tenderness and playfulness of his affection for her. We give but one of them here, containing some account of his first journey to Hamburg in 1843, reserving for later use some others of the series. It was written from Bremen, the city of the 'Twelve Apostles,' on the 28th of October, and will enable the reader to commiserate

the traveller in those days of the *Eilwagen*, and especially as in this instance the traveller seems to have been sadly deficient in wraps and travelling gear.

'Dear Treasure,—I am just arrived here, after travelling two days and nights: it is eight o'clock in the morning, and I start from here this evening, in order to reach Hamburg to-morrow. Yes, to-morrow I shall be at the end of my pilgrimage, which was very tedious and fatiguing. I am quite exhausted. I had much discomfort and bad weather. Everybody travels here in a cloak, I in a wretched paletot which only comes down to my knees, which are stiff with cold. Besides, my heart is full of care: I have left my poor lamb in Paris, where there are so many wolves. I have spent already more than a hundred thalers. Adieu! I embrace you. I write in a room which is full of people: the noise gives me the most frightful headache. A thousand greetings from me to Madame Darte, and to the charming capricious Ariccia (the ladies, mother and daughter, who kept the *pension* where Mathilde was lodging).—Heartily your poor husband, HENRI HEINE.'

Amusing details of Heine's first journey are to be found in his poem 'Deutschland, ein Wintermährchen,' written on his return to Paris in 1844,—details embellished and intermixed with the liveliest sallies and features of fancy and humour, according to which he 'interviews' Father Rhine, the Three Kings of Cologne, the Emperor Barbarossa, in the Kyffhäuser, and finally the goddess Hammonia herself, with all of whom he held conversations and delivered his opinions on the men and events of the day. Some of the touches of humour in this poem are inexpressibly quaint: the very German post-horses, he says, waggled their tails at him and greeted him as an old acquaintance, and his renewal of acquaintance with his country's cookery is very drolly set forth.

'I left Cologne,' he writes in one chapter, 'at a quarter to nine in the morning: we came to Hagen about three, and there dined. The table was already spread. Here I found

complete the old German *cuisine.* Be thou greeted, O sauerkraut! blessed is thy odour! chestnuts and green cabbage—so I ate them once at home. You homely salt fish, be you greeted! you swim so knowingly in your butter sauce. To every feeling heart is one's country dear. And I am very fond of a brown stew of red herrings and eggs. How the sausages exult in their hissing fat! The fieldfares, too, like pious roasted little angels, swaddled in apple-sauce, cried welcome to me. "Welcome, welcome," they twittered, "how long you have been away and been flirting with foreign birds in a strange land!" There was a goose upon the table, a quiet genial sort of body—perhaps she had been in love with me once when we were both young. She gave me a look so full of meaning, so deep, so true, so sorrowful; she no doubt had a beautiful soul, but her flesh was very tough. A pig's head, too, was brought in on a tin plate, and in a pig's snout in our country they always stick laurel-leaves.'

Another, too, of the drollest and most Heinesque passages of this book is Heine's discourse to the wolves in the 'Teutoburger Wald,' in which he addresses them as 'fellow-citizens,' and in which he makes some caustic remarks on the statue of Arminius then in process of being subscribed for.

Heine found Hamburg recovered from the great fire of 1842, which had laid three parts of the town in ashes. The city, he says, looked like a half-shorn poodle, and he found it of course much changed; he missed many of the old familiar streets, the house in which he felt the first kiss of love, the printing-house where the 'Reisebilder' were published, the oyster-cellar where he ate his first oysters, &c.; but many of the people he met seemed more changed than the town, and looked so melancholy and broken-down that they were mere walking ruins. The lean man had become leaner, the fat fatter; the children had become old men, and the old men children. Many an one whom he took leave of as a calf was now an ox, and many a young goose was now a big goose with magnificent plumage.

His mother Heine found in a condition which it made the poet's heart heavy to contemplate: in his letters to his wife he tells her that he found his mother very much changed—she was very weak and enfeebled. She was doubled up with sorrow and care. In her anxious state of mind the smallest thing excited her painfully. Her greatest misfortune was her pride, and she would never accept invitations anywhere since she had not the wherewithal to receive company. Since the great fire she lived in two small rooms. It was pitiful. She lost a good deal by the fire, since she was insured in an office which could not pay owing to the immense losses it had sustained by the burning of the city.

He was contented with his reception by his relatives, and his uncle, the Hamburg Crœsus, when he found he had not come to ask for money, was especially amiable. On the occasion of his visit in the following year, however, he found the old man much worse and not likely to live over the year.

Heine had also another object in view in visiting Hamburg, which was to make an arrangement with Campe, his publisher; and this he accomplished by ceding to Campe the copyright of his works on the consideration of Campe securing to himself and wife, and the survivor, a yearly income of 1,200 marks banco (about 90*l.*), such pension, however, to commence in 1848.

Campe, too, played the part of Amphitryon to his poet while he remained in Hamburg: we read in the 'Wintermährchen' especially of a party of merry *convives* invited by Campe to the *Lorenz-Keller* to eat oysters; and Heine, as was natural, seems on the whole to have been so fêted by his friends and relations that his disgust for the trading city was kept in abeyance for the time.

The whole impression of his first voyage, intermixed with political, critical, and satirical *jeux d'esprit* of all sorts, forms, as we have said, the subject of the 'Wintermährchen,' the spirit of which is much the same as that of 'Atta Troll,' to

which poem it forms a sort of companion; but there are disquieting incidents and expressions in it which render it wholly unfitted for English taste. The originality of the piece, however, in turning his journey into an occasion for political satire, and the brilliant wit of occasional passages, are incontestable.

The 'Wintermährchen' was published in two forms in September 1844, while the poet was at Hamburg,—at the end of the 'Neue Gedichte,' and also in a separate volume. The poem which contains some of Heine's most stinging jibes at Prussia and her King was immediately proscribed in that country. The prohibition, however, served merely as a means of advertising the volume, for Campe contrived, as usual, to smuggle it across the frontier. As for the poet himself, orders for his arrest were issued to all the authorities at every frontier station in Prussia, and were renewed, as usual, annually.

The rest of Heine's life was a lingering death, and the arrival of this hopeless period of his existence was accelerated by a miserable money feud with his Hamburg relatives, embittering his life for more than two years, and producing ravages in a sensitive mind and body already distracted and weakened by malady.

We have said that his uncle Solomon received him heartily in his late visits to the merchant city, and that, since he saw that he was not come to Hamburg to ask for money, but mainly to see him and his mother, the poet stood high in his favour. However, he found the old banker's health still more broken than that of his mother, and it was evident that he could not last long. Heine made no effort towards doing that which it would have been advisable for him to have done, namely, the getting provision for the payment after his death of his pension. Remembering the worries and annoyance connected with this matter in former days, he could not constrain himself to approach the subject anew, and

in his careless confidence assumed that a man so rich and with such a reputation for generosity as his uncle, with whom, during his last visits to Hamburg, he stood on the best of terms, would provide by will that the maintenance upon which his nephew had to rely as the mainstay of his existence should not utterly fail him.

Heine during these visits had done his utmost to cultivate the goodwill of his relatives, and especially that of his cousin Karl Heine, the son of old Solomon, and that of his female cousins and their husbands; but it was, as he said, desperate work this making oneself agreeable to indifferent people, and he threatened Mathilde that he would be, on his return home, as morose as possible in order to repair his forces after this expenditure of amiability. Never, perhaps, did he find such reason to congratulate himself on having chosen Paris as a residence as when he was able to turn his back upon Hamburg and its commercial people. Even in Paris his life was not of the most enviable, but can it be imagined what would have become of him if he had been constrained to bear daily collision with money-mongering relatives at Hamburg, and to live in eternal exile among a race of usurers and traders? However, though he was away, they still had him well in hand—was he not a pensioner of the old surly Jew moneybags, his uncle Solomon, the Frankfort Rothschild, for whose immense succession the whole tribe of nephews, nieces, sons and sons-in-law, were plotting and intriguing night and day? However much all these might hate and be jealous of each other, yet they could all now as ever unite in saying spiteful things of the 'ugly duck.' Old Solomon Heine had been, as we have seen, for some time ailing. It can well be imagined to what influences he had been subjected for years: one of his sons-in-law drew up his will, and he himself died on the 23rd of December, 1844, just about two months after Heine had quitted Hamburg and seen him for the last time: the colossal fortune of the old banker was divided out into stupendous legacies: over

and above the enormous property left to his son and heir, legacies which provided magnificently for his daughters, their husbands and children, for nephews and for nieces, legacies which pensioned off all the servants in his establishment, and included an immense roll of bequests to all the charitable institutions of Hamburg.

But to Heinrich Heine, the greatest poet in Germany, the member of the family who had made its name imperishable, there was no bequest contained in the will except that sums of about 600*l.* each (8000 mark banco) were left to him and his brother; and yet the deceased millionaire had undertaken a positive engagement that Heine should have a pension of 4800 francs for his lifetime, with remainder of half such income to his widow in case of her surviving him. Solomon Heine died, as we said, on the 23rd of December, 1844: bad news travels quickly, and Heine very soon knew of the character of the will: he was informed also that Karl Heine, with whom Heine had always been on friendly terms, for whom indeed he had risked his life in nursing him during the cholera epidemic in Paris of 1832, had declared that he would no longer continue to pay the pension which Heine had for years been receiving from his father's estate.

It can hardly be supposed but that the omission on the part of Solomon Heine to secure to his nephew by his will the payment of the pension was intentional, and that he had been persuaded by his son and sons-in-law to leave Heine to their mercy in order that they might impose what terms they pleased in renewing, as they doubtless undertook to do, the payment of his monthly pittance. What they required was that Heine should subject his writings to a sort of family censorship: these obscure persons were in sooth afraid that Heine might be taking their illustrious selves as subjects of his satire,—'as if,' said Heine, 'I had not far better game to drive at than my relatives.' However, it seems that Karl Heine at first declared that he would not even pay the

wretched legacy which Heine was to share with his brother unless he would engage never to write a line to offend any member of the family.

On the first reception of the news of Solomon Heine's decease Heine prepared himself for a fight for life or death. His grief, anger, and indignation were so violent that an attack of paralysis was immediately brought on; yet in spite of this, and in spite of the express orders of his physician, he prepared himself for a long conflict with astonishing but dangerous energy. His letters to Campe, who undertook to act as mediator in his interest, showed how terrible was the excitement which had been brought on: however, in the first letter written after the intelligence reached him, he shows a just appreciation of the situation: he says, 'I think, if I allow myself to be gagged, my pension will be paid the same as before,' and he suspects, perhaps with reason, that the Foulds of Paris had something to do with the matter. These Foulds—Benôit and Achille—were near relatives of Karl Heine's wife. They too were bankers of Jewish origin who had risen to great opulence, and in the jobbery of stocks and railway shares rivalled in some degree the transactions of Rothschild himself: they were, in fact, themselves striking examples of the progress of the increasing influence in human affairs of the money-jobbing class, and had lately both been elected deputies, on which occasion, and on the occasion of a speech or two of Achille Fould in the Chamber of Deputies, Heine had made some sarcastic observations. Since Achille Fould became later the finance minister of the Second Empire, it is to be regretted perhaps for France and for European morality that Heine's sarcasms had not the power of stopping his career at once. However, Heine immediately understood that the conflict which was thus forced upon him would be both disagreeable and severe, so he resolved on immediate action, and put things in train for having the matter settled by a court of law if he should be driven to the

worst, in which case he not only had letters of Solomon Heine to rely upon, but the testimony of Meyerbeer, through whose mediation the difference between Heine and his uncle had been made up, and his pension assured to him, in September 1836. Meyerbeer, indeed, not only committed to writing his testimony to the justice of Heine's demands, but generously offered to make up the deficit himself. We will not enter into the details of the various vicissitudes of this money dispute, which, although it was ultimately arranged, and the pension paid, left behind it most painful reminiscences, and made still deeper Heine's distrust towards his relatives, and indeed towards all human nature, besides withering up the very sap of life within his constitution.

The dispute was not finally settled until Karl Heine paid a visit to Paris in February 1847, so that two years of the bitterest anxiety had to be passed through, during which he had ample opportunity of testing the sincerity of his friends, and also of experiencing the malignity of his enemies. Some of the latter were unwearied in their efforts to make the breach still wider between him and his relatives. The newspapers, again, began to occupy themselves with the poet's money affairs: malignant versions of the family quarrel and of its progress were published from time to time: scandalous calumnies on his life and character were circulated: one of his chief enemies boasted that he had spent thousands of francs to get hostile notices of him published in the newspapers, and the Frankfort 'Strauss-Juden-gasse' party threw itself into the affair with a will and vengeance.

A letter to Varnhagen von Ense, who took great interest in Heine's fresh trouble, will be read here with interest: it will nearly close our relations with the most valued, perhaps, and the dearest of all Heine's friends.

'Paris, January 3, 1846.

'Dearest Varnhagen,—This is the first letter which I write in the new year, and I begin it with the heartiest of

wishes for your happiness. May you be blessed with bodily and spiritual health for the coming year! I hear with much regret that you are often borne down with bodily pain. I would willingly have said a comforting word to you from time to time, but Hecuba is a bad comforter. I truly in these last years have fared vilely ill, and writing puts me directly in mind of my own bodily evils. I can hardly see my own handwriting, while I have one eye closed and the other all ready to shut up, and every letter is for me a work of pain. I seize therefore with extreme joy the opportunity of sending you news by word of mouth through a friend; and since this friend is initiated into all my distresses, he can inform you circumstantially how terribly I have been plagued by my kith and kin, and what could be done therein for me. My friend, Herr Lassalle, who brings you this letter, is a young man of the most distinguished intellectual gifts, of the most accurate erudition, with the widest range of knowledge, with the most decided quickness of perception which I have yet known; he combines an energy of will and an ability in conduct which excites my astonishment, and, if his sympathy for me does not deceive me, I expect from him the most effective assistance. Herr Lassalle is a decided son of the new generation, who will know nothing of abnegation and that shamefacedness wherewith in our time we dawdled and twaddled more or less hypocritically. This new race *will* have enjoyment and assert itself in the visible: we, we old ones, we bowed down humbly before the invisible, snatched at the kisses of shadows, renounced and wept, and were even thus perhaps happier than all these hardy gladiators who march to the battle of life and death so proudly.

* * * * * *

'You observe, dear friend, how vague, how uncertain, my moods are now. Such a weak wavering disposition is for the most part caused by my malady; if the paralytic pressure which eats into my chest like an iron frost should dis-

appear, the old energy would again become alive in me. I fear, however, it will not last long. The treachery which has been practised upon me in the bosom of my family, where I was defenceless and confiding, has struck me like lightning out of a clear sky, and almost mortally injured me. He who weighs the circumstances will see herein an attempt at assassination; the creeping mediocrity which waited for twenty years, full of envious malice towards genius, have at length got their hour of triumph. At the bottom it is an old story which is ever renewed.

'Yes, I am sick in body, but the soul has not suffered much; a weary flower, it is bent a little but by no means withered, and it is rooted fast in truth and love.

'And now farewell, dear Varnhagen; my friend will tell you how much and how incessantly I speak about you, which is so much the more intelligible as I can no longer read, and in the long winter evenings can only cheer myself with remembrances.—HEINRICH HEINE.'

The young man Ferdinand Lassalle, of whom Heine speaks in this letter in a way which shows what an impression he had made upon him, and to whom he said in another letter, 'I am but a modest fly in comparison with you,' was indeed a son of the new time—full of learning, fiery, impassioned, bold, and presumptuous; he was just now entering upon the arena of life with the stormy dash of a young Titan, and he was of a truth destined to a very notorious career in Germany, although it came to a tragic and premature termination. He was the son of a wealthy Jew inhabitant of Breslau, and had, during a stay in Paris, visited Heine; between two persons of such pre-eminent intellectual gifts and much spiritual affinity, it was natural that intimacy should be established notwithstanding the disparity of years. Heine initiated Lassalle into all the various aspects of Parisian life, and the young and gifted man was naturally flattered at being thus admitted to the intimacy of a poet of

such brilliant reputation and so much his senior. Being made acquainted with Heine's domestic troubles, he undertook the defence of the interests of his friend with the same impetuous ardour with which he afterwards undertook the celebrated cause of the Countess of Hatzfeld, in which his pleadings and imprisonment made him almost as famous in Europe as was Beaumarchais in his day. Lassalle went off to Berlin to consult with Varnhagen and to see Prince Pückler-Muskau, and beat up other recruits to interest themselves in Heine's affairs.

We do not know what influence all this activity of Lassalle's had on the final settlement of the money-feud, but at any rate it proved to Karl Heine and the family that the poet was considered by men of note in Germany as one worth caring about, and so it may have been beneficial. Ferdinand Lassalle, however, who had thus crossed Heine's path like a comet, disappears now from it altogether; he soon got involved in all the trouble of the Hatzfeld trial, and lived ever a stormy wild life, having placed himself at the head of the working man's movement in Germany, of which he continued to be the leading spirit till he was shot in a duel near Geneva in 1866, leaving behind a reputation for vast talent and immense energy, for which the political condition of his country offered no arena, though remembered still as one of the founders of the school of *Katheder Socialists*. He published various political and economical works; but singular is it that the work upon which his reputation mainly rests now is a profound treatise on the Greek Philosopher Heraclitus—a book sufficient to show that the admiration which Heine expressed for his attainments was fully justified.

The seeds of the malady which devoured Heine in his last years must, of course, have already existed in his constitution, but it was that unforeseen blow coming from his nearest kindred which called it into sudden activity. It seems strange, and yet it was but natural, that death should seem

nearer to him in the first energy of the attack than it did after he had been confined for years to a sick bed; but although the first attack of paralysis came immediately after the commencement of the dispute with Karl Heine, he did not take to his bed till 1849, and he lingered on, bed-ridden, till 1856. Care for his wife alone made him still cling to life. 'I am more unfortunate and wretched now,' he writes to Lassalle, 'than I have ever been, and had I not a helpless wife to leave behind me, I would quietly take my hat and say good-bye to the world.' 'Had I not wife and parrot,' he repeated to Laube, 'I would—God forgive me the sin—like a Roman put an end to my misery.' Indeed, although he had still the use of his legs, he was in other respects in a pitable state. His left eye was wholly closed, and of his right the vision was darkened and the lid only capable of being lifted up by the hand. His lips had become partly insensible and deprived of motion, and his heart felt bound as by an iron frost. In such a condition he could not read, he said, ten lines together, although he managed still to write, but with difficulty, and his painfully formed letters, scrawling along the paper, formed a sorrowful contrast to the neat finished hand for which he had hitherto been remarkable. Later he accustomed himself to a secretary, but it is significant of him that he never could reconcile himself to dictation in composing, alleging that he could not give his thoughts a plastic form without the aid of a pen. He did not, however, as was the case later, suffer much physical pain; yet sad indeed is the picture which he draws of his situation and of his life at home with his poor wife, whose cheerful nature too was overcome for a time under this accumulation of afflictions. 'My lips are now so affected,' he writes, 'that even kissing has no effect upon them. I sit whole nights long silent by the side of the fire with my wife. "*Quelle conversation allemande,*" she says sometimes with a sigh. The palate too, and a part of the tongue, are affected, and *all that I eat tastes like earth.*'

Afraid lest the stronger sun of the south might affect his eyes, Heine spent the summer of 1845 at Montmorency, near Paris, determined for a while to preserve himself from all emotions and to give himself up entirely to the care of his health. On his return he wrote to Campe, 'Alas, dear friend, I have been sinned against most horribly. With unheard-of infamy has my genius been outraged; I can no longer deny my wounds, and years will pass by before the old humour will again bubble soundly up. A deeper seriousness, a more unclean state of trouble, has seized hold of me, which perhaps may occasion some special terrible outbursts of prose and poetry, but that is not what is suited to me, and it is not what I wanted. Once the sweetest life—and now nothing but gloom and desire for death!' Yes, with the taste of earth already in his mouth, and the frost of death growing slowly round his heart, with eyes to which nature was becoming a sealed book—all the sweetness of life seemed indeed to have departed.

In the spring of the year 1846, nevertheless, he entertained the project of going to Hamburg to endeavour to settle his family differences in person, and at the same time to go on to Berlin and consult Dieffenbach, his old fellow-student at Bonn, and now the most celebrated professor of medicine, on the subject of his malady. However, as he had no fancy for being lodged at Spandau, he applied to Humboldt, who was now much about the king, to procure a permit for him to come to Berlin for medical advice. Humboldt did interest himself, but without avail, and he wrote a kind letter to Heine in which he said that he got such a decided refusal that 'he must beg him, in the interest of his personal safety, not to touch Prussian soil.' The police, in fact, were inexorable, though the king himself was inclined to mercy—as Prussian sovereigns always, it appears, are—only their ministers are always putting a drag on their good intentions.

However, Heine had no reason to regret the refusal, for

his malady assumed such a much more aggravated form in the spring of 1846 that he was advised by his physicians to try the baths of Barèges in the summer. The progress which his disease had made was alarming: his fingers had become deprived of feeling, and he had grown lame of one foot. Still he went out every day, hobbling along with a stick, though he was sometimes glad to accept the arm of a friend in order to arrive at his house-door.

In the middle of July, then, he set out for Barèges, but his state of health was so bad that near Baguerre de Bigorre he could no longer endure the movement of a coach, and had to be carried in a litter over the mountains. At this time a report was spread in Germany that he was dead, a report which was refuted by the appearance of some letters of his in the 'Allgemeine Zeitung,' giving an account of the way of life at this secluded watering-place in the Pyrenees. As this was the last glance which Heine took of these mountains, it is interesting to see them as they appeared to him. 'Never,' he writes, 'had the splendour of the sun and the green of the forests so enchanted him; the huge rich tops with the stony giant heads looked down on him with fabulous pity. The *Hautes Pyrénées* are wonderfully fine. Especially refreshing to the soul is the music of the mountain torrents, which, like a full orchestra, dash down to the rushing river of the valley, the so-styled Gave. Very lovely, moreover, is the clinking of the bells of the flocks of lambs when they come springing down as though with exultation from the mountain heights; in front of them come the long-wooled mother sheep and the horned rams, who wear great bells around their necks, and by their side the young shepherd-boy runs along, who is conducting them to the village in the valley to be shorn, and will take the opportunity of visiting his sweetheart.'

After describing further the picturesqueness of the scenery of Barèges, and of the dress of the inhabitants,

Heine proceeds to describe the baths. 'The building wherein the bath establishment of Barèges is located forms a frightful contrast to the surrounding beauties of nature, yet its morose exterior corresponds entirely with the rooms within; disagreeable dark cells like grave-vaults, with two small stone baths, sort of provisional graves, wherein every day one can practise oneself in lying still for an hour with stretched-out legs and crossed arms—a useful preliminary exercise for those about to quit life.'

These letters were all written, however, during a temporary amelioration which set in during the first month of Heine's residence at Barèges. Then came a speedy and bad relapse, as we learn from a letter written to Campe from Tarbes on his way home, under date September 1st.

'Dearest Campe,—I have delayed for a long time to write to you in the hope that I might get better, so that I might have more agreeable things to tell you than I have to-day. Alas! my condition, which has been growing worse since the end of May, has at this movement taken so serious a form that I am myself startled. During the first four weeks which I passed at Barèges I recovered a little and regained hope, but since then I have been creeping like a snail; my faculty of speech is so impaired that I cannot talk, and I have not been able to eat these four months on account of my difficulty in masticating and swallowing, and the absence of taste. Also I have grown horribly emaciated, my poor stomach has disappeared in a melancholy way, and I have the look of a wizened one-eyed Hannibal. Bad symptoms, such as continual fainting fits, have decided me to return to Paris, and yesterday I left Barèges. I am in nowise anxious but very much composed, and endure with patience, as I always have, what cannot be altered and what is part of the old lot of humanity.

'My conviction tends to the conclusion that no cure is possible for me—that I shall perhaps wile away some time,

one or at most two years, in a pitiful agony. Now, that is nothing to me; that is the business of the eternal gods, who have nothing to reproach me with, and whose affairs on earth I have ever defended with courage and love. The blessed consciousness of having led a fair life on earth fills my soul even in this sorrowful time, and will presumably accompany me in my last hours even to the white abyss. Between ourselves this is the least frightful part of the business; dying is something to shudder at, but not death, if indeed death exists. Death is perhaps the last superstition.'

However, the spirit of the poet had already begun to assert, amid the ruins of the body, that preternatural activity which is one of the most extraordinary signs of Heine's illness. 'My mind,' he said, 'is clear, even feels roused to creativeness, but not so cheerfully beatifying as in the days of my happiness.' Then, still ascribing to his family this calamitous state, he goes on: 'God forgive my family the sin of which they have been guilty towards me. Truly it was not the question of money, but the moral indignation that the most intimate friend of my youth, my blood relation, should have not held the word of his father in honour. That has broken the bones of my heart, and I am dying of the fracture.'

On returning to Paris he took apartments at No. 41 Faubourg Poissonnière, and the critical state of his health then caused him to make his will, in German. The dispositions of this will, dated 27th September, 1846, were superseded by another drawn up in French in 1851: this last will was expressed at greater length, and by it the executors were changed; the dispositions of his property remained, however, nearly the same. He left all the little property he possessed to his wife 'Mathilde Crescentia Heine, *née* Mirat, who, as true as she was beautiful, had cheered his existence;' and he named Dr. Sichel, his physician, and M. Mignet,

Secrétaire perpetuel de l'Académie des Sciences morales et politiques, 'who had shown him so much kindness,' the executors of his will and the representatives of the testamentary interests of his wife. He begged Julius Campe, his publisher, to pay over to his wife regularly the stipulated pension, and included in the document a touching appeal to the generosity of Karl Heine in respect of the pension which his uncle had promised to her in case of survivorship; and he desired to be buried in the cemetery of Montmartre, since he had passed in that quarter the happiest part of his life. 'To my noble and high-hearted mother, who has done so much for me, as well as to my dear brothers and sister, with whom I have always lived in unbroken harmony, I say a last farewell. Farewell, thou German home, land of riddles and sorrows; be thou bright and happy. Farewell, ye kindly spiritual French people, whom I have loved so much. I thank you for your cheerful hospitality.'

A few days after drawing up this will Heine received a friendly letter from his cousin Karl, regretting to hear that his trial of the baths of Barèges had not improved his health, announcing too that he had ordered his pension to be paid, and hoping that in a short time he himself would visit Paris and settle all differences. Karl Heine came accordingly to Paris and visited the poet on the 25th of February, 1847; he engaged to pay the half of the pension to Madame Heine for life in case she survived her husband, but under the condition that no writing of Heine's should be published, either during his lifetime or after his death, which should contain a word injurious either to the family of Karl Heine or to that of his wife Fould-Furtado: he laid down this stipulation in so positive a way that Heine carefully erased from his papers every trace of censure about Karl Heine and his family, and avoided, in conversation with his most intimate friends, all topics connected with them; and in 1849, when a report was going the round of the German newspapers that Heine's health was

desperate, and that he was abandoned by his relatives, his anxiety led him to contradict the statement.

The interview was necessarily for Heine a most painful one; emotions in his weak state were injurious to him. He wrote an account of it at the close of his late will, and added: 'With my uncle my happy star was extinguished for ever; I am very sick, and wonder at myself how I am able to endure these sorrows.' But in a state of health which then seemed desperate it could hardly help occurring to the afflicted man that the generosity of Karl Heine was not so very excessive in consenting to make good his father's promises, since it hardly seemed that he could live out the year 1847; so that Heine's allowance, so far as he was concerned, was not worth a year's purchase. 'I am delighted,' he wrote to Laube in October 1846, 'to hear of your purpose of coming here. Only, carry it out quickly. You must hurry yourself, for although my malady is one of quiet progress, I cannot guarantee myself against the *salto mortale*, and you will come too late to talk of immortality, literary societies, Vaterland, and Campe, and similar great questions of humanity. You might find a very quiet man in me. I remain here the winter in any case, and dwell for the present pretty commodiously at Faubourg Poissonnière No. 41: if you find me not here, look for me, please, in the *Cimetière Montmartre*, not at *Père-la-Chaise*, which is too noisy for me.' Laube kept his promise, and came to Paris in the spring of 1847: the two friends renewed their pleasant intercourse: Laube was shocked at the ghastly change which had taken place in his friend since he last saw him in 1839. 'There he sat,' he wrote, 'by the side of his wife, she still in the fulness of bodily health, before a dinner table which was no longer spread for *him*. I had taken leave in smiles seven years ago of a fleshy jovial-looking man with sparks of fire flashing out of his little roguish eyes: now I embraced, nearly weeping, a thin little man in whose aspect no glance of an eye was to be seen. Then he was

brilliant and elegant as an *abbé* of the world; he wore his long hair smooth-combed, and the chestnut-brown shimmer of it danced lovingly in the beam of the light. Then his whole face was smooth as that of a chamberlain, now it was surrounded by a grey beard, since the painfully excited nerves could no longer endure the razor: now his hair had grown dry and was still long but wild, and sprinkled with grey about the high forehead and broad temples. His fine nose had grown longer and more pointed, and the graceful mouth was painfully distorted. Formerly he kept his head bent a little forwards, now it was forcibly held upwards, in order that the pupil of the right eye might be able to reach the little crevice yet open between the lids and see. He bore his sufferings with great patience; indeed he traced in cold blood its certain future, its horrible progress, and its painful end, and he developed this future in the ghastly witty fashion which he was accustomed sometimes to employ upon his enemies. "It comes just out of the marrow of life," he said drily: "the doctors may console me as they like, I have nothing to expect but a miserable malady, probably full of vicissitudes. The last circumstance has its advantages. When one suddenly wakes up deaf, one forgets for a time that one has already been blind. And what is the use of it? Just none. At the most this passion-story can serve as an advertisement for the complete edition of my works for the benefit of Campe and my wife.' Léon Schücking, too, the novelist, also visited the sick poet at this time and has left a touching portrait of him. 'The former glow of health had faded from his face, and given place to a fine waxen pallor; all his features had become fine —they were transfigured, spiritualised; it was a head of infinite beauty, a true Christ-head, which was turned towards me. Struck at this wonderful change, and even shocked, I said to myself that in the state in which he appeared to be he could not live six weeks more. And yet he lived full eight years.' Alfred Meissner, Kertbeny, and other friends from

Germany, visited him in this year and have also left interesting portraits of him.

The cold of the past winter had increased still more the paralysis of the heart, so that his wheezing and sobbing were at times most painful to witness. He longed much, as he had done for years, to get away to the south, to Italy, but the state of his affairs would not admit of a journey which, to be of benefit to him, should enable him to pass the winter there: for a mere temporary journey during the summer to some watering-place or to the sea, which he once enjoyed so much, his physical strength was not now sufficient, so he contented himself in 1847 with spending the summer months for a second time at a quiet *maison de campagne* at Montmorency. This was the last time that he quitted Paris, with the exception of a summer residence at Passy in the following year. Alfred Meissner has given a most charming sketch of a visit which he made to Heine at Montmorency and which he has included in his 'Erinnerungen,' which proves how strong was yet within him what he termed his indestructible *Lebenslust*, or delight in life, and with what wit and what gaiety of heart he still fought against the progress of his awful malady.

CHAPTER XIII.

LAZARUS IN THE SPIRIT.

THE Revolution of 1848 took Heine, as it did the greater part of people, by surprise; although it had long been regarded as inevitable.

M. Guizot, with unmoved countenance expressive of that superb obstinacy, arrogance and disdain so much admired by himself and his admirers, had long, with steady hand and imperturbable conceit, been steering the vessel of the State straight into Maelstrom. Baron Stockmar, the clearest-sighted politician of his time, has left behind him an essay on the fall of the government of Louis Philippe, and the verdict which this wise observer passed on that event was that it was the necessary result of the persistent violation of the commonest doctrines of constitutional government by the French King and his ministers. In fact the Orleans dynasty which owed to revolution all the title it possessed to the crown of France, whose chiefs were not even the next heirs to the throne after Henry V., had with the course of years been giving themselves more and more the airs of hereditary right. The too cunning old Ulysses and his minister imagined that constitutional government could be rendered a mere form by corruption, or, if that failed, by force.

The 'accursed self-confidence' of Louis Philippe, as it was called by the Prussian minister Count Arnim, would never have sufficed of itself to ruin the dynasty of Orleans or bring revolution upon France: it is to M. Guizot's policy, as responsible minister under a Government professedly

constitutional, that the Revolution of 1848 must be ascribed. There are but two explanations possible of M. Guizot: either he was the most self-deceived sophist or he was the most pedantic hypocrite who has ever existed both in religion and politics. Baron Stockmar passed his final judgment on the man in these terms: 'I cannot endure him, yea I hate him heartily, since I ascribe to him the greater part of the blame which has brought about the catastrophe of Europe. I believe, as strongly as man can believe, that without Guizot's conceit, arrogance, frivolity, and want of knowledge of the world and of men, Louis Philippe would have died on the throne, and his descendants have been kings.'

We have seen how Heine, since his last letter on that Guizot-corruption which was destined to be the gulf into which the monarchy of July was to sink, had ceased to occupy himself with French politics at all: nevertheless his blood leapt anew to the clang of the *Marseillaise* when it rang forth free and triumphant in February 1848, and the liberal enthusiasm of 1830 revived in him for a moment. But it was only for a moment: the poor poet was too sick in heart and body, the long process of disillusion had been too painful, for such warmth of hope to last long; and then the *Marseillaise*, chanted by myriads of victorious throats, as it was day after day, after the first intoxicating frenzy is over, is terribly exhausting to weak constitutions. Hence we are not surprised, however much we may regret it, to find Heine's old sceptical tone return in him after a few days. We find him on March 12th writing to Alfred Meissner: 'My feelings at this revolution, which has taken place under my eyes, you can easily represent to yourself. You know that I was no republican, and you will not be surprised that I have not become one now. The present striving and the present hopes of the world are fully strange to my heart; I bow to destiny because I am too weak to defy it, but I would not kiss the hem of its garment, not to make use of a coarse expression. That I

should have been terribly excited for a moment, that I should have had cold shivers in my back and a sense of pricking needles all over my arm, at this you will not be surprised. Now it is passed. Also it was very oppressive when I saw around me nothing but odd Roman faces, and pathos was the order of the day and Venedey a hero. Willingly would I fly away out of this vexatious tumult of public life into the imperishable spring of poetry and of imperishable things, if I could only walk better and were not so sick. But my infirmities, which I must drag about with me everywhere, oppress me dreadfully, and I think you must hasten, dear friend, if you would see me again. Meanwhile, hearty greetings.'

But one of the most interesting and vivid sketches of Heine and his life at this period is given us by a fresh-hearted free-spirited lady-novelist and writer, Fanny Lewald, who has narrated in a charming volume her experiences of 1848, and given therein an account of an interview which she had with Heine in less than three weeks after the February revolution—on March 14, two days exactly after the date of the last-quoted letter to Meissner.

There were two persons, Fanny Lewald tells us, she wished to see in the French capital, and these were Georges Sand and Heine. Georges Sand, however, was not in Paris, and Heine, she found, had retired to a *maison de santé* in the rue de l'Oursine, at the extremity of the capital, beyond the Jardin des Plantes; so, without more ado, trusting to the fraternity of spirit existing among German authors, she put herself into an omnibus with a friend and sought the poet.

It was a long journey, but they arrived at last, and found the *maison de santé* with its large quiet court in front. They entered this and enquired of the *concierge*, who replied '*Au second, numero vingt-trois.*' *Numero vingt-trois au second* was Heine: on their arrival at the door of the poet a little French *bonne* came out, to whom they gave their cards; she disap-

peared, and they heard in a minute the poet's voice from within, '*Entrez, entrez.*'

Heine, who had Mathilde and his doctor with him, received his visitors in a large bedroom furnished in blue and in French fashion, and a large bed with a canopy: he stood up and leant to support himself on a table: 'My God! do you come so far to see me! How did you find me out? And what a figure I make! I have suffered so much in these last days that I could think about nothing but my health, and my nerves can hardly bear handling.'

The ladies requested to be dismissed if he suffered too much. 'No, no! remain; I am delighted, it cheers me up, it will make me well!'

'His wife,' Fanny Lewald herself writes, 'a tall handsome French woman, just such as is styled here a *belle femme*, said "*Mais tu vas mieux, mon ami, depuis que tu es ici,*" and the doctor verified this, promising further improvement from the spring. Out of regard for his wife the conversation was half German and half French. "Herr Heine has exalted the spring so much that spring must do something for him," I said playfully. "I have also sung the sea very prettily and always been sea-sick; and the women, *quel mal elles m'ont fait,*" he laughed heartily.

'We spoke of Germany and of the French Revolution. He had, on the day of the revolution, just gone to his apartments in the town (41 rue Poissonnière) to have a little dinner there with his wife and doctor, when the beginnings of the storm were audible. The carriage which he had sent for to bring him back to the *maison de santé* was upset to make a barricade, and he had difficulty in getting back. He asked much about Germany, and made me read him a letter about the revolution in Bremen which I had just received and had in my pocket: he wanted news of his friends in Germany, and ever and anon returned to the sorrowful lament, "You know not what it is, in my condition, to witness revolutions. I

ought to have been dead or in good health." In spite of these lamentations he expressed the warmest hopes for Germany, and joked at the same time at the astonishment and terror which Germans would feel at finding themselves free.

'We were nearly an hour with Heine, then went away in order not to fatigue him, although he pressingly insisted that we should remain.'

Fanny Lewald gives also an account of his personal appearance: 'His laugh was clear and pleasant, and in spite of his present very painful condition he must have been very agreeable. The profile, the whole form of physiognomy, is fine; his rich hair, which fell down abundantly, was a clear brown. A full beard, lightly sprinkled with grey, surrounded his chin. The movement of his finely-formed hands is very noble, and his mouth must have been especially fine, since the expression is so pleasant that one readily accredits him with all the language of the poet, all his bubbling exuberance of humour, all his Aristophanic wit.'

On March 22nd Heine returned the visit of the ladies. 'He was much shaken by the political events: "I wish," he said, "they had happened sooner or later; for to have to endure them in my condition is to be shot dead." . . . . . Afterwards he spoke of his life, and termed it a happy one. How fine that is! and how seldom would we hear that from a man to whom so much injustice had been done! He said "I have had so much happiness that I in reality never was ambitious. I have an exceptional wife, whom I have loved ineffably and called my own for thirteen years without the vacillation of a minute, without a moment's diminution of love, without jealousy, in constant good intelligence, and in the most perfect freedom. No promise, no constraint of external relations, bound us together. I am terrified now, in my sleepless nights, about this happiness. I shudder often in delight at the fulness of happiness. I have often laughed

and invented witty sayings about such things, but I have still more earnestly thought about them." Afterwards, speaking of his vast indestructible love of life, he said: "In the present state of my sufferings this appears to me as something ghastly. My love of life is like the spectre of a gentle nun in the old ruins of a cloister: it haunts the ruins of my *ego*." . . . We chatted then for some time: Heine was very lively, very cheerful; ever returned, however, to the seriousness of the questions of the day. . . . . His nature and his works are identical, and the originality of his expressions and conversation quite like his way of writing.'

The cheerful views which Heine expressed in these interviews with Fanny Lewald, and which were perhaps inspired in part by her sunny presence, rapidly gave way to others of a gloomier cast. In little more than a month after Fanny Lewald's visit he writes to Campe: 'I have been for some weeks past more ill than ever, and without the greatest effort I can put no line to paper. I cannot besides dictate, for my jaws have been so affected for twenty days that I can only speak a little in half-audible tones without twinges of pain, and since I can no longer chew anything solid I am at present very weak.'

A few days later, in the month of May, Heine took his last walk in the Boulevards,—the last walk along the grandest street of the beautiful capital which he loved so well; and his promenade was marked by an incident the most pathetic and most touching in his whole life. The singer of love and beauty took his last leave of *diva mater cupidinum*, of the goddess of love and beauty herself. The incident is thus narrated by Meissner: 'It was in May, in the year 1848, about two years after his fearful sickness had attacked him, that Heine took his last promenade in the Boulevards. Masses of the populace rolled along the streets of Paris, driven about by their tribunes as by storms. The poet, half-blind, half-

lame, dragged himself on his stick and endeavoured to extricate himself from the deafening uproar and fled into the Louvre close by.

'He stepped into the rooms of the Palace, in that troubled time nearly empty, and found himself on the ground-floor in the room in which the ancient gods and goddesses stand.

'Suddenly he stood before the ideal of Beauty, the smiling entrancing goddess, the miracle of an unknown master, the Venus of Milo, who in the course of centuries has lost her arms but not her witchery. Overcome, agitated, stricken through, almost terrified at her aspect, the sick man staggered back till he sank on a seat, and tears, hot and bitter, streamed down his cheeks. The beautiful lips of the goddess, which appear to breathe, smiled with her wonted smile at her unhappy victim.

'This one moment comprises a whole world of sorrow.'

From that time he never left his bed unless it were to be moved for change of posture to the arm-chair covered with cushions by his bedside.

It was from this state of misery and prostration that Heine had to arouse himself to write an explanation of the way in which a pension had been granted him by the late French Government. The 'Revue Rétrospective,' as before stated, had extracted from the archives of the Tuileries and published the names of all those who had received money-support from the late government of Louis Philippe, and Heine's name had appeared amongst them. The proper explanation of the matter has already been stated, and we will not trouble ourselves more with it here.

In early spring he betook himself out of the turmoil of the agitated capital to the neighbourhood of the Bois de Boulogne, to Passy, which has afforded a quiet retreat to Béranger, Jules Janin, and so many other artistic and literary celebrities. Here his state of health continued to deteriorate. On the 9th of June he writes to Campe: 'I

have been in the country here for twelve days, miserable and unhappy above all measure. My illness has increased in a fearful degree; for now seven days I have been such an utter cripple that I can only live in an arm-chair and in my bed. My legs are like cotton, and I have to be carried like a child. The most horrible convulsions. My right hand begins to die. God knows whether I can write to you. Dictation is painful to me on account of the crippled state of my jaws.' . . . 'Write to me soon, and how it is with you there in the drama of the world. I am a poor dying man—poor in every respect, and can hardly meet the necessities and expenses of my illness. I am in a very bad way. May it be better with you; may you be quite sound and full of happiness. That is my warmest wish.' . . . 'What an awful accursed destiny pursues German poets. May this too be otherwise in Germany!' The other parts of this letter had to do with business matters in which he tells Campe that he was going to draw upon him. Three days afterwards he writes: 'I must again write to you, however painful it is to me. I could not get a draft on Hamburg cashed here. M. Leo, besides, has left Paris. And yet I must have money. My sickness is not only a blood-sucking but a gold-devouring monster. Under these circumstances I beg of you to send me the amount in gold by steamboat. Napoleons can easily be obtained in Hamburg, where they are not so dear as here, and in this form you can despatch my money to me direct, addressed to "Henri Heine, Grande Rue No 64, à Passy, près de Paris." If you cannot get Napoleons send me the amount in English bank-notes, or in a bill of exchange on London, which paper would here be the most negociable.

'I have with considerable cunning been able to conceal my illness from my mother and my sister. The first must know nothing of it, for, in spite of my sorrowful condition, I might perhaps outlive the old lady, and sorrow would thus be spared her. My wife, however, wishes that I should let

my sister know something of it, in order that, if the worst happens, she may have nothing to reproach herself with. I allow you, therefore, with all due precaution, to let her know my real condition—she cannot assist me. I could not either see her here. I beg of you also to inform my brother Max of the deterioration in my condition. I wish likewise to have his address as soon as possible; perhaps I will write to him myself. Write to me soon. Prepare yourself, in the order I have sent, the prospectus of a complete edition of my works, and send it to me for approval as soon as possible, since I am as ill as I can be, or rather do not exist at all. My legs are like cotton—and my poor eyes!—Your friend, H. HEINE.'

Having received neither excuse nor answer from Campe to this touching letter for a month, Heine wrote again on the 9th of July, 1848: 'Dearest Campe, I have no reply to my last letter, and yet I must have information both as regards my project of the publication of my works which I communicated to you, as well as regards the money which I wished to receive from you. I press for the latter the more urgently, since my horrible illness overwhelms me with so many expenses of an extraordinary kind. Under these circumstances I repeat to you, what I have already sufficiently communicated in my former letters, about the bitterness of my illness; I mean what I wrote to you four months ago. . . . My illness grows daily more intolerable, and I write to you with the greatest exertion. I cannot see my own handwriting.'

The letter from which these fragments are taken is remarkable as being the last complete letter which Heine wrote with his own hand. Henceforth he had to make use of an alien hand to write for him, adding sometimes occasional postscripts in pencil.

Following up the suggestion contained in his letter of

June 10th, to Campe, he wrote to his brother Maximilian on the 12th of September: 'I know not in what state I am, and none of my physicians know either. So much is certain that I have endured more sorrows in the last three months than the Spanish Inquisition ever invented. This living death, this no-life, is not to be borne, and if more pains were added thereto. . . . Even though I do not die soon, life is lost to me for ever, and I love life still with such vehement passion. For me there is no fair mountain-summit which I can ascend—no woman's lip which I can kiss, not even a good slice of roast meat to be eaten in the society of feasting friends: my lips are as crippled as my feet; crippled, too, are my organs of mastication, as well as those of digestion. I am fed like a bird.'

In the middle of October, 1848, Heine removed to Paris, to the apartment No. 50 Rue d'Amsterdam, where he passed the greater part of the days yet allotted to him, which were indeed six years and six months, and of these he passed about six years in the Rue d'Amsterdam. Reserving for a final chapter the story of the physical sufferings which brought him to his end, and the end of his personal relations to the world, we devote the remainder of the present chapter to the completion of the story of his intellectual life, and of his opinions. Since the appearance of the 'Wintermährchen' and the 'Neue Gedichte' in 1844, Heine had written little. The violence of the agitation into which he had been brought by the dispute about his uncle's legacy, and the first attacks of paralysis, seem to have deadened for a time his poetic and literary activity. He appeared at first to have considered that all further literary effort was impossible, and in his letters to Campe which we have quoted last he seems to have concentrated all his energies upon the arrangement of a complete edition of his works. He was, however, destined, even in the decay and emaciation of his physical forces, to exhibit a wonderful and almost preternatural activity of spirit; and

indeed during even the years which had intervened since 1844 he produced many a 'Zeitgedichte,' or political poem, and many a ballad later incorporated in the 'Romancero' and the 'Letzte Gedichte.'

The reader will remember with what buoyant and fervent hopes Heine had been inspired by the arrival of the Revolution of 1830. We have seen the gradual disenchantment which befell him—'honeymoons pass so quickly away.' We have seen him pass through the Saint Simonian phase; we have seen how, in his quarrel with Börne, he had shown an utter detestation for radical politicians and rank demagogues; and we have seen how, as Fanny Lewald reports, the ashes of his old liberalism flickered up slightly again at the advent of the Revolution of 1848. This feeble fire, however, rapidly died away. Having never had any decided political faith in favour of any particular form of government, we could hardly expect that more earnest and enduring convictions would come to him, as he lay now writhing on the brink of the grave, than had come to him in the full vigour of life. The faint warmth which animated him anew in 1848 was rapidly extinguished, and he became an indifferent sceptic, launching out occasionally fiery shafts of satire and sarcasm on all sides, but still with some sort of vague faith in absolute freedom of thought which he seemed to have imagined might in some way be made to harmonise with autocratic government.

The best notion, however, of the decreasing interest which Heine took in politics is to be formed from the pleasant book of Alfred Meissner, himself a poet and novelist of considerable distinction. Meissner visited Paris in 1847, 1849, 1850, and 1854, and contracted an intimacy with Heine, the records of which form the substance of his volume of 'Erinnerungen.' In 1847 he found Heine with still some passing belief in the future of constitutional government. 'The epoch,' he said, 'of constitutional government is com-

mencing: let people say what they will, the beginning is made. Nations will no longer be content without constitutions. Take note, people will become terribly in earnest with constitutions. I for my part can imagine no finer form of government than a monarchy surrounded by Vincke, Camphausen, Haussmann, and Beckerath.'

Two years later Meissner had another conversation with Heine about politics, of which he gives the following account. Heine already, it will be seen, foresaw the *coup d'état* of December, 1851, and took a cynical delight in the prospect.

'Some weeks later we came to speak of politics, which, however, did not often happen. Heine had given up politics. His literary labours were his chief thought, and the religious question crept gradually into his spirit.

'"This state of things," he said, "will not last. A *coup d'état* is not a public secret. People talk so much about it that nobody believes in it, but it will not be long in coming. The President is working after the pattern of his uncle, and is going straight towards an 18th Brumaire. Only quick! only quick!"'

Later we find Heine laughed pitilessly and cynically at the last agonies of the republic, and annoted its end with a certain malicious delight. He laughed as though he were the very god of destruction and dissolution.

Nothing, then, appears to be more certain than that Heine had no faith ever in any form of government at all, or, if he had any predilection, it was in favour of an enlightened autocracy,—a result explicable at once by his sceptical spirit, by that independent critical tendency which made him unwilling to identify himself with any political party, so as to reserve to himself the right of criticising them all, and also by his Semitic origin, one of the chief characteristics of the Semitic spirit being a tendency to monocracy, even to monotony, to the exclusion of complex ideas on all subjects of thought, and the complete adoption of

the Unitarian principle in all things. Indeed, with regard to Heine's versatility of opinions in politics as well as in other matters, one of the most significant as well as one of the most audacious phrases which ever flowed from his pen was that in which he declared that 'he gave no especial importance to any particular form of appearance of human thought, since he himself stood at the fount of all thought.' The force of scepticism and superb indifference could go no farther than this.

Henceforward his constant state of suffering led him to reflect too constantly on the relation of man to his Maker to enable him to think about politics at all. He ceased utterly to occupy himself with political changes, which he thought could only end in failure, and in his letters to his friends and in his conversation ignored politics altogether. Why trouble himself with the *Affen-Comedie*—the Comedy of Apes—as he termed the proceedings of representative assemblies, or with their suppression. In a long letter to Campe, six days after the *coup d'état* of 1851, he makes no allusion to the vile act of treason which had been committed nor to the massacre which accompanied it.

After the *coup d'état* he put forth the sum of all his pessimist views in politics in a fragment styled 'Waterloo,' in which he treated the establishment of the second empire through perjury and massacre by the *César de rencontre*, the second-hand Napoleon, as a revenge of France for her defeat in 1815, and exalted its author at the expense of all the other nations of Europe. This essay, which was to have been included in the 'Confessions,' Campe persuaded him not to publish, and he was right in so persuading him. The traitorous and murderous *coup d'état* of 1851, which came like an eclipse in the moral order of the world, by means of which a ruined and amiable profligate, urged on by a band of Catilines, took possession of the French nation, was so far from proving a revenge of Waterloo, that it brought upon France the greater humiliation of Sedan, and ended, as Baron Stockmar

at the time said it would, in nothing but catastrophe; while the success of the crime of the 2nd of December, and the turpitude of the government founded on it, have corrupted the whole mind of Europe to an incredible degree. This fragment 'Waterloo' has been posthumously published in the 'Last Poems and Thoughts' of Heine: it had been well for his memory if it had been suppressed altogether. It is to be remarked, too, that the view which he here took of Napoleon III. is totally different from that which he expressed later, in another utterance of his, in which he declares that the future belonged inevitably to the Communists, and that Louis Napoleon was their John the Baptist.

In fact, with the exception of that period of his youth when he was carried away by the warm enthusiasm and the high hopes of his times, Heine's views on politics were always variable and inconsistent. He was at the same time an aristocrat and a democrat, an admirer of republics and republicanism at the same time as an admirer of despots and despotism. While professing to have been during a certain portion of his life a sort of apostle of democracy, no one has written more stinging truths of or shown a greater aversion to mob rule. He regretted sometimes, and perhaps rightly, that he had ever committed himself to politics at all, yet his political writings and opinions are worth studying, for, in spite of the different directions in which he shoots his political satires and judgments, he very often hits the mark, and some of his utterances have almost the air of prophecy.

Yet in poetry sometimes, in which it may be believed the truer nature would make itself apparent, he wrote in a manner worthy of himself; and since it cannot be denied that he was a valiant combatant and sufferer for freedom of thought at least in Germany for so many years, he might well write, respecting his past career, the following verses, which have a noble and a mournful strain, and are worthy of their author. The translation is Lord Houghton's:

In Freedom's War, of 'Thirty years' and more,
A lonely outpost have I held in vain:
With no triumphant hope or prize in store,
Without a thought to see my home again.

I watched both day and night: I could not sleep
Like my well-tented comrades far behind,
Though near enough to let their snoring keep
A friend awake, if e'er to doze inclined.

And thus, when solitude my spirits shook,
Or fear—for all but fools know fear sometimes—
To rouse myself and them, I piped and took
A gay revenge in all my wanton rhymes.

Yes! there I stood—my musket always ready;
And when some sneaking rascal showed his head,
My eye was vigilant, my aim was steady,
And gave his brains an extra dose of lead.

But war and justice have far different laws,
And worthless acts are often done right well;
The rascals' shots were better than their cause,
And I was hit—and hit again, and fell!

That outpost is abandoned: while the one
Lies in the dust, the rest in troops depart;
Unconquered—I have done what could be done,
With sword unbroken, and with broken heart.

It would seem perhaps another instance of the strange contrariety of Heine's nature that while he took so little interest in the politics of France he should still be interested in those of Germany, and that while he exalted Napoleon III. he should write biting poems on the Kings of Prussia and Bavaria; yet such was the fact, as is instanced by the numerous political satires of his later years; and in conversation likewise he expressed himself sometimes on matters of German politics in a remarkable manner, as, for instance, in the following sentences which are reported of him respecting the

Schleswig-Holstein question, and which are worthy to be preserved.

'The contest between Germany and Denmark is especially to be lamented, since it is carried on between two nearly connected races who resemble each other much in their popular character. The Dane and the Holsteiner are not so different in their national character as the Holsteiner and the Suabian. Schleswig-Holstein is besides by no means to be pitied so much as if the Duchies had fallen under Slave-Rule. Besides this it is to be hoped that the Danes will observe discretion, for on the whole this people has shown in its entire history a strong sense of right. It is to be regretted only that in the countries of the Duchies which are now Danified the moral feelings of the inhabitants are trodden under foot. As far as the language goes, it is, however, the same thing whether so and so many fewer Schleswigers learn German. This is only a transitory state of things, for Denmark in the long run, in spite of its splendid literature and history—and in this are included the Icelandic and Norwegian—cannot escape the fate of the German tongue becoming prevalent throughout its whole territory. Not only is the older literature of Denmark so beautiful and rich, but even in later times it has possesed great poets who, since they partly write in the German tongue, united in so far Denmark and Germany. Baggesen is profound and tender; Heiberg witty and full of soul; Oehlenschläger has not the depth of feeling of Baggesen, but still is very attractive. It is strange that these poets have not met with such attention as Andersen in Germany, although they far surpass him.'

This prediction of Heine's respecting the future of Denmark is remarkable, and if ever the Danish language is absorbed into the German, the country itself will not long retain its independence, if indeed it has not lost it long before.

Heine's convictions about the social changes which the

world was destined to undergo were, as might be expected, more constant than any he entertained with respect to politics. To the last he appears to have thought that the future and ultimate form of society would be Communism. We have before given and commented on his strange utterances with respect to this matter which he published in his correspondence for the Augsburg journal: we here give his last, which is no less remarkable, and which was published in the preface to a French translation of these 'Lutetia' letters, about a year before his death:—

'Of a truth I look forward only with horror and awe to the epoch when these dark iconoclasts will arrive at dominion: with their horny hands will they break in pieces all the marble images of beauty so dear to my heart; they will grind to powder all that fanciful toy-work and those gew-gaws of art which the poet loves so dearly; they will tear up my groves of laurel and plant potatoes there; the lilies, which neither spun nor toiled, but were yet clothed more gloriously than Solomon in all his splendour, will then be torn out of the soil of society in case they will not take the distaff into their hands; the roses, those idle brides of the nightingales, will have the same destiny; the nightingales, those useless singers, will be chased away, and alas! my "Book of Songs" will be used by the grocer to make paper cornets with in which he will pour coffee or tobacco for the old wives of the future. Alas! I see this all beforehand, and unspeakable sorrow creeps over me when I think of the ruin with which the victorious proletariate threatens my verses, which will sink into the grave with the whole old romantic world. And yet—I confess it openly—this same Communism, which is so hostile to all my interests and tastes, exercises a magic influence over my soul which I cannot ward off: two voices exalt themselves in its favour in my heart—two voices which will not be put to silence, and which are perhaps at bottom only diabolic seductions: but however that may be, they exercise

dominion over me, and no power of exorcisement can subdue them.

'For the first of these voices is the voice of logic: the devil is a logician, once said Dante. A horrible syllogism holds me in its coils, and since I cannot refute the proposition that "all men have the right to eat," I am constrained to subject myself to all its consequences. While I think thereon I run the danger of losing my understanding; I see all the demons of truth dance round me in triumph, and a high-hearted desperation takes possession of my heart and I call out, "This old society has long since been tried by judgment and condemned. Let its fate be what is right! Let it fall asunder this old world, in which innocence was ever overthrown, in which selfishness prospered so nobly, in which man was made a market of by man! Let there be razed to the ground these whitewashed graves, where lies and the ghastliest iniquity sat enthroned! And blessed be the grocer who will make paper cornets out of my poems in order to pour into them coffee or tobacco for the poor old honest wives who perhaps in our present unjust world must refuse themselves such comforts. *Fiat justitia pereat mundus!*"

'The second of these imperious voices which ensnares me is yet mightier and more demoniac than the first, for it is the voice of hate—the hatred which I devote to a party whose more dreadful antagonist is Communism, and which out of this ground is our common foe. I speak of the party of the so-called representatives of nationality in Germany—of those false patriots whose love of their country consists only in a petty aversion from what is foreign and to neighbouring people, and who daily pour out their gall upon France. Yea, these relics or descendants of the Teutomaniac of 1815, who have only modernised their ultra-German costume a little, and cropped their ears a bit, I have abominated and fought against them all my life, and now, when the sword drops

from my dying hand, I feel myself consoled by the conviction that Communism, the first time that it finds them its way, will give them their *coup de grâce*, and of a surety it will be no blow of a club which it will administer, but the giant will tread them out with a single footstep as one treads out a wretched worm. That will be its *début*. They at least are no hypocrites, who have always religion and Christianity on their lips; the Communists have in truth no religion (no man is perfect): the Communists are even atheists (which is certainly a great sin), but as chief dogma they recognise the most absolute cosmopolitanism, a common love for all people, a brotherly and equal relation between all men, the free citizens of the world. This fundamental dogma is the same which the Gospel once preached, so that in spirit and in truth the Communists are more Christian than our so-called German patriots, those *bornés* champions of an exclusive nationality.'

It is as impossible to find anything definite or even consoling, in Heine's theological, any more than in his political utterances during this period. We have seen that in his youth he was a disciple of Hegel, and that in mature age he became a pantheist, after the fashion of the Saint Simonians, and revelled in the pagan faith of the rehabilitation of the flesh. To that faith he appears to have remained constant till 1847: when Laube visited him in that year he replied, in answer to a question as to what became of man after death, 'What becomes of the wood there on the hearth? The flame destroys it. Let us warm ourselves at it until the ashes are scattered to the winds.' Alexander Weill, who was also present, added—'All humanity is but one man, therefore no one is lost by death; every individual lives onward in humanity as a point, or something in the way of a nerve from Adam down to us, and from us to our descendants nothing dies which has once been alive.' 'Well spoken, young mole,' cried Heine with a laugh, 'the history of the

world is a life insurance for those who live upon an income.'

Other passages might be quoted to show how profane and sensual were Heine's views of the future of man down to 1848. The first news of a change of religious feeling in him was given to the world by Fanny Lewald, in the volume from which we have before quoted. The earliest expressions of such change, however, were by no means edifying.

In 1849 he said to Alfred Meissner, 'A religious reaction has set in upon me for some time. God knows whether the morphine or the poultices have anything to do with it. It is so. I believe again in a personal God. To this we come when we are sick, sick to death and broken down. Do not make a crime of it. If the German people accept the King of Prussia in their need, why should I not accept a personal God? My friend, hear a great truth. When health is used up, money used up also, and sound human senses used up, Christianity begins.'

'It is strange,' he said to Adolph Stahr in 1850, 'that we have such universal religions while religions must necessarily be of the most individual character. For my part I am convinced that people in good health and people in bad health have need of quite different religions. For the man in good health Christianity is an unserviceable religion with its resignation and one-sided ways. For the sick man, however, I assure you, it is a very good religion.'

On another occasion, after a description of the terrible tortures which afflicted him even in his dreams, he said to Meissner with a smile on his sorrow-laden features: 'But I too have my faith. Do not think that I am without a religion. Opium, that also is a religion. If, when a pinch of grey powder is shed upon the fearfully painful wounds of my burns, the pain immediately ceases, shall it not be said that there is quieting power in this which shows itself active in religion? There is more relationship between opium and

religion than most men dream of. See, here is the Bible. I read much therein—that is, I allow myself to be read to. It is besides a wonderful book—the book of books. I can endure my sorrows no longer. I take morphine; if I cannot destroy my foes, I leave them to Providence; if I can no longer take care of my affairs, I give them up into the hands of God. Only,' he added after a little pause, with a smile, 'I prefer to take care of my money affairs myself.'

In spite of this humorous and somewhat profane banter, which Heine could never lay aside in conversation, that there was real seriousness in this change of mind is evidenced by a letter addressed in 1850 to the father of Ferdinand Lassalle wishing to have news of his son, then launched in his stormy career, and desiring him to let him know that he had given up all atheistic philosophy and turned back to belief in 'the God of ordinary people.' He dates what may thus be called his conversion from the year 1848, and he himself gave an account of this change in himself to the public in the preface to the 'Romancero' in 1851. 'When one lies on one's deathbed one becomes very sensitive and tender-souled, and would make peace with all the world. I confess it, I have scratched many, bitten many, and was no lamb; but, believe me, those admired lambs of meekness would bear themselves less piously if they possessed the teeth and the claws of the tiger. I can boast that I have seldom made use of those weapons which I was born with. Since I myself have felt the need of the mercy of God, I have granted an amnesty to all my foes. Many a pretty poem which was addressed to very mighty and very humble persons have on this account not been brought into the present collection. Poems which contained only a half and half sort of way, anything uncomplimentary about "*den lieben Gott*," have I delivered to the flames with anxious zeal. It is better that the verses burn than the versifier. Yea, even as with the creature, so have I made peace with the Creator, to the great vexation of all

my enlightened friends, who reproach me with having thus back-slided into the old superstition, as they are pleased to term my return to God. The whole high priesthood of Atheism has spoken its anathema over me, and those fanatic priests of unbelief would willingly put me on the rack that I might confess my heresies. Fortunately they have no other instruments of torture at command but their writings. But I will confess all without torture. Yea, I have returned back to God like the Prodigal Son after having kept the swine with the Hegelians for some time. Was it my wretchedness which drove me back? Perhaps a less miserable reason. A sort of heavenly home-sickness fell upon me and drove me forth, amid forests and gorges, across the dizzy mountain paths of dialectics. On my way I found the god of the pantheists (Saint Simonianism), but I could not make use of him. This poor dreary being is interpenetrated with the world and grown into it, imprisoned in it as it were, and yawns at you will-less and impotent. To have a will one must have a personality, one must be a person, and, in order to manifest it, one must have one's elbows free. If one desires a god to help one—and that is the chief point—one must accept too his personality, his externality to the world and his holy attributes, his all-goodness, his all-wisdom, his all-righteousness, &c. The immortality of the soul, our permanence after death, will then be given us into the bargain, like the fine marrow-bone which the (Parisian) butcher, when he is contented with his customers, throws them gratis into the basket. Such a fine marrow-bone is termed in French "*la réjouissance*," and the most excellent strengthening broths are made therewith, which are also very soothing for a poor pining sick man. That I did not reject such a *réjouissance*, and rather took it to heart with comfort, every feeling man must approve.

* * * * * * *

'Expressly must I contradict the report that my backsliding has led me to the threshold of any church, or into its bosom. No, my religious newest convictions are free of all churchiness; no ding-dong of a bell has enticed, no altar taper has blinded me. I have abjured nothing, not even my old heathen gods, from whom it is true I have turned away, but I left them in love and friendship. It was in May 1848, on the day in which I went out for the last time, that I took my departure from that sweet idol which I adored in the days of my happiness. Only with pain could I drag myself to the Louvre, and I was nearly exhausted when I entered the lofty hall where the blessed Goddess of Beauty, our dear lady of Milo, stands on her pedestal. At her feet I lay a long time, and I wept so passionately that a stone must have had compassion on me. Therefore the goddess looked down compassionately upon me, yet at the same time inconsolably, as though she would say "See you not that I have no arms, and that therefore I can give you no help?"'

In the preface to his work on German Philosophy published in the following year he still writes in the same strain. After speaking of the opinions which he held when he was in good health and fleshy, in the zenith of his fat, and as haughty as Nebuchadnezzar before his fall, he goes on: 'Alas! a few years later a corporeal and spiritual change came over me. How often since then have I thought of the story of the Babylonian King who held himself to be "*der liebe Gott*," but was pitifully dashed down from the height of his conceit and, like a beast, crept on the earth and ate salad. In the splendid grand book of Daniel is this legend written, and I would recommend the same not only to my good friend Ruge but to a yet more obdurate friend Marx, yea also to the Herren Feuerbach, Daumer, Bruno Bauer, Hengstenberg, and the rest however they are called, those godless self-sufficient gods, for their hearty edification. There are very many fine and remarkable narratives in the Bible which were worth their

observation; for example, even in the beginning, the story of the forbidden tree in Paradise and of the serpent, the little feminine private tutor who six thousand years before Hegel's birth produced the whole Hegelian philosophy. This blue-stocking without legs showed very sagaciously how the Absolute consists in the identity of being, and how man becomes god by knowledge, or, what is the same thing, how God arrives at consciousness of Himself in man. This formula is not so clear as the original words—if you taste of the tree of knowledge you will become as gods. *Frau* Eva understood only one thing of all the demonstration—that the fruit was forbidden, and, since it was forbidden, ate thereof the good *Frau*. But scarcely had she eaten the enticing apple than she lost her innocence, her naïve independence; she found that she was much too unclothed for a person of her condition, the stem-mother of so many future emperors and kings, and she desired a dress. Truly, only a dress of fig-leaves, for Lyonnese silk-manufacturers were not then born, and there were moreover no milliners and dressmakers in Paradise. O Paradise! Strange, as soon as a woman comes to her reflective self-consciousness her first thought is for a new dress.'

Then, speaking of the reports which had been spread abroad as to the manner of his conversion, he adds: 'Of a truth it was neither a vision nor seraphic convulsion, nor a voice from heaven, not even a remarkable dream or even a miraculous vision which brought me in the way of salvation, and I attribute my illumination entirely and simply to the reading of a book. Of a book? Yes, and it is an old homely book modest as nature, also as natural as she herself,—a book which has a work-a-day and unassuming look like the sun which warms us, like the bread which nourishes us,—a book which looks at us as cordially and blessingly as the old grandmother who daily reads in it with her dear trembling lips and with her spectacles on her nose, and this book is called

shortly *the* book, the Bible. With right is this named the Holy Scripture: he who has lost his God can find Him again in this book, and he who has never known Him is here struck by the breath of the Divine word. The Jews, who have a knowledge of what is valuable, knew very well what they did when, at the burning of the second Temple, they left behind the gold and silver vessels of the altar, the candlesticks and the lamps, even the breast-plate of the high priest with its huge jewels, and only rescued the Bible. This was the true treasure of the Temple, and the same did not become, God be praised! the prey of the flames or of Titus Vespasian, the villain who had such a last end as the Rabbis relate. A Jewish priest who, two hundred years before the burning of the second Temple, during the splendid epoch of Ptolemy Philadelphus, lived at Jerusalem and was named Joshua Ben Siras Ben Eliezer, has, in a collection of Gnomes, the *Meschalim*, spoken the thoughts of his time in respect of the Bible, and I will here set down his beautiful words. They have a sacerdotal solemnity, and yet at the same time as inspiriting a freshness as if they sprang forth yesterday out of the living breast of man, and they run as follows:—

'"The whole is even the book of the covenant made with the Highest, that is, the law which Moses has left to the house of Jacob for a treasure. Thereout wisdom has flown like the waters of Pison when it is swollen, and like the waters of Tigris when it overflows in spring. Thereout has wisdom flown like the Euphrates when it is great, and like the Jordan in harvest. From the same culture has broken forth like light, and like the water of the Nile in autumn. The man has never existed who has learnt it by heart, and will never be born who has fathomed it. For its meaning is richer than any sea, and its letter more profound than any abyss."'

In his 'Confessions' published in 1852 he expounds at greater length the story of his religious revolutions, but adds still another reason for the last form of deism which they

assumed,—namely, the horror and aversion which seized him when he saw theism taken up by the raw *plebs*, the Jan Hagel of Germany, and heard it discussed by the light of tallow candles and lamps of whale oil. 'Yet, to say the truth,' he adds, 'it might not perhaps have been this horror and aversion alone which made unacceptable for me the principles of the godless, and caused my return. There was here also a certain worldly care at work which I could not overcome. I saw, in fact, that atheism had struck a more or less secret alliance with a horrible, most naked, unfigleaved, common communism. My horror at the latter has nothing truly in common with the fear of the mushroom-son of fortune who trembles for his capital, or with the vexation of well-to-do tradespeople who fear to be limited in their business of the *exploitation de l'homme par l'homme*: no, I am much more seized by the secret horror of the artist and man of learning who sees all our modern civilisation, the painful acquirement of so many centuries, the fruit of the noblest labours of our predecessors, threatened by the fear of communism. Torn along on the stream of generous aims, we might sacrifice the interests of art and science, yea, all our private interests, to the general interests of the suffering and oppressed people; but we could never conceal from ourselves what we have to expect as soon as the raw mass which the one party calls the people, the other the mob, and whose legitimate sovereignty has already been long proclaimed, has arrived at power. Self-sacrifice belongs to our most refined enjoyments: the emancipation of the people was the great task of our life, and we have striven for it and borne endless misery, at home and in exile; but the pure sensitive nature of the poet revolts against personal contact with the people, and the more are we terrified at the thought of his endearments, from which God preserve us! A great demagogue said once that if a king shook hands with him he would straightway thrust it into the fire to purify it. I might in the same way say that I

would wash my hand if the sovereign people had honoured me by shaking hands.'

In these last words there is a touch of cynicism which Heine would not have adopted in his better moments. More pleasing is the following :—

'My experience,' he said, in the spring of 1853, to a lady who visited him, 'was like that of an impoverished man would be who had lost everything, and had death by hunger before his eyes, if he were to discover a million in a forgotten, despised drawer of his money chest. For I, through the loss of that inestimable treasure health, became bankrupt of earthly happiness, and then I found a still place in my heart where the treasure of religion had hitherto reposed unsuspected, and I am saved thereby from utter prostration.' 'The Bible,' he writes in his 'Confessions' 'has again awakened the religious feeling in me, and this re-birth of religious feeling was sufficient for the poet, who perhaps more easily than the rest of mortals do without positive dogmas of faith. He is in the possession of grace, and the symbolism of heaven and earth is revealed to his spirit: he needs for this no church key.' The same sentiments are repeated in a letter to Herr Weerth, of November 5, 1851: 'I am delighted that my preface to the 'Romancero' has pleased you: alas! I had neither the time nor was I in the mood then to explain therein as I wished, that I die as a poet who has no need of either religion or philosophy and will have nothing of either. The poet understands the symbolic idiom of religion and the abstract logical jargon of philosophy, but the profession of neither religion nor philosophy will ever understand the poet, whose tongue will ever be Spanish to them as Latin seems to Massmann. Through this linguistic incapacity it happens that both of these sets of gentlemen imagine that I am become a devotee. They comprehend only the commonplace creatures whom they resemble, as Goethe says.'

In these 'Confessions,' also, Heine has paid another wonderful tribute to the Jewish race, which race he was in the habit of discussing in an equally astonishing way to his friends—compassion, wonder, and mockery respecting their fate giving the dominant note in turn to his observations.

'I could not,' he said to Meissner, 'sacrifice myself exclusively, as others have done; I enter the ranks of no party either as republican or patriot, Christian or Jew. This have I in common with all artists, who do not write for enthusiastic moments but for centuries, nor for one country alone but for the world, nor for one race alone but for mankind. It would be bad taste in me and pitiful if I, as has been said of me, had ever been ashamed of being a Jew, but it would be just as ridiculous if I asserted that I were one. If you go through my writings carefully you will find many passages in defence of this people, and when you come again I will give you a strong proof of it. I will read to you a poem of tolerably large compass which will first appear in my next collection of poems. As I have been born to treat with eternal mockery the bad and the used-up, the absurd, the false, and the ridiculous, so it is also a characteristic of my nature to feel the sublime, to admire everything grand, and to pay homage to vital truth.'

In this conversation we find again expressed that independent indifference which was a distinguishing characteristic of his in every domain of thought,—an independence which he claimed as the right of his poetic sovereignty, of one to whom, as he said, all appearance of human thought were indifferent, since he stood at the centre of all thought.

The subject of the immortality of the soul was naturally an ever-recurring subject of Heine's conversation with his friends, but we find in his reflections thereon as little steadfastness as in those about his other religious convictions: there is, however, much fineness and delicacy of observation in the following remarks. 'A strange conflict

goes on in me about this matter,' he said to Adolph Stahr. 'All my reason, all my knowledge, tells me that the belief in a personal continuance after death is an illusion. There is no trace of this in the Old Testament. Moses was much too healthy a man for this. That sickly sect who proceeded from Christ to Christianity, and subsequently to asceticism, invented immortality. In my understanding I am thoroughly convinced of our cessation of existence. I cannot seize or comprehend it because I still exist. I only understand that with egotists the thought of a cessation of existence is a consoling one. To a loving heart it is, in spite of all science, inconceivable. I cannot imagine, for example, that I shall leave my wife alone, and I tell her always that I shall come to her in an invisible form to keep her affairs in order,—but she is afraid of ghosts, and begs me not to come.'

In the preface, too, to the 'Romancero,' after speaking with praise of Swedenborg's conceptions of heaven and hell, and of the poor Greenlanders who feared that the Christian heaven would not suit them because the missionaries told them there were no seals there, he adds: 'How does our whole soul revolt against the thought of the cessation of our personality of eternal annihilation! The *horror vacui* which is ascribed to nature is much more a native property of the human mind. Be consoled, dear reader, there is a continuance after death, and in the next world we shall also find our seals.' And he adds, with a fine touch of sarcasm, thinking perhaps that it was his last address to the German public, who owed him so much and to whom he owed so little: 'And now farewell, if I am indebted to you for anything send me your reckoning.'

Heine's humorous turns of expression in dealing with the most serious subjects that can occupy the mind of man gave offence, and no doubt still give offence, even where offence need not be taken, to many estimable people in whom the sense of humour is deficient; but it could not

be expected that a man who was the very soul of humour should take even his own afflictions, terrible as they were, always *au grand sérieux*: the poet remained in this respect true to himself, and was as elvish and capricious throughout his long years of prostration and calamity as he was in the days of his joy. But even on such serious topics, and such serious occasions, humour, if kept within due bounds, is no sign of an irreverent spirit. No sane person thinks the worse of Sir Thomas More because he made a jest on going up the scaffold, and humour, in its gentlest form was an ornament to Fénelon and Saint François de Sales. The accusation that can be brought against Heine is that he did not keep his humorous sallies in such matters within due bounds. A good many of them of course must be taken as half serious and half humorous at the same time, as in his address to Campe when they were in dispute about some publishing matter: 'Alas! dearest Campe, I wish sometimes that you believed in God, though it were only for one day; then it would weigh upon your conscience with what ingratitude you treat me at a time when I am oppressed with frightful and unheard-of calamity.' On another occasion he said to Gerard de Nerval, who was about to go off to Germany: 'Do me the pleasure to enquire in Germany in what faith one dies most easily. I am occupying myself very seriously about this question, and the German philosophers appear to know something about it since one hears nothing of them for some time.' 'If I could even go out on crutches,' he said with a sigh to Alfred Messner, 'do you know where I would go to? straight to church.' And when Meissner looked incredulous, 'Quite certainly to church. Where should one go to with crutches? Faith, if one could walk out without crutches, I should prefer to stroll along the lively Boulevards, or to the Jardin Mabille.'

Amid all these fluctuations of belief on this most serious topic, we must not forget the passage which he himself wrote

in his criticism of Schelling about conversion on death-beds or with faculties enfeebled by sickness or old age, and which is strangely applicable to himself. 'The orthodox may,' he wrote, 'ring their bells and sing their *Kyrie eleisons* over such a conversion: it proves nothing for the truth of their opinions, it proves only that man has an inclination for religion when he grows weary and old, when he can no longer enjoy and think that on their death-beds so many free-thinkers have been converted but make no boast of it! The stories of conversions belong only to pathology, and are but sorry testimony for your cause. They prove only, after all, that you were unable to convert free-thinkers as long as they could walk about in sound health under the free heaven of God, and were fully possessed of their reason.'

Yet Heine had fallen into a worse state than that which he described so scornfully in the case of Schelling; and despite the preternatural activity of brain which was awakened in him by frightful bodily torture, it could hardly be said that his reasoning powers were in a healthy state. The explanation of the darkest problems of destiny which an extraordinary spirit has endeavoured to wring from its depths, when tried in its severest form by that sorrow to which all humanity is born, must ever have some interest. Nevertheless it must occur to all, as it must have occurred to Heine and his friends, that in their converse on these sublime topics they were but parodying the story of Job three thousand years before, and we fear that his visitors in an ordinary way can but be considered mere Job's comforters, and that few of them were likely to afford him much edification.

The most singular records, however, which Heine has left behind him of his fearful calamity and the mental states through which he passed in his mattress-grave, as his bed came to be called, are the poems called the 'Lamentations' and 'Lazarus,' and some others published in the 'Romancero' and the 'Letzte Gedichte,' in which again he deals, like Job,

with those insoluble difficulties which tortured the wise sheikhs of Arabia so many centuries ago, and to which no solution has yet been given but that of Christianity. But Heine, the lyrical poet and sceptic of the nineteenth century, had not that ethical breadth of wing and that penetration of vision which enabled the Oriental bard to sweep over all creation and contemplate the whole existence of man; neither had he, notwithstanding his origin, the serious Semitic spirit; yet it would be wrong to say that even the most unsatisfactory and most apparently blasphemous of Heine's later pieces proceeded really from irreligious feeling. It is true he addresses the Deity in the most familiar way, and argues with Him and is sarcastic with Him as though he were a King of Prussia or Bavaria; but the little earthly Aristophanes, as he called himself, did not address the great Aristophanes of heaven in language one whit more familiar than that in which a Neapolitan or an Andalusian will address to all the persons of the Trinity and all their favourite saints, without the least thought of infidelity or irreverence. And the very fact that Heine never ceased to occupy himself with what he styled 'the great question of God' showed that there was a persistent religious element in him which could not be suppressed, and, as Fichte says somewhere, even wilful levity and frivolity, and the efforts to make oneself appear worse than one really is, in such matters, are a proof that there is something gnawing at the heart from which one would gladly escape.

The poems entitled 'Lazarus,' especially those of the 'Last Poems,' have some of them an audacity of blasphemy —religious blasphemy, as Heine termed it—which could not be presented to the English public: the dominant notes of the several poems are of the most diverse tones; sometimes there are wailings and laments over the graves of buried hopes and pleasures, sometimes a passionate yearning for a return of the fulness of life; sometimes there is a cry of horror at the sight of the brink of the grave; sometimes death is sullenly,

sometimes passionately, invoked in a tone of thought completely nihilistic. One of the latest poems, alas! is an expansion of the oft-repeated utterance of Achilles—that it is better to be the poorest slave on earth than a hero and a chieftain amid the shades on the banks of the Styx: yet will he cry at one time 'It is well to die, but better were it that a mother had never begotten us;' then at another, after taking a retrospective view of the joys and sorrows of his life, he ends a poem with the lines—

> Farewell! Up above there, my nice Christian brother,
> There again, we all know it, we'll find one another.

The opening poem of 'Lazarus' is amongst the most nihilistic of the whole: never was there a more blank expression of unbelief—it is absolutely nihilistic. This translation also is Lord Houghton's:—

> Leave those sacred parables,
> Leave those views of true devotion;
> Show me kernels in the shells,
> Show me truth within the notion.
>
> Show me why the Holiest one
> Sinks by man's insane resentment,
> While the vile centurion
> Prances on in proud contentment.
>
> Where the fault? By whom was sent
> The evil no one can relieve?
> Jehovah not omnipotent!
> Ah! that I never will believe.
>
> And so we go on asking, till
> One fine morning lumps of clay
> Stop our mouths for good or ill;
> That's no answer—still I say.

In none of the poems, however, perhaps, of this collection is the peculiar humour of Heine's scepticism more distinguishable than in the following dialogue between the soul and the body:—

'The poor soul says to the body, "I will not leave you, I will remain with you, I will sink with you into death, and night, and direct destruction. Thou wert ever my second 'I' which so lovingly encircled me as with a festal robe of satin lined with ermine. Alas for me! now must I waken, so to say, quite without a body, quite abstract, pine away as a blessed nothing up there above in the kingdom of light—in those cold halls of heaven, where in silence the eternities pass along and yawn at me. Oh, that is awful! Oh remain with me, thou beloved body!"

'The body speaks to the poor soul: "Oh, console thyself and do not be vexed! we must bear in peace what destiny has allotted to us. I am the wick of the lamp. I must needs burn away, then the spirit will be clearer up there to shine as a little star of the purest splendour. I am but a rag myself —matter only, which vanishes like dry tinder, and shall become what I sprang from—vain earth. Now farewell, and console thyself. Perhaps, too, one amuses oneself better in heaven than you imagine. If you see the Great Bear there in the hall of the stars, salute him for me a thousand times."'

We must, however, look for the most serious expressions of Heine's last convictions in his will. In this document, in which he is fulfilling the function of an ordinary citizen and husband in the face of death and eternity, there was no place for humour or for wit, and it is perhaps the only piece of prose of Heine's in which he is quite serious from beginning to end. In the seventh clause of the will he gives instructions for his interment in the Cimetière Montmartre, and it runs as follows:—

'I desire that my funeral be as simple as possible, and that the costs of my interment do not exceed the ordinary expense of that of the simplest citizen. Although by my baptismal act I belong to the Lutheran confession, I do not wish that the clergy of this church should be invited to my funeral; also I decline the official assistance of any other

priesthood in the celebration of my funeral rites. This desire springs from no fit of a free-thinker. For four years now I have renounced all philosophic pride and am returned back to religious ideas and feelings. I die in the belief of one only God, the eternal creator of the world, whose pity I implore for my immortal soul. I lament that I have at times spoken of sacred things without due reverence, but I was carried away more by the spirit of my time than by my own inclinations. If I unwittingly have violated good manners and morality, which is the true essence of all true monotheism, I pray both God and man for pardon. I forbid that any speech should be spoken at my grave either in German or in French.'

CHAPTER XIV.

LAZARUS IN THE BODY.

It was in the beginning of October 1848 that Heine became a resident in No. 50 of the rue d'Amsterdam, a house which became, from the fact of his long residence there in his *Matratzengruft*, or mattress-grave, of European celebrity.

The street is a long decent and quiet one, commencing at the terminus of the Versailles and Western railways and running up to the Place de Moncey, where was erected one of the largest barricades in the days of the Commune, and connecting the brilliant and stirring world of the interior Boulevards with the less brilliant one of the outer and with the regions of the Faubourg of Batignolles. Heine's apartment was situated at the back of the house up two steep pair of stairs and with windows looking on the court. The noise of the street was lessened by the intervening block of buildings, but, on the other hand, the sun never shone into the rooms except at midday,—a privation, however, which the poet endured the more patiently since to relieve his eyes he passed his time usually with the curtains partly drawn. It was in this new apartment that Alfred Meissner found Heine installed on his second visit to him in January 1849.

'Two years later—in January 1849—I came again to Paris. Of a truth I was terrified, my heart contracted, when I saw Heine, and when he stretched out to me his white shrunken hand. At Montmorency, where I had last seen him, I beheld him suffering, it is true, yet still upright and capable of using his limbs, and with eyes yet open although

their look was sorrowful; now, in his new residence in the rue d'Amsterdam, I found him pale, withered, nearly blind—in short, just like a man who had not left his bed for more than a year.

'It was evening as I entered, on the mantel-piece a lamp was burning, a broad screen of tapestry divided the otherwise small room into two parts; in the darkened part stood the bed. "*Qui est là?*" was called. I gave my name; an exclamation followed, and as I stepped nearer a lean hand was stretched out towards me which endeavoured in vain to press mine. This hand was nearly transparent, and of a pallor and softness of which I have perhaps never seen the like.

'My whole spirit was so shaken that I sought in vain for words, and a long pause followed. Only the clock on the chimney-piece was to be heard ticking backwards and forwards, and from the opposite side of the court was heard the subdued clatter of a piano.

'"See, my dear friend," said Heine at last, sorrowfully but with that ironical smile about his lips which he never gave up even later, "when, some time ago, you sung of the sect of the Adamites, you had no notion that your friend would become a convert to this sect. Yet it is so. Now already are two years gone by since I have lived as an Adamite and can only cover my nakedness with a shirt. Look you, it is nearly two years now since I have put on clothes."

'He raised himself from the curtains and spoke of the way in which he had passed the time since we had last conversed. He told me of his almost uninterrupted torments, of his helplessness and of his Job-martyrdom, which had now lasted so long. He depicted to me how he himself had become nearly like a ghost, how he looked down on his poor broken-racked body like a spirit already departed and living in a sort of interregnum. He described how he lived in images and intuitions of the past, and how gladly he would yet compose, write, and create, and how his blind eye, his unsteady

hand, and his ever new-awakening pain erased everything from his spirit. He described his nights and their tortures, when the thought of suicide crept nearer and nearer to him until he found strength to hurl it away from him by thinking on his beloved wife and many a work which he might yet bring to completion, and truly horrible was it when he at last, in fearful earnest and in suppressed voice, cried out: "Think on Günther, Bürger, Kleist, Hölderlin, Grabbe, and the wretched Lenau: some curse weighs heavy on the poets of Germany."'

'Much,' goes on Meissner, 'has been said about this curse, which is generally the lot of poets: it has its basis in the imperious power of the imagination, which magnifies happiness and unhappiness, joy and sorrow, ecstasy and dejection, which depicts everything larger than reality, yea with many spirits tends to monstrosity, and thereby stirs up life to its very roots. Genius is the greatest of blessings, as it is also the greatest of curses. Disquiet and care, sorrow for the ideal, is its heritage, and the ecstasies which it creates are with difficulty to be united with a regular life. Therefore only those poets have grown old with whom, like Tieck, Calderon, and Ariosto, poetry was only an æsthetic recreation, or who, like Goethe, carefully avoided every production which might grasp their whole life. "I know myself not well enough," wrote Goethe to Schiller, "to be sure whether I could write a true tragedy, but I am frightened at the idea of undertaking one, and am nearly convinced that I should shatter myself to pieces in the very attempt." Others dare to make this assault on the heart notwithstanding the danger of ruin, and become victims.

'Such a victim was Schiller: after his death his vital organs were found in such a fearful state of destruction that his physician could not understand how he could have lived so long, only his mighty soul had kept him forcibly alive. Herder too, who had by no means an eccentric but, on the

contrary, an harmonious soul, fell in his last days into deep melancholy. He walked rapidly up and down his rooms, crying in anguish "Alas for my misspent life!"

'Yes, thus it is. A poet ought truly to have sinews of iron and the body of an ox in order to endure the embraces of the Muses, which are more exhausting than those of earthly women. What do I say? He should have the body of Behemoth. "Behold now Behemoth which I made with thee: he eateth grass as an ox. Lo now! his strength is in his loins, his bones are as strong pieces of brass, his ribs are like bars of iron: he trusteth that he can drink up Jordan with his mouth." So runs it in the Book of Job of these creatures, and if a poet, by reason of the great gift entrusted to him, were permitted to envy any other being, I think it must be this Behemoth with the bones of brass.'

In the same year, in October, Heine received a visit from Fanny Lewald, who, since she last saw him, had married Adolph Stahr, a writer of kindred tastes and pursuits to her own; and Stahr, in a book called 'Two Months in Paris,' inserted a chapter entitled 'The Dying Aristophanes,' in which he gave an account of his own and his wife's interviews with the poet. 'We found him on his bed of pain, which he had not left for a year. The window curtains were let down, and the bed, moreover, protected from the light by a green screen. The sick man lifted his almost transparent thin hand to his right eye, in order to raise the lid and cast a look upon us. This eye alone possessed the power of seeing, the other only received a feeble gleam of light. But the lids of both are incapable of any free motion. He stretched out his hand towards me, and bade us hearty welcome. He thanked Fanny Lewald most heartily for her friendly remembrance of him in her book of "Recollections of Paris in 1848."

'During this first visit was it that he spoke expressly of his sickness and his sufferings, to which he seldom recurred in his later conversations. "I suffer," he said, "unceasing

severe pain. Even my dreams are not free from it. Yesterday I hung, as John of Leyden, in a cage in the air, and my pains surrounded me like wild dream-visions. The cramps are gradually ascending higher, and now one lies and waits for them to reach the heart. I can only move my hands and my arms freely."

'We mentioned to him the great price of his writings and the impossibility of procuring them complete, since this required a little capital, and we asked him why no cheap edition of his poems had been published. "That comes," he said, "of my having sold all my writings to Campe in the lump for a yearly income, and he will only publish a complete edition of my works after my death." He then said that the striking discords which existed in his poems had been purposely made by him, not from personal motives but by way of conscientiously doing his part in the opposition. "Such poems," I replied, "will die away, since they belong to a certain epoch and to a certain age. Those, however, which will remain are the pure songs free from all opposition which are already popular like the Song of the Loreley, *Du bist wie eine Blume*, and others of the kind, which are sung throughout Germany by old and young." Heine was much touched by this, and delighted with the particulars which we narrated to him. That apprentices and soldiers sang his songs he had not the least idea. We began to speak of Berlin. He narrated of the city and of Berlin people much that was humorous and comic which, however, cannot be repeated. On the whole he spoke with deep aversion of Berlin. "Berlin I never could endure: it is just an arid lie." Visits of people who had been recommended by letter from Germany were announced. He would see none of them, and asked us to try and manage that he might be left "in peace." "Above all, I want to see no Germans: however gladly I would visit Germany, they have done nothing but cause me annoyance."

'When I visited Heine the next time I found him suffering

from a worse than ordinary attack. He lay on a couch covered with a black silk mantle, and complained that in the past night he had not been able to sleep on account of his great pains. Then I heard from him for the first time the cry of lament, "Ah! why must a human creature suffer so much?" Speaking seemed to be more difficult with him than before, and many letters he could not pronounce clearly. Yet even in this condition he pressed me to stay with him at least a little while. His wife came in: she was dressed for going out, and had something first to say. When she went away he said, "She is the best wife in the world." He spoke ever with especial alacrity and praise of her true-hearted care of him.'

In the apartment in the rue d'Amsterdam, the poet passed the next six years of his life. His household expenses were enormously increased by his illness, which he styled a gold-devouring monster: he had a nurse constantly in attendance, who lifted him from bed to couch, and from couch to bed as easily as though he were a child, so wasted became he by his illness, and the care of a doctor too was an almost daily necessity; this increase of expense made it impossible for him to leave home in future for the country, while the narrowness and steepness of the staircase rendered his being carried up and down a matter of great difficulty, so that he never quitted the apartment when once installed in it, till he left it altogether.

On the sensitive nervous nature of the poet this enforced state of confinement necessarily brought other discomforts than those of mere confinement: in his isolation, and in his night watches, the danger of fire would often disturb his imagination, and thoughts came over him of the impossibility of escape; while the most zealous devotees of music will feel some compassion at the thought that the ears of the poor man were beset day after day for years by the assiduous practice of two young neighbour girls on the pianoforte,

practising, as Heine said, studies for two left hands—a kind of torture for which he had ever expressed in prose and verse the most lively abhorrence. In the winter of 1848-9 the suffering from his malady, which was finally found to be a softening of the spinal marrow, reached an almost unendurable pitch, and he was forced to have constant recourse to opium; his blindness increased, his back became bent and twisted, his body wasted away, as did also his legs, which last became soft and without feeling, 'like cotton,' as he expressed it. He lost too the use of his hands and arms to such a degree that he ceased to write his letters with his own hands after July 1848, and he had *moxas* frequently applied to his back, whose burning wounds alleviated the yet more horrible cramps of his back-bone.

To escape from such terrible tortures the idea of suicide naturally in his lonely hours presented itself as a means of escape. He touched upon this temptation, we have seen, in his conversation with Meissner, and he said again to Stahr, 'That which ever supports me is the thought that I endure all these sorrows of my own free will and can put an end to them as soon as I like. See here, with my hand I can reach out to take a dose of opium after which I should not wake again, and close by there lies a dagger, which I have still strength to use when my sorrows grow intolerable. That I possess this freedom gives me courage and makes me in a certain sense cheerful.'

In April 1849 Heine published in the 'Allegemeine Zeitung' a truly characteristic declaration of the state of his health for the benefit of the German public, among whom all kinds of rumours had been current respecting the state of his health. 'I leave undetermined whether my malady has been called by its right name,—whether it is a family malady or one of those private maladies which attack the German who settles abroad,—whether it is a French *ramollissement de la moëlle épinière*, or whether it is a German disease of the

spine; all that I know is that it is a very hideous malady, which racks me day and night, and which has shaken not only my nervous system, but also my thought system. In many moments, especially when the cramps are too painfully lively in the spinal column, a doubt quivers through me whether man really is a two-legged god, as the late Professor Hegel assured me in Berlin five and twenty years ago. In the month of May of last year I was forced to take to my bed, and since then I have not got up again. Meanwhile I must confess a great change has taken place in me. I am no more a divine biped. I am no more "the freest of the Germans after Goethe." I am no more the great heathen No. II. who was compared to Dionysius crowned with vine-leaves, while the title was given to my colleague, No. I., of a Grand-ducal Weimarian Jupiter. I am no longer a Hellene of jovial life and somewhat portly person, who laughed cheerfully down upon dismal Nazarines. I am now only a poor death-sick Jew, an emaciated image of trouble, an unhappy man!'

After hesitating, as we have seen, whether he should go to Germany to get advice, and after making trial of the French doctors, he placed himself under the care of Dr. Gruby, a Hungarian, who treated him until his death, and in whom he had more confidence than in any other physician. Indeed, Dr. Gruby having been called in to a consultation at an early stage of Heine's illness, was the first to declare that his malady was a disease of the spine; he was laughed at at the time, but when the nature of the disease was fully established he was recalled; he then found his patient in a pitiable state, his body doubled up in a knot, and unable to eat or digest. His remedies succeeded so far that the poor poet was able to place himself in a sitting posture, the use of his hands was in a measure restored, his sight was improved, though still in order to see at all he was obliged to lift up his eyelid with his hand, and his powers of eating

and digesting were also partially restored, together with his faculty of taste,—which was comparatively an immense improvement.

The humorist could not forbear jesting over his own terrible condition as he did at everything else: thus to Dr. Schlesinger he said 'he was convinced that if his nerves were exhibited in the *Exposition Universelle* (at Paris in 1855) they would obtain a gold medal for pain and suffering.' Latterly he took to reading medical treatises, or rather to having them read to him, on the nature of his disease; and he remarked that his studies would be of use to him bye and bye, for he would give lectures in heaven and convince his hearers how badly physicians on earth understood the treatment of softening of the spinal marrow.

Reading, or being read to, on his lonely mattress-grave was naturally a great resource, and among the other expenses which his malady entailed upon him was that of a secretary and reader, who was obliged, of course, to be a German or to understand that language. His German books he had sent to him from Hamburg and Cologne; especially fond was he of travels, legends, fairy lore of all nations, novels, and history. One of the publications which afforded him the most delight at this time, and with good reason, was Vehse's 'History of the German Courts,' in its 40 or 50 volumes. 'This work,' he wrote, 'is true *caviare* to me,' and we have given elsewhere his quaint characterization of the work.

Visitors, at least pleasant ones, and ladies especially, were always grateful to the bed-ridden poet, and in the early period of his illness he did not want for cheerful society during the time in which he received visits, that is from twelve to six; but in the course of years he became fearfully lonely: he was, as he himself lamented, an unconscionable time in dying, and Théophilé Gautier somewhat coolly remarks that nobody but a wife or a mother could hold out in their attentions for such

a length of time. The ladies, especially at first, and those true Parisian ladies, were most constant to the afflicted man whose songs had given proof of the possession of the finest qualities of feminine sympathy. Seldom did a day pass without elegant equipages stopping at his door from which the brightest and the wittiest ladies in Paris alighted and mounted the narrow staircase which led to the sick man's room. His sympathetic nature brightened at the approach of these welcome guests, his tongue assumed a new activity, his voice became clearer and his wit more ready in their presence, and few of them but went away charmed with some magic touch of his genius. Among such visitors were Georges Sand, the Apollonine Delphine Gay, the beautiful and brilliant Madame d'Agoult, and the Princess Belgiojoso; but the greater part were simple elegant women of fashion without pretence to fame: many of them did not limit their attentions to visits but, when the nerves of taste were restored to him, vied with each other in sending him choice fruits and flowers, wines, and other delicacies. Many, too, were the French literary men by whom he was at first constantly visited, and of these none were more congenial to him than poor Gérard de Nerval, who translated some of his poems and has written a charming piece of criticism on his genius; and when the poor French poet committed suicide on a cold snowy night in January 1853, by hanging himself to a window-shutter in the street, no one sorrowed more for the loss of the genial writer than the German poet with whom he possessed so much sympathy. Another of his translators, Saint Réné Taillandier, and Alexandre Dumas the elder, Théophile Gautier, Béranger, the Vicomte de Mars, the *gérant* of the 'Revue des Deux Mondes,' were also among his ordinary visitors.

But with the Germans and German writers a visit to the sick couch in the rue d'Amsterdam became a kind of pilgrimage *de rigueur*. 'Alas!' he sighed, 'it will soon be a fashion for the

German writers to make a pilgrimage to me as the Mahometans do to Mecca. And yet they say that I have no religion. This is a strange sort of finish for me to be myself regarded at last as a religion!' A good number of them pushed their way into his presence with little or no introduction, and with little or no care whether the poet's state of health made such visits injurious. The worst inflictions, however, in the shape of visits which he had to endure were from the German refugees, who still, under pretence of being brother liberals and exiles, made claims upon his sympathies, and very often upon his purse. The helpless isolation of the sick man made him defenceless against such assaults: he was unable, in the majority of cases, to institute inquiries into the truth of the statements made to him, and it sometimes happened that he found he had been relieving men who, while appealing to him as distressed German revolutionists, were in truth Austrian or Bavarian spies. In respect of such visitors we find him writing to Georg Weerth: 'When I think that such people can approach me all the year long I have an awful sensation. What a horrible thing is exile! Among its most sorrowful and pitiful incidents must be classed the fact that we fall thereby into bad society, which we cannot avoid if we would not expose ourselves to a coalition of all the rascals. How touchingly sorrowful, and at the same time full of rage, is the lament of Dante on this theme in the Divine Comedy!'

Among the better class of Germans came visitors, however, whom he delighted to see, such as Alfred Meissner, Count Auersperg, Friedrich Hebbel, Adolph Stahr, Fanny Lewald, Dr. Gustav Kolb of the 'Allgemeine Zeitung,' August Lewald, Prince Pückler Muskau, Ferdinand Hiller, Joseph Lehmann, Leopold Zunz, Helmine Chezy, and others. Campe the publisher came twice during the period of the poet's long illness, each time animated with a shrewd notion that there was something to be got out of him in the way of business. His brother Gustav visited him with his wife in 1851, and

again with his sister Charlotte in 1855, the year of the first Paris Exhibition. His younger brother Maximilian came to Paris from Russia in 1852: he had not seen him for two and twenty years, and they then separated never to meet again.

As time went on, his bed became, however, as we have said, more and more deserted, so that once, when Berlioz the composer came to see him he cried, 'What! somebody come to visit me! Berlioz is as original as ever.' In the postscript to the 'Romancero' even in 1851 he asked 'But do I still exist! My body is so shrivelled up that barely anything remains of me now but my voice, and my bed reminds me of the vocal grave of the wizard Merlin, which lies in the forest of Broceliande in Britanny, under tall oaks whose summits flicker up into heaven like green flames. Alas! I envy thee, my colleague Merlin, those trees and their fresh motion, for no green leaf rustles over my mattress-grave in Paris, where early and late I hear only the rattle of carriages, hammering, wrangling, and piano-strumming,—a grave without peace, death without the privilege of the dead, for these have no occasion to pay money or to write letters or books. That is a sorrowful state. My measure has long ago been taken for my coffin, also for my necrology, but I die so slowly that the process is as tiresome for myself as for my friends. Yet patience! everything has an end. You will some morning find the show shut up where the puppet-play of my humour pleased you so often.'

Yet more pitiful is the lament, written in 1854, with which he finished the 'Confessions.' After speaking of the vanity of fame, which he says now tastes bitter as wormwood, he cries, 'What lists it to me that at banquets my health is drunk out of golden goblets and in the best wine if I myself, meanwhile separated from all the joy of the world, can only wet my lips with an insipid *tisane*? What lists it to me that enthusiastic youths and damsels crown my marble bust with laurels when on my real head a blister is being clapped

behind my ears by my old sick-nurse? What lists it to me that all the roses of Shiraz glow and smell for me so sweetly? Alas! Shiraz is two thousand miles from the rue d'Amsterdam, where I get nothing to smell, in the melancholy solitude of my sick room, but the perfume of warm napkins.'

After some reflections of a profane tendency he recites as a parallel case with his own a touching story of the Middle Ages. It is in this postscript that he draws a pathetic parallel between himself and a forgotten poet mentioned in the Limburg Chronicle:

'This Chronicle is very interesting for those who would instruct themselves respecting the manners and customs of the German Middle Ages. It describes, like a *Journal de Modes*, the fashions of the clothing both of men and women which came up in those times. It gives also account of the songs which were piped or sung in every year, and of many a favourite song it gives us the opening words. Thus it tells us how in the year 1480 there were songs piped or sung in Germany sweeter and more lovely than any before known there, and that young and old, and especially the ladies, became quite infatuated about them, so that they were heard singing them from morning till night: these songs, however, adds the Chronicle, were made by a young priest who was infected with leprosy and kept himself concealed from all the world in a wilderness. You know of a certainty, dear reader, what a horrible plague leprosy was in the Middle Ages, and how the poor people who were attacked by such an incurable sickness were driven out from all social life and dared approach no human being. They wandered about dead-alive, masked from head to foot, with a hood drawn over their faces and carrying a rattle in their hands called the Lazarus-rattle, wherewith they announced their approach in order that everybody might get out of their way in time. The poor priest of whose fame as a poet of songs the above-named Limburg Chronicle has spoken was such a leper, and

sat mournfully in the wilderness of his misery while all Germany sang and piped his songs in joy and triumph. Oh, this fame was a mockery well known to us, the cruel jest of God, which is in this case quite the same although here it appears in the romantic costume of the Middle Ages. The *blasé* King of Judæa said rightly, "There is nothing new under the sun." Perchance this sun itself is an old warmed-up joke which has new sunbeams stitched into it and now flashes so imposingly. Often in my dismal night visions I think to see the poor priest of the Limburg Chronicle, my brother in Apollo, before me, and his suffering eyes gleam strangely and start out from beneath his hood; but at the same instant he slides off, and, dying away like the echo of a dream, I hear the harsh tones of the Lazarus-rattle.'

Amid the agonies of this slow death, when friends deserted him, and when his sufferings were at times too great almost for mortal endurance, one consolation remained ever for him, —the affection and care of his child-wife Mathilde. Her happy nature was unable to realise the ruined state of health of her Henri: the sunshine of the few years of happiness they had spent together would not depart from her countenance, and it was in her nature to hope against hope. She persisted to the last in regarding the awful symptoms of an incurable malady as transitory; at the slightest rally she brightened and seemed to promise him new life; her hopeful indestructible cheerfulness was contagious, and may have imparted to him strength to fight so desperately and so long against the approach of death. This unchangeable confidence of his wife was for Heine a real blessing, and it even tended to lessen his care—one of his chiefest—about her future when he should be no more. It seemed she never could be really unhappy. 'Such are the angels,' he said, 'they do not discount their future, they have always ready money.' In the latter part of his life the helpless bed-ridden man was obliged to have two female attendants, so that Mathilde's services were

restricted to the most delicate offices. Yet, as Meissner relates, she watched day after day by his side, sometimes holding his hand in her own, and as tender of his comforts as though he were an ailing child.

There was something truly idyllic in the deep affection which existed between the pair. As for Mathilde, the depth of her love was confided to him alone and she will remain a mute figure in his history, vocal to him but silent to the world: the depth of Heine's love for her was expressed both in prose and verse of imperishable tenderness. 'When I consider everything, weigh everything,' writes Meissner, 'I fully believe that the poet loved his Mathilde more than he had loved any other being upon earth. On his sick bed, in the midst of his most terrible pains, his thoughts were always directed to preserving her honour before the world and making her subsistence sure for the remainder of her days. It was his constant regret that he had not managed his affairs better in the days of his good fortune and put by money, and he summoned up all his strength to make up for the past. It was only for her that he strained his powers to work to the last, and every clause of his will gives proof of a care for her which was prolonged beyond the grave. She was his doll, which he loved to dress elegantly in silk and in lace, which he would gladly have adorned with the finest of all that was to be found in Paris. He sent her out to walk, sent her to theatres and to concerts, smiled whenever she approached him, and had for her only *bons mots* and words of endearment. She never participated in the evolutions of his spirit and never knew anything of his battles, but she only lived in him, and she stood faithfully by his side for twenty years.'

Since we are now drawing to an end of Heine's relations with Mathilde and indeed with all things human, it will be pleasant to transport ourselves back for a time, to quit the Lazar-atmosphere of the mattress-grave and take note of the few letters of Heine to his wife which have been published in

the volume styled 'Last Poems and Thoughts.' They were written during the two journeys which Heine took to Hamburg in 1843–4. The first journey, as has already been said, Heine made alone: he went there, after years of absence, to reconnoitre the ground which he had quitted in the days of his youth: on the second occasion, although Mathilde accompanied him, she was, we have mentioned, recalled to Paris by news of the illness of her mother. These letters consequently were written, the first series during the whole of Heine's journey of 1843, and the second series subsequently to Mathilde's departure from Hamburg.

Every line of these letters is palpitating with as much tenderness and anxiety as if the marriage had been one of yesterday instead of being now of nearly ten years' duration. Poor Heine! during his first journey his heart was full of care, he writes, at having left his poor lamb behind in Paris where there were so many wolves. 'I think but of you, *ma chère Nonotte*. It was a great resolve to leave you alone in Paris, in that terrible abyss! Forget not that my eye is ever upon you; I know all you do, and what I do not know I will find out.' He gives the most minute instructions as to the friends she should visit: evil tongues might make so much of his absence: he recommends her to keep to Madame Darte, the lady of the *pension* at which he had placed her, and to whom he writes that he had confided all that was dearest to him in the world. 'I think eternally of you and cannot feel quiet: vague and sad cares worry me day and night. You are the only joy of my life, make me not unhappy.' 'I conjure thee, do not visit anybody with whom I am not good friends.' 'I kiss you on the little dimple of the right cheek.' 'I am in pain, and thinking always, always, about you; I am almost mad when my thoughts take the direction of Chaillot (where the *pension* was). What is my wife about—the wildest of the wild? I am mad not to have brought you here. Keep yourself as still as possible in your little nest—

work, study, *ennuyez* yourself right well; spin wool, like the virtuous Lucretia whom you saw at the Odéon (in Pousard's play);' and so ran the caressing little notes till the last one was sent from Bückeburg announcing his return. 'Beloved angel, I am convinced you do not know where Bückeburg, a very famous town in the annals of our family, lies [his grandfather was born and lived there]. But that is nothing: the chief point is that I am on the road, that I am well, that I love you dearly, and that I shall probably kiss you on Saturday. I almost think of staying a day in Cologne, and do not know how I shall travel from Brussels to Paris. I will write to you as soon as I get to Brussels, that you may know the hour of my arrival. I am tortured with trouble on your account. So long a time without news of you, how terrible! I am vexed about it too, and when I arrive will only give you five hundred kisses instead of a thousand. I hope you are on the best terms with Madame Darte and Aurecia [her daughter], and I beg you to give them the best greetings from your poor husband, HENRI HEINE.'

And Mathilde did not write during two months! Why did she not write? Well, we know Henri had a horror of blue-stockings and did not marry one; and the truth is, Mathilde's handwriting and orthography, in spite of the schooling Heine gave her, were not of the most perfect, and the poor *Naturkind*, as he called her, was timid and afraid of her letters falling into the hands of his relatives in case of his having left Hamburg before they arrived, although in the most delicate way possible her husband tried to reassure her by telling her that he had taken care that her letters should be sent after him in case he should have left before they arrived. However, during the journey home, after she had already been to Hamburg and found herself well received by his relatives, she did write to give an account of her safe arrival in France, and Heine, we shall see, receives her letter with as much jubilation as if it had been her first love-letter.

It was a bitter resolve, we learn, which made Heine consent to his *Nonotte* returning to Paris without him. In his first letter he writes 'Already three days since you left: all the world here, especially my poor mother, is grieved at your departure. These days have gone like shadows. I know not what I do, and I cannot think. I love you more than ever.' He writes about every other day, and conjures her to write to him at least twice a week: 'If I do not have regular news of you I shall go wild like I did last year. Since your departure I do nothing but sigh. I will never be separated from you any more: how horrible! I feel more than ever the necessity of having you constantly before my eyes. I think now what trouble it will give me not to have news of you. Write me, I beseech you, as often as possible —at least twice a-week—to the address of Herren Hofmann u. Campe: *the postman gives me my letters in person—he knows how to find me out everywhere.*' This last touch is charming. Poor Heine suspects evidently Mathilde may not even like the address to be read by any eyes than his, so he assures her that it will not be.

At length, after nearly three weeks, the wished-for letter arrives: '*Ma chère Nonotte*, at last, God be thanked! at last I have got your letter. It came on Sunday, at a moment when I could hold out no longer for disquiet, when I had fallen into a state of dejection of which you can have no idea. At the very sight of your letter my heart cried with joy. I sang, I danced, and I went to the theatre to revel in music and dancing. They played "La Muette," and I swallowed down four acts of it. Whether it was well performed or not I have not the least idea, for I was so occupied with my thoughts that I quite forgot the piece. I thought only of you, my poor love, who had had such a perilous sea-passage, who had been so frightfully knocked about by that good-for-nothing Neptune, who, the old worthless heathen god, is utterly without gallantry to pretty women, for which I must

revenge myself by a satirical song. The wicked old scoundrel! to give such a shaking to Nonotte, my poor lamb! I am also in a rage with the vile *douaniers* who made you pay twenty francs for the stockings—and you did not tell them they were for the prettiest leg in Chaillot? But I think perhaps I am partly to blame, for I ought to have packed them down deeper in your box. I am delighted, however, that you have not lost your things. * * * *

'I am better since I have news of you: write often, or else I shall fall back into my black humours.'

It does not appear, however, that Nonotte wrote again during the remaining month that Heine stayed at Hamburg, although he coaxed her most cunningly to do so. These letters are not only full of endearing terms and caressing phrases, but also of careful notices of everything which he thinks likely to interest her, and give proof of the constant thought which the poet took for her present and future welfare. It was only after some delay and with considerable difficulty that Madame Heine would allow these letters to be made public, and then influenced chiefly by the consideration that their publication would put an end for ever to the scandalous calumnies which malignant tongues and pens had invented about her marriage.

The lovers of Heine's verse will be glad, by means of this correspondence, to take a glimpse into the most secret recesses of his heart thus unveiled before them. The letters evince a sincerity and depth and a constancy of affection in Heine which few perhaps suspected: their simplicity and tenderness are all the more touching when regarded as coming from the rarest genius of his time, and are sufficient proof that the greater part of his cynicism was mere *fanfaronnade*.

And when, five years after the date of these letters, Heine found himself a helpless cripple on a bed of pain, he felt as much pity almost for the affliction which his lamentable state brought upon his wife as he did for himself, and yet he could

not refrain from the harmless quips and jibes which sprang involuntarily from his untamable humour.

Thus when he was assailed with new symptoms in the shape of violent fits of coughing, and was assured by his physician, in answer to a question, that they would not hasten his death, he said 'Do not tell my wife this, for she has enough to bear already.' He loved too to turn into fun, in his droll fashion, the domestic incidents of the household. 'Such a night as I have had!' he said to a visitor. 'We have had a calamity in the house. The cat fell off the mantelpiece and grazed the skin off her right ear, and it bled a little. There was such lamentation, and my good Mathilde sat up and applied cold bandages to the cut the whole night through. For me she has never stayed up all night.' Meissner has recorded one of his comic accounts of a day of domestic inquietude, real or affected. 'Yesterday,' he observed to a lady friend, 'I was much disturbed. My wife dressed herself about two o'clock and went out. She had promised to be back by four. It was half-past four and she did not come. It was half-past five and she did not come. It was half-past six and she did not come. It was eight o'clock. My anxiety increased. Could she have become weary of the sick man, and run away with some cunning seducer? In my painful anxiety I sent nurse to her room to enquire if Cocotte, the parrot, was still there. Yes, Cocotte was still there. Then a stone fell from my heart. I breathed again. The dear creature would never have gone off without Cocotte.' Another time he sighed out comically, after hinting at the perils which handsome women must run in such a city as Paris, 'Alas, what can I do? I must leave all to fate and a good Providence. How can I, a poor sick fellow, play the rival to half a million of men.'

A pleasant sketch of the interior of his household in the rue d'Amsterdam at the time when his condition, owing to the treatment of Dr. Gruby, underwent a great improve-

ment, is given by Meissner among the others in his 'Erinnerungen':

'A few days after my return to Paris anew in May 1850, at a time in which an improvement appeared to set in in Heine's health, he gave a dinner. In a room that was dignified with the name of *salon* a round table was splendidly laid: on the sideboard were to be seen ranged a quite disproportionate array of plates, glasses, and bottles.

'The bell rings, and the guests arrive. Madame Heine's friend, Madame A———, steps in in charming *toilette* and brings her two lively children to the sick man's bed that he may kiss them. They are called playfully *Poulon* and *Poulette*. Alice, who is Heine's god-daughter, is now five years old, a beautiful black-haired child, a more lovely creature is not to be found, and she is for her age, one may say, demoniacally precocious.

'Madame A——— has lately developed into a fine lady. Her husband, who was a hardware dealer two years back, by means of prosperous speculations on the Exchange has been enabled to purchase the Hippodrome, the great circus at the entrance of the Bois de Boulogne, and makes splendid profits out of it. He has the undeniable instinct of what is to be done to attract the public, and, according to all probability, will become a millionaire. "You come late, it is past seven o'clock, the dinner will be spoilt," said Heine. "Where is your husband? why has he not come with you?" "He has business, and will soon be here." "Just like him! he always keeps people waiting where he is invited, it is unendurable." "*Que voulez-vous?*" sighed Alice, "I cannot alter him." Heine began already to be really out of humour, when a cabriolet rolls up to the door. "That is he," said the young wife; and the Barnum of the Hippodrome, with his hat on his head, steps into the room.

'M. A——— is one of those personages whom one meets with mostly in the *foyer* of the Grand Opera, or on the turf,

—a handsome dandy of about five and thirty years of age, with a colourless southern expression of face, and with pitch-black hair and beard. His *toilette* is carefully made, his manners are *brusque* and, as we shall see, unpleasantly familiar. He plays with a little stick with a pretty chased knob of gold to it, and evidently has as little knowledge as his stick of the kind of man whose guest he is.

'"How are you, Heine?" he asks, "well or ill? *Par Dieu!* you look no better than a dead man. I never saw in all my life a man who made such a face about dying as you. I am going on all right. The Hippodrome is doing wonderfully well."

'A grim smile played round Heine's lips. He must endure this man because he is the husband of his wife. Yet this was not all. The dandy kept beating with his stick the counterpane of the sick man's bed. What does a man of sound health know of nerves?

'The dandy either does not remark or care for the impression he excites. He goes on: "Yes, the Hippodrome is doing wonderfully well. Every day that the weather is fine we net at least ten thousand francs. That is something to talk of, is it not, Heine? And I have not done. My brain is bringing forth the most incredible things; *je me fais pitié*, I am realising the Thousand and One Nights, and feasting the Parisians, so to speak, upon miracles."

'"You have heard," he continued, and he beats ever with his fiendish stick more fiercely on the bed, "that Poitevin, the most daring, greatest, and most extraordinary of all aëronauts, who has beaten all the former balloon-goers—I will not say out of the field, but out of the air—has made an ascent on horseback? Well! next week he is going up on a donkey's back. I call this an *ascente à la Sancho Panza*. Sancho Panza, you must know, is a personage in a Spanish novel. A splendid idea, isn't it? And 'The Pursuit of the Kabyles by French Spectres'—this farce, too, is a proof of

my progressive invention, and, without *blague,* quite splendid! The Spectres are boys who ride little Corsican ponies, and the Kabyles are monkeys mounted in the same way. Every monkey is dressed as a Kabyle, with a white burnous, and a musket at his side. You should see, *cher Heine,* how the white *capotes* suit their brown ape faces! The Spectres pursue the Kabyles, they reach them and hew at them with their sabres: the monkeys scream, the little Corsican ponies rear; it is the most comic chase you could see. Well, that is something for the children and grisettes. For men there is another spectacle. That is the *Char du Printemps,* a car drawn by twelve steeds, and on the car twenty girls, all floating in the air in the most different postures, clothed only in flesh-coloured *tricots* with the lightest of gauze drapery. Bayadères hovering in the air with the legs pointing upwards and in every direction! real houris! you could hardly believe it. Houri, you know, *mon cher* Heine, is the name given by Mahomedans to girls in heaven. Ah! what nymphs I have got for the Hippodrome. The finest girls to be found in Paris and in all Europe! What a pity, Heine, you are ill. *C'est là, mon vieux, que vous auriez fait vos farces.*"

'The dandy thinks he is entertaining Heine delightfully with such gabble. He has no knowledge of human nature. The sick man, during his long description of the pleasures of the Hippodrome, threw himself about impatiently on his bed and uttered sounds which M. A——— took for exclamations of admiration and astonishment, but which were nothing else than German words of abuse and curses. At the last sentence of the dandy, who meanwhile had put his foot on the bed, Heine sat up, looked at me, and said in German "Such a thoroughly healthy fellow is half a brute."

'But M. A——— has not yet done. "All this," he said, "gives me a great deal to do. . . . . One must go on inventing the most pyramidal things, and only a man of taste and fancy is equal to the business. Had I not been for years

an opera-goer and a connoisseur in the ballet and everything that relates to it, I might have lost all my property in this Hippodrome. Ah! one has to strain one's brains at it worse than a poet. And then the risk, dear Heine, the risk! If you write anything which does not please you, you lose but a bit of paper, which you can throw away. It is not so with me. An unsuccessful invention would half ruin me."

'"Look you," he went on whilst he sat himself down, "even now I have got something in my head—here," and he tapped his forehead with his forefinger, "an idea by which I may either win or lose forty thousand francs. I call the thing a 'Festival at Pekin.' Pekin, you must know, is the capital of the Chinese Empire. On a noble terrace in the foreground of a temple which is adorned with idols,—the Chinese, you must know, still worship idols,—sit the mandarins in a circle. The mandarins, you must know, are the senators, the aristocrats, the lords of the country." . . . . . The director was just in the beginning of his relation when Heine, whose impatience had increased by this time to a dumb rage, raised himself up rapidly and looked at me and said in German, in a voice in which melancholy and scorn were united, "Listen to this animal, who explains to me where Pekin is and what the mandarins are: he earns twelve thousand francs a day. What do you think Julius Campe gives me for one edition of my 'Book of Songs?'" And with a comic "Du lieber Himmel" he sank back again on his pillow. "The rest after dinner, dear A.," he says: "the roast would not be eatable if you went through the whole of your Festival of Pekin before dinner."'

It was during this visit that Meissner found Heine one day dictating a letter to his mother.

'"And does she live yet," I asked, "the old lady who dwells by the *Dammthor*?" "Ah, yes! very old though, sick and feeble, but still the warm mother-heart." "And do you write often to her?" "Regularly every month.'

"How unhappy she must be at your condition!" "At my condition!" answered Heine. "Oh, as far as that goes, we hold peculiar relations. My mother believes me to be as well and sound as I was when I last saw her. She is old and reads no newspapers. The few old friends whom she visits are in like condition. I write to her often, as well as I can, in a cheerful humour, and tell her of my wife and how happy I am. If she remarks that only the signature is mine, and that all the rest is the handwriting of my secretary, the explanation is that I have pains in the eyes which will soon pass off, but which yet hinder me from writing everything myself. And thus she is happy. For the rest, that a son should be as sick and wretched as I am no mother would believe."

'Heine was silent, and I beheld with a moved heart how he had his letter sealed up full of comforting intelligence and affected cheerfulness, and sent it to the post.'

The longer Heine's illness lasted, the more patience did he display. His days were of course generally very monotonous; he took a bath regularly every morning, into which he was lifted by a strong mulatto woman, his attendant, who carried him as easily as a child. His body had been reduced, as we have said, to a mere skeleton. 'My spirit,' he wrote in 1852, 'has already retired from the small doings of the world, and the worms will soon have my body. I do not grudge them their banquet, and am only sorry that I can offer them nothing but bones.' His bed, which was styled his mattress-grave, was indeed no ordinary bed, but a pile of mattresses heaped on the floor, arranged so that the pressure on his sensitive body should be the lightest possible. After his bath he usually took his breakfast: subsequently to the amelioration which had set in in 1849, his taste, which at first smacked of earth and then departed entirely, returned, and he was able to enjoy some of the choicest successes of the *cuisine* with something like his former zest. 'This dish

is so good that it ought to be eaten kneeling' we know he said formerly of a certain *plat*. After the doctor the cook then became the most important personage in the house, and poor Madame Heine had at times much difficulty in soothing and humouring the artist of the kitchen, who gave herself all the airs of a *prima donna*. Whatever Heine seemed to fancy was procured for him if possible; at breakfast, however, his food was simple, consisting usually of plain, good meat, fruit, and Bordeaux wine and water: after breakfast he was read to, or he dictated, and received visits up to six or seven, when he dined.

After the spring of 1849 Heine began again to produce lyrical poetry, and the fact that the 'Romancero,' his last volume of poetry, which was published in 1851, was composed in the terrible condition to which he was reduced, must be reckoned among the greatest spiritual marvels of literary history. His spiritual faculties remained unweakened amid even convulsions so great as to twist his body into a spiral form. Sometimes, in the midst of conversation with friends, he would be seized with a fit of weakness in which he would, with death-pale face, lie motionless before them with only a slight twitching flashing across his visage from time to time to show that he was alive. At such times it would seem that life and death were carrying on their final struggle within him; but he always remained conscious of the presence of his guests, and would make them a slight sign with his hand to remain, and on regaining his senses would take up the conversation where it had been broken off.

'It has been a great consolation for me,' he said to a guest, 'that I have never lost the track of my thoughts—that my understanding is always clear. I hold this to be so essential for me that I have constantly occupied myself in the spirit during my whole illness, although my doctors dissuaded me from it as prejudicial. I think, however, on the

contrary, that it has contributed essentially to not making my condition worse. For I never could trace any disadvantageous action on the body of this exercise of thought; it operated rather as beneficial, in creating pleasure and exhilaration!' 'My body,' he wrote at another time, 'suffers great pain, but my soul is as quiet as a mirror, and has sometimes its fine sunrises and sunsets!' It was happy for him that poetry could still continue to be his chief consolation. 'Only two consolations are left me,' he wrote, 'and sit caressingly by my pillow—my French wife and the German muse. I stitch together a good many rhymes, and many of them coax away my pain like magic when I hum them to myself. A poet remains an idiot to the last.' 'Like a nightingale that has been made blind, I shall now but sing the more beautifully,' he said to another friend at the beginning of his illness; and the result in some measure justified his predictions, for often as he lay and tossed from time to time on his lonely couch, half wild with pain, through the livelong nights, the bells of old fancy still sung merrily in his soul, and by the morning a whole poem, or even two, were ready for the press. His poetry, indeed, he generally contrived to write down himself, reserving his prose for dictation; and in order to enable him to write his verse he provided himself with a large portfolio, with folio sheets of paper laid upon it, on which he traced painfully with a pencil large letters, which formed a distressing contrast to the neat handwriting of his youth.

Produced in this painful wise, the 'Romancero' saw the light in October 1851. The book was, Heine tells us, styled the 'Romancero' because the Romantic tone was the most prevalent in it. With few exceptions all the poems were composed in the last three years of his life. The first book, styled 'Historien,' contains a series of ballads based chiefly on legendary and historic lore mixed with others more grotesque—modern satires, and one poem reducing to a

legend the life of a lady of the *bal Mabille*. These poems most of them contain terms of expression, and are written in a form which could have proceeded from no one but Heine; but yet no one who has a true sense of poetry and of the perfection of the earlier style of the 'Buch von Lieder' could allow them to rank with the finer products of Heine's genius, such as the 'Lorelei' or the 'Wallfahrt nach Kevlaar.' Through most of these runs a pessimist and cynical vein which becomes still more dark and prominent in the 'Book of Lamentations' which followed it, and which dealt chiefly with the facts and vicissitudes of his own personal sensations, and of which the most extraordinary poems are the series entitled 'Lazarus.' To the man who wrote such a poem as the 'Disputation,' in which the creeds of Jew and Catholic were both treated in his most peculiar style, it might indeed seem that nothing was holy and no belief worthy of reverence, and yet in the Lazarus poems there are touches as pathetic and reverent as ever proceeded from the brain of man. The poem called 'Forest Loneliness,' which opens the lamentations, is in itself as pathetic as any—a poem in which he compares the forest rambles of his youth in 'forest green' with an imaginary ramble in his present condition. In those happy days of his youth he wore a crown of flowers on his head of magical splendour, and he rambled in the forests and lived a free life with spirits and wild creatures: the fairies and the wild deer, with their stately horns, approached him without shyness, the wild doe knew he was no hunter, and the fairy that he was no professor of logic; they told him everything in those days, the does and fairies, even the most scandalous court gossip of Queen Titania; they danced their May dances and played their May games before him as freely as if he were not there, and even took more pleasure in them. The water-sprites, too, with their silver robes and their long hair, rose from the waters and played and sang before him, and not they alone but the earth-spirits, the imps and

salamanders, came and paid court to him, and taught him their daintiest and quaintest secrets; the earth-spirits would have taught him in those days how the buried earth-treasures were to be found, but he needed so little then, he did not pay much attention to them, and he had besides so many castles in Spain whose revenues he enjoyed. Oh, beautiful time! when the heaven was full of music, and when he felt in his heart the dances of the fairies, the pirouettes of the elves, and the gambols of the earth-spirits! Oh, beautiful time! when the trees of the forest were vaulted like triumphal arches, and he passed under them crowned like a victor! But now the heaven seems empty and barren, and godless and blue churchyard, and he walks in the forest with a doubled-up frame; the fairies and the elves have all disappeared, he only hears there the sound of hunters' horns, and the wild doe hides herself in the thicket and licks her wounds in tears. Where is the fairy with the long golden hair, the first beauty who was kind to him? The very oak-tree in which she lived stands bare, stripped of its boughs and its leaves; the brook which he loved now looks like the Styx; only one water-sprite, death-pale and mute like a stone statue, sits on the banks, absorbed apparently in her grief, but she, as soon as she has caught sight of him, flies away in horror as though she had seen a ghost.

Much is there in the 'Romancero' that Heine had better never have written, and which must seem unpardonable blasphemy to those incapable of sympathising with the quips and turns of a humorous mind which, by ill-treatment and hard fate, had been crusted over here and there with dark spots of cynicism, but which had retained, however, much of the brightness and purity of its original character; and to those incapable of feeling too how this faculty of humour was, amid the fearful spasms and tensions of his mortal agony, exalted to a tragic intensity. Better had it been, indeed, that this volume had never been written, and

if, among the ballads and political satires, there are poems which we quickly turn away from with a wish to forget them, this sense of distaste is infinitely increased when we approach some of those in which he deals shockingly and ghastlily with the horrors of his own condition, and demands an account of them from his Creator. And yet Heine himself had the audacity to term some of the worst of these poems religious: one such he gave Meissner to read. 'Call you that religious?' said Meissner, 'I call it atheistic.' 'No, no,' answered Heine, with a smile; 'religious, blasphemous-religious. There is one, however, which I like extremely; read it aloud that I may hear it for once in a way.' This is Lord Houghton's translation of the poem.

My fathomless despair to show
By certain signs, your letter came
A lightning-flash, whose sudden flame
Lit up th' abyss that yawned below.
What! you by sympathies controlled,
You who in all my life's confusion
Stood by me in your self-seclusion
As fair as marble and as cold!

O God! how wretched I must be
When even she begins to speak:
When tears run down that very cheek,
The very stones can pity me!
There's something shocks me in her woe;
But if that rigid heart is rent,
May not the Omnipotent relent
And let this poor existence go?

'I was overcome. "What a poem that is!" I cried. "What a ring it has! You have never written anything like it, and I have never heard a similar tone." "Is that not true?" Heine asked, and with much trouble he raised himself up on his cushion, while with the forefinger of his pale, bloodless hand he opened his closed eye a little, "Is it

not true. Yes, I know it well; it is beautiful, horribly beautiful! It is a cry of lament as from the grave; a man who has been buried alive, or a corpse, or even the grave itself is heard in it. Yes, yes, such tones have never been heard in a German lyric, for no poet was ever in such a condition."'

But Heine's chief literary occupation in the last years of his life was in the composition of those memoirs of which we have before spoken. One day when Meissner was visiting the poet, he pointed to a box which stood on a chest of drawers opposite his couch, and said, 'Look you! there are my memoirs; therein have I been collecting for many years past a series of portraits and frightful *silhouettes*. Many people know of this box and tremble. In this chest is shut up one of my best, but by no means the last, of my triumphs.'

In the latter part of the summer of 1854 the cholera raged again in Paris. Heine's secretary was seized by it, some of his friends died, and people were dying by his side in the rue d'Amsterdam. It might hardly seem worth Heine's while to avoid any nearer approach of the king of terrors who had threatened him so long, yet he changed his abode to the Grande Rue, Batignolles—to a house in a garden, where he occupied an apartment on the ground-floor. The place, however, was cold, damp, and noisy; he got an inflammation of the throat, and his wife looked out for a new apartment and found a small one to answer their purpose five storeys high, at No. 3 in the Avenue Matignon, close to the Champs Elysées. After it was found, however, they had to wait until Heine was sufficiently restored to be able to bear the fatigue of transport.

In No. 3 of the Avenue Matignon he remained until his death. He entered it in November 1854, and since he died in February 1856, he dwelt there about a year and three months. The change was an agreeable one from the gloomy

room at the back of the Rue d'Amsterdam where he only looked on a court yard. Here he had a balcony in the Champs Elysées, on which in fine weather he could be laid on a couch under a tent in the sun, and behold the green trees and the gay crowds of promenaders along the Grande Avenue. Even from a fifth storey, up which visitors had. to mount one hundred and five steps, it was something, though with propped-up eyelids and through an opera-glass, to look once more on the face of nature and of human life.

Adolph Stahr, who with his wife visited Heine in this apartment in October 1855, gives in his book 'Nach Fünf Jahren' an interesting report of the change thus wrought in the poet's existence. Stahr, having been absent from Paris five years, had little expected ever to see his friend alive again; yet it was so—if, indeed, it could be called alive to be in a state of existence in which for more than seven years the serpent embraces of an incurable malady inflicted endless and increasing pangs, and held in its coils more closely and closely this poor human nature, which had nothing to oppose to such a ghastly fate but the scornful defiance of self-reflecting irony and the melancholy consolation that even such a form of life, with all its agony, was better than death.

'I found him,' says Stahr, 'in a small room one hundred and five steps high, in precisely the same condition in which I had seen him five years before. I saw him lying on a low couch with a pencil and portfolio before him, since he had, as he said, made the attempt to write something in the absence of his secretary. His appearance was, on the whole, slightly altered. He expressed hearty joy at seeing us again. "It must appear fabulous to you," he said, "to find me again among the living; it seems to me at times as though I was perpetrating a lie upon myself when I wake up out of my opium-sleep and find myself in my room. But the next time, believe me, you will find me no more—it would be too tedious

for my friends. I think caoutchouc must have something to do with it when I am capable of such a prolongation of life." He told us the story of his moving into his new dwelling, which he had chosen since it gave him the opportunity of enjoying fresh air, and that sometimes on the balcony, which was covered in with a small tent and had screens of drapery to keep off the draught, and where he had a little low couch prepared for him. He bade us step out and enjoy the prospect of the trees and the distant gay life of the Elysian Fields. I admired both as they deserved, and he remarked: "You cannot know what I felt when after so many years I saw the world again for the first time with half an eye for ever so little a space. I had my wife's opera-glass on my couch, and I saw with inexpressible pleasure a young vagrant vendor of pastry offering his goods to two ladies in crinoline with a small dog. I closed the glass: I could see no more, for I envied the dog." His nurse came to give him a draught of medicine, and bore him off from his couch as one carries his child, and put him on his bed. "*Sic transit gloria mundi*," he exclaimed on another similar occasion to a visitor.

'On the whole I found him suffering still more than five years ago, and his productive power and conversation no longer so incessantly sparkling as before. A fearful cough, which had set in for some time back, often interrupted his conversation with frightful spasms, so that sometimes I thought the wretched man must be suffocated. His humour, however, did not desert him even in the extremity of his anguish. On one occasion, when the doctor was examining his chest, he asked him "*Pouvez vous siffler?* He replied, "*Hélas non! pas même les pièces de Monsieur Scribe.*"

'He expressed himself very positively about the condition of France and the French. "All is of no use: the future belongs to our friends the Communists, and Louis Napoleon is their John the Baptist."

'We touched upon the ordinary treatment of the Bible by

priests, and I mentioned that I once had a great argument with a priest of Bremen because he, while Hamburg was yet in flames, delivered a denunciatory sermon on the text, "This was God's doing." "There you were wrong," Heine cried out, "and the clergyman right. You do not know what a nest of sin Hamburg was. Think now what sorrow Hamburg has caused me. How profoundly unhappy I was there!" . . . . We sympathised with him in a loss of money which he anticipated, and one of us added that in these times one was compelled to regard money as the only means of freedom. "You too!" said he; "my wife laughed yesterday when I gave her some money, for I counted it out to her not as *un louis, deux louis*, &c., but as *un ami, deux amis, trois amis*, &c. I was," he continued, "in a very good humour yesterday, for my pains were much allayed, and I sent for my little god-daughter to come and eat some pastry here, and then I told her many pretty stories about heaven. She knows now that in heaven it is so pure and magnificent that they eat cakes there from morning to night. '*Et comme le bon Dieu a des marmitons qui sont des anges, et que les anges, quand ils ont bien mangé s'essuient la bouche avec leurs ailes blanches.*' '*Ce qui du reste est bien sale de leur part,*' the child retorted indignantly." '

The little god-daughter here spoken of was no doubt the same little lady whose acquaintance we have already made in the Rue d'Amsterdam. Very fond, as indeed most poets are, was Heine of children at all times; and one such whose acquaintance he had made twenty years before at Boulogne-sur-mer, and with whom he used to lounge on the pier there and tell stories to in which fish, mermaids, water sprites, and a very funny old French fiddler with a poodle, then to be seen there diligently taking their sea baths, were mixed up in the most fanciful manner, grew up to be a woman, and visited him twenty years later in the Rue d'Amsterdam when he was stretched on his couch of pain in Paris, and who has written down her reminiscences in a pleasant letter which

Lord Houghton has made public in his charming book of 'Monographs.'

Her first visit to him was when he lived in the Rue d'Amsterdam, when she could hardly speak to him so shocked was she by his appearance. 'He lay on a pile of mattresses, his body wasted so that it seemed no bigger than a child's under the sheet which covered him, the eyes closed, and the face altogether like the most painful and wasted *Ecce Homo* ever painted by some old German painter. His voice was very weak, and I was as touched at the animation with which he talked: evidently his mind had wholly survived his body.'

The next visit of this lady was to his dwelling in the Rue Matignon.

'I climbed up four storeys to a small room, where I found him still on the same pile of mattresses on which I had left him five years before—more ill he could not look, for he looked like death already wasted to a shadow. When I kissed him his beard felt like swan's-down or a baby's hair, so weak had it grown, and his face seemed to have gained a certain beauty from pain and suffering. He was very affectionate to me and said, "Ich habe jetzt mit der ganzen Welt Friede gemacht, und endlich auch mit dem lieben Gott: Der schenkt mir dich nun als schöner Todesengel: gewiss sterbe ich bald." On the whole I never saw a man bear such horrible pain and misery in so perfectly unaffected a manner. He complained of his sufferings and was pleased to see tears in my eyes, and then at once set to work to make me laugh heartily, which pleased him just as much. He neither paraded his anguish nor tried to conceal it, or to put on any stoical airs. I also thought him far less sarcastic, more hearty, more indulgent, and altogether pleasanter than ever.'

The winter of 1854–5 was for Heine a most severe one, and there was yet another to go through before all was over. A severe cold, caught soon after his arrival in his new quarters, aggravated his sufferings immensely; cramps in the

chest and throat sometimes lasted the night through and bade fair to suffocate him, and he was threatened with total blindness of his right eye. Heine, whose sensitive body seemed to have been fitted only for an easy Epicurean life, bore up against this increase of torment with much stoicism. The last year, too, of his life was aggravated by fresh money differences with the Rhadamanthine Campe, some of which were not settled up to the day of his death. Campe, who had, as Heine said, built a stately monument to the poet in the form of a new house and premises for himself, constructed out of the profits of the 'Buch der Lieder,' refused to agree to Heine's terms as well for the publication of the 'Vermischte Schriften' as for a final arrangement about the complete edition of his works. The consequence was that when Heine died the acute Hamburg publisher found he had to deal with Heine's widow and his relatives for the delivery of the prose and verse yet remaining unprinted among Heine's papers, and he found them much harder to deal with than the careless poet: the knowing bookseller got complaisant writers in the press to publish paragraphs from time to time about the avariciousness of Madame Heine and the grasping nature of his brothers; but the reader who knows anything of the usual relations of publisher and author will not think it likely that Campe was much to be pitied, and this the more as Campe was as hard a specimen as any of his class. He took a journey to Paris in 1854 to look after his interests about the complete edition, just as he came hawking after the 'Romancero' as soon as he heard it was finished: he was never negligent in seeking the poet, nor in replying to his letters, when he thought there was any further little picking to be got from his bones, although when it suited his purpose he could leave his appeals unanswered for more than two years at a time.

In the very last year of the poet's life there seemed really to ensue a sort of spiritual reawakening—the publication of

the 'Vermischte Schriften,' which contained his 'Confessions,' and his 'Book of Lazarus'—and the attention they universally excited roused him again to a consciousness that his name was still a power in Europe. A translation of the 'Book of Lazarus' and the 'New Spring' appeared in the 'Revue des Deux Mondes' from the pen of Saint Réné Taillandier, and became the chief topic of conversation in Parisian literary circles, and brought anew to his side some of the chief literary and social celebrities in the capital. He busied himself, too, incessantly with the translation of his works into French, for 'he,' he writes, 'who possesses no especial recognition in France can boast of no European reputation.'

The summer of 1855 thus passed for him more gaily than any summer had done of late years, and this the more since Paris was in this year crowded with visitors from all parts of Europe, who came there to see the first Universal Exhibition which took place at that capital. Among such visitors were Adolph Stahr and Fanny Lewald, and the English lady above-mentioned. The re-birth of spiritual activity which was thus by a concurrence of circumstances awakened in the dying Aristophanes is testified to by his correspondence with Alexandre Dumas the elder, and others, animated anew by all the alertness, vivacity, and malice of old days.

Nevertheless his long agony, which was now protracted into its eighth year, was visibly drawing to an end. 'I am as sick as a dog, and fight against sorrow and death like a cat,' he wrote to Stahr in the autumn of 1855. 'Cats, however,' he adds, 'have a tough life of it.'

After, too, the comparatively gay summer and autumn of 1855 his powers again drooped: his last letter to Campe appears to be dated November 1, 1855; a dull winter came on, and his lonely 'mattress-grave' became again deserted. Théophile Gautier, however, saw him a few

weeks before his death, and has given a portrait of Heine at this time which will be the last we shall offer to our readers :—

'As soon as my sight was accustomed to the twilight which surrounded him—for a too glaring daylight would have injured his eyesight, now nearly quenched—I distinguished an arm-chair near his couch on which he had been so long bedridden, and sat there. The poet stretched out to me with an effort a little soft thin hand dull and pale as a wafer, the hand of a sick man withdrawn from the influence of the open air, and which had touched nothing, not even the pen, for many years. Never were the hardest knuckle-bones of death gloved with a skin more soft, more unctuous, more satin-like, more polished. Fever replaced life, and gave it some heat, and nevertheless, at contact with it I experienced a slight shudder, as if I had touched the hand of a being no longer belonging to the earth.

'With the other hand he had, in order to see me, raised the paralysed lid of an eye which still preserved a confused perception of objects and allowed him to see a ray of sunlight as through black gauze. After the exchange of a few phrases, as though he knew the object of my visit, he said to me "Do not pity me too much; the *vignette* in the 'Revue des Deux Mondes,' in which I have been represented as emaciated and with drooping head like a Christ of Morales, has already excited the sensibility of good people too much in my behalf. I do not like portraits which resemble; I wish, like pretty women, to be painted flatteringly. You knew me when I was young and flourishing; substitute for this piteous effigy my former image."'

It was about this time, a few months before his death, that there occurred one of the strangest and most touching incidents of his life. Unto the solitude of his bedside, ever becoming more and more unbroken, there came a fair and bright-spirited young lady of about twenty-eight years of age,

who from earliest youth had been an enthusiast for Heine's songs, and appears to have been really to him what he had laughingly declared another to be, namely his '*Todesengel*,' or angel of death, the cheerer and the soother of his latest hours of pain. What her name was we know not: a mystery enshrouds her early life which neither Heine nor Meissner, who also knew her, were able to dissipate; but she appears to have been of German origin, to have been educated in France, and to have passed some of her time in England, and to have united in charming wise the best qualities of the nation from which she descended with those of the nation in which she was brought up. Chance first brought her to Heine's residence in the Avenue Matignon in October 1855, and the dying poet found such pleasure in her society that he asked her to come again. She came, and the poor sick man could not for the future endure that she should be absent for a day. She was for him his dear '*mouche*,' whom he loved to feel hovering always around him. Meissner gives this account of their relations and of the strange correspondence which ensued between them which he had the opportunity of perusing: 'A hundred sheets of paper at least lie before me written over in pencil by Heine's own hand, which he sent from the solitude of his sick room to the maiden to call to his side her who had nearly become indispensable to his existence. Just as the prisoner loves the little bird that comes to perch on the sill of his window, and tenderly supplies it with food, in order to draw it back again and to make the place agreeable, so that it may forget the green and airy forest occasionally, so Heine overwhelmed his friend and companion with little presents expressive of his good wishes in a hundred forms, and strained daily a hand, now hardly capable of writing at all, to write little letters which incessantly, and with entreating words of flattery, invited to fresh visits. When one sees these great, tender, noble characters, one can hardly

believe that they proceeded from the withered hand of a shattered organism; and when one reads the sense of which they are the interpreters, one cannot sufficiently wonder at the deep ineradicable energy of life to which they testify. We hear in them the most gentle words of yearning of old time, and the sweetest notes of flattery, the well-known verse of mockery swelling up to blasphemous anger, and the cry of lamentation for his lost youth, for enjoyment, for life. All this is enveloped in a dark atmosphere of melancholy, out of which darts like lightning the curse of despair.

'These letters will never see publicity: the name of the maiden herself is a secret. A strange chance brought me, after Heine's death, together with their possessor. I was allowed to cast a look into this treasure, which contains many poems, and I give here a few of the letters which I have received permission to publish. One, dated November 1855, runs thus: "Dearest sweet friend, Thanks for the sweet-hearted lines. I am rejoiced that you are well. I am, alas! still very ill, weak and *unwirsch*, and frequently affected, even to tears, at the meanest practical joke of fate. Every sick fellow is a blockhead. I do not like to let myself be seen in this miserable state, but I must hear the dear '*mouche*' buzz about me. Come soon, as soon as your *hochgeboren* will—as soon as possible; come, my dear lovely Suabian face. I have scribbled off this poem—pure Charenton poetry—the crazy to the crazy.—H. H."

'And a few days later:

"Wednesday, 3 o'clock.

'"Dearest soul! I am very wretched—have coughed horribly for twenty-four hours together: hence to-day pain in the head, probably also to-morrow; therefore I pray the sweetest one to come on Friday instead of to-morrow. I must pine till then. My Scrinsky [his secretary] has ex-

cused himself on the ground of sickness for a week past. What an unpleasant state of things! I am almost mad with vexation, sorrow, and impatience. I shall lodge a complaint against *den lieben Gott* before the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. I reckon on Friday; meanwhile I kiss in thought the little *pattes de mouche*. Your crazy H. H."'

On January 1, 1856, his own birthday, he wrote a letter to the same lady, which he signed 'Nebuchadnezzar II., once a Prussian atheist, now a devotee of the Lotos-flower.' This comparison of the lady to a flower occurs again in the fine poem 'An die Mouche,' which contains, as it were, the poetical philosophy of Heine's whole life, and in which he figures to himself his fair companion as a passion-flower growing over him as he lies enshrined in a marble sarcophagus amid the ruins of his classic and romantic visions. This poem has been excellently translated by Lord Houghton, and from it we extract the following verses, which have relation to the lady in question:—

'Through my shut eyes I feel the gracious boon
Of thy divine compassion bending o'er me,
And clothed in ghostly lustre, like the moon,
Thy features glimmer solemnly before me.

'We could not speak, and yet my spirit heard
The thoughts and feelings welling in thy bosom;
There's something shameless in the uttered word,
Silence is Love's most pure and holy blossom.'

Other poems too, such as 'Die Wahlverlobten,' 'Mich fesselt dein Gedankenbann,' 'Lass mich mit glühenden Zangen kneipen,' were also addressed to the same person.

Heine's last two letters to the lady express in their brevity and pathos all the horrors of his position:—

'Dearest *Mouche*,—I am very much in pain and sorrowful

to death. The eyelid of my right eye is now closed, and I can barely write. But I love thee much, and think on this, thou sweetest one. The story of thine has not at all bored me, and offers good hopes for the future: thou art not so stupid as thou lookest. Thou art so prettily superior to all standards whatsoever, and this delights me. Shall I see thee to-morrow? A lachrymose, bad mood overpowers me. Such *bâillements* are unendurable. I wish I were dead! Deepest sorrow, thy name is H. HEINE.'

The last note, the most tragic of all, was written about four weeks before his death :—

'Dearest Friend,—I am still steeped in headache, which will perhaps be gone by to-morrow, so that the darling will be able to see me next day. What sorrow! I am so sick! *My brain is full of madness and my heart of sorrow* [in English in the original]. Never was a poet so unhappy in the fulness of fortune, which seems to make a mock of him. Farewell!—H.'

And thus this strange spirit, this shade of the Elysian Fields, was destined to offer himself amid the wreck and ruin of his body and his life, a wonderful refutation to that religion of sensual enjoyment which he had professed in the days of his fleshly pride, for his relations with the '*Mouche*' were as purely spiritual as ever was relation between man and woman,—a manifest example of spiritual elective affinity, of attraction of soul for soul.

No doubt much of the consolation which Heine felt in this lady's care and society is to be ascribed to the fact that she was not only a kindred spirit, but that she spoke to him in his own language, in which he was such a wonderful artist. It is pleasant, however, to find that, notwithstanding the calls which this strange apparition made on his pencil in poetry and prose, some of the last and most pathetic

of his poems are addressed to his wife, as is instanced by the following fragment:

'My arm grows weak; death comes apace,
Death pale and grim; and I no more
Can guard my lamb as heretofore.
O God! into thy hands I render
My crook: keep Thou my lambkin tender.
When I in peace have laid me down,
Keep Thou my lamb, and do not let
A single thorn her bosom fret.
Oh, keep her fleece from thorn-hedge harsh,
And all unstained in mere and marsh.
Above all, too, before her feet
Make Thou the best of pasture sweet,
And let her sleep without a fear.'

It is not unusual that death arrives unexpectedly after that it has been in close prospect for many years; and so it was with Heine. His clearness of spirit and his love of life never, however, quitted him up to the last. 'O God,' he writes in one of his poems, 'how ugly-bitter it is to die! O God! how sweet and snugly one can live in this snug, sweet nest of earth!'

Even his physician, Dr. Gruby, thought he might be preserved for some time longer; but the poet died at last, as is often the case, not of the illness from which he had suffered so much, but of the weakness which that illness had brought upon him, and which made it impossible for him to overcome a passing indisposition which would have had a trivial effect on him in a state of health. Heine died at last of a fit of indigestion. The story of his end is thus narrated by Meissner:—

'A fit of vomiting came on and continued for three days, and could not be stopped; and it was soon without doubt for all who attended him that Heine this time must succumb.

The monstrous doses of morphia to which he had gradually accustomed himself had often brought on similar symptoms, yet not so violent or persistent. Yet he was still defiant, and hoped to survive even this struggle. He began to make a new will, without, however, being able to get beyond the first paragraph, yet retaining always his full consciousness. Yea, even his wit never left him. Some hours before he died a friend came into his room to see him once more. Soon after his entry he asked Heine if he was on good terms with God. "Set your mind at rest," said Heine, "Dieu me pardonnera, c'est son métier." Thus the last night arrived, the night of the 16th of February. The physician came, and Heine asked him if he would die. Dr. Gruby thought he should conceal nothing from him. The sick man received the news in perfect peace. About four o'clock on the next morning he gave up his spirit. His wife had gone to bed about one, and did not see her husband again until his eyes were for ever closed. He was more beautiful as a corpse than he had ever appeared in life; his physician also declared that he had never seen even youthful features transfigured so wonderfully by death. The plaster cast which was taken preserved faithfully and fixedly this expression.'

The funeral took place on February 20, at about eleven in the morning. The poet had often expressed a wish to be buried in the cemetery of Montmartre, wherein lay already the bodies of many distinguished exiles and illustrious men; among whom may be named Manin, Armand Marrast, Godefroy, Cavaignac, Ary Scheffer, and Halévy. He had, too, desired to be interred without any attempt at show, and forbade that any religious ceremony should be performed or any speech be made over his grave. At the appointed hour a few of his best friends and most earnest admirers met in the grey foggy morning in front of his house, waiting for the funeral procession to emerge therefrom and start for the cemetery. These were Alexandre Dumas, Théophile Gautier,

Mignet, Paul de Saint Victor, Alexander Weill, and a small band of German authors and journalists. The coffin, it was remarked, was very large, long, and heavy for the spare and wasted form which lay within,—a comparison which made Théophile Gautier think of the lines of the poet in the 'Intermezzo': 'Go and fetch me a bier of solid thick planks: it must be longer than the bridge over the Main; and fetch me also twelve giants: they must be stronger than the holy Christopher in the cathedral at Cologne on the Rhine. They shall then take up and carry my coffin and sink it in the sea, for such a large coffin demands a large grave. Know you why my coffin must be so large and so heavy? I shall depose therein my love and my sorrow.'

And thus the poet was at last laid to rest in his modest grave amid a crowd of poets and artists who stood ranged around in respectful silence; thus this mute ceremony, devoid as it was of all princely and other pomp, betokened that one of the chief kings of thought had passed away. 'His friends,' wrote Gautier, 'should have rejoiced that such atrocious tortures were at length terminated, and that the invisible executioner had given the *coup de grâce* to the tortured victim: yet to think that of that luminous brain, kneaded up as it was of sunrays and ideas, from which images came buzzing forth like golden bees, there should remain to-day no more than a greyish pulp, gives a pang which one cannot accept without revolt. It is true that while he was yet alive he was nailed into his bier, but if you leant your ear down, you heard the spirit of poetry still singing beneath the black cloth. What grief to see one of these microcosms which are more vast than the universe, and yet contained in the narrow vault of a skull, broken, lost, and annihilated! What long and slow combinations will it cost nature before she can reproduce such a head!'

If one is not a paragon of moral conceit or of hypocrisy,

one must feel some sort of awe at attempting to pass judgment on the entirety of the life of such a man as Heine. He alone who sent into the world this fine amalgam of the fairest and strangest qualities of human nature was able to scan the recesses of his heart, to scrutinise his motives and his conscience, and to weigh the results of his earthly activity, against the great gifts with which he was entrusted, and the exceptional wrongs and calamities by which he was tried.

The occasional coarseness, ribaldry, and profanity to be met with in his writings shock, and justly so, English readers, but allowance must be made for the fact that he addressed himself to a German public, among whom infidelity and grossness of taste and habits are notoriously prevalent. No profanity was very likely to shock the public of Prussia, whose capital, a city of more than 700,000 inhabitants, does not possess church accommodation for more than 25,000 persons, and finds this more than sufficient —a public among which the government policy on church matters is directed by disciples of Feuerbach and Strauss, and animated chiefly by a hatred of all belief whatsoever.

In forming any estimate of the life of Heine and of his work due allowance also must be made for the circumstances under which he was born and the character of his age. It was a misfortune for him to have been born a Jew: in our critical age it is perhaps nearly impossible for an adult Jewish convert to partake of Christian traditions in the same fulness as one who has learned them with his mother-speech, and for him to adopt the aspirations of early modern Europe, of which Christianity and chivalry were the life and soul. We have remarked in the course of our narrative on the lack of sympathy in Heine for that chivalrous and mediæval sentiment which has hitherto distinguished Christian from Pagan Europe. There was in the man also, not an absolute lack, but an inconstancy and want of perseverance of faith in the ideal, which alone, in the

absence of religious belief, could have piloted him surely amid the seas of trouble and affliction on which his bark of life was tossed. He was not of the same spiritual stuff as the Dantes, the Tassos, the Spencers, the Miltons, and the Schillers—poets who never did aught unworthy of their genius and who have exalted as well as increased the spirituality of the world. By the side of Petrarch, too, whom he could not appreciate, and whom he affected to ridicule, Heine makes but a sorry figure. He had, however, as a young man, his spiritual visions and yearnings, and he had a deep sense of the beauty of the martyr-spirit, but he wanted firmness and pertinacity to keep his life pure and harmonious in spite of wrong and tribulation. Hence the inconsistencies with which both his life and his works abound, and of which we have had frequent occasion to take note.

These defects, too, in Heine's spiritual life were singularly developed by the character of the generation into which he was born, and by his prophetic sense of the character of the age to come after him. The feeling of discordance between the ideal and the real which darkens some of the most splendid passages of Byron, and the grand expression of which made him in his time the great poet of the world, had reached its greatest intensity: idealism strained to extreme tension had collapsed into *blasé* indifference: faith disillusioned gave way to scepticism and worldly cunning: passion for the beautiful, enthusiasm for the master works of the human soul, were fading away before the study of matter: spiritual were to be replaced by scientific teachers. The reign of great poets was at an end, that of great mechanicians was about to commence, and industrialism was to be lord of all.

Under such circumstances and with such presentiments some generous indulgence is due for the aberrations of a mind so faithful in its devotion to beauty, and so fertile in thoughts of such infinite grace and purity as those with which Heine has

enriched the world. Justice herself, too, must relax somewhat the rigour of her rules in the case of a nature so capable of being impassioned by love, so accessible to benevolence and compassion, so sensitive to joy and sorrow, so susceptible of pain and pleasure, and so tried as well by the visitations of Providence as by the injustice of man.

The contemplation of his life places us face to face with the most inscrutable mysteries of human destiny, mysteries insoluble by human reason, and only to be patiently and hopefully regarded by the eyes of Faith.

Let the Pharisees of the world place themselves in thought around that 'mattress-grave' which was the scene of an agony endured for many years with such resignation and fortitude, and as they look on those sorrow-laden and beautiful features, and on that outstretched attenuated form, let them think on the words 'He that is without sin among you, let him cast the first stone.'

No more fitting way perhaps can be found of taking leave of this prince of song, and of this poet of passion, than by placing before the reader a poem which he himself composed on the Sphinx-like mystery of his life, and indeed of all human life, a song which he prefixed to his best work, his 'Book of Songs,' in 1839, when he still revelled in the fulness of intellect and health, and which possibly, even in a translation, may preserve something of its strange and fascinating beauty.

Old forest of the fable world,
  Thy linden bloom smelt sweet
As through thy depths in moonlight weird
  I bent my devious feet.

I musing went, and as I went
  A song ran through the air:
That is the nightingale, she sings
  Of love and love's despair.

Of love and love's despair she sings,
  Of tears and rapture, too;
Her glee's so sad, her sigh so sweet,
  Dead dreams awake anew.

I musing went, and as I went
  I saw before me lie
An open space, a castle tall,
  Whose turrets touched the sky.

Before the gate there lay a Sphinx,
  Half terror and half grace,
With lion form, with lion claws,
  A woman's breast and face.

A woman fair! her glowing look,
  It spoke of passion wild;
Her silent lips they pouted forth,
  And temptingly they smiled.

The nightingale she sang so sweet
  I could not turn away,
And then I kissed the soft white cheek,—
  And I was lost for aye.

The marble form grew all alive,
  The stone began to quake;
She drank my burning kisses up
  With thirst I could not slake.

She drank my life-breath fairly out,
  And, wild for rapture more,
She clasped me, and my tender flesh
  With lion-clutches tore.

O torture sweet! O heavenly pangs!
  O bliss deep as the dole!
Her mouth's kiss steeped me in delight,
  Her clutches racked my soul.

INDEX.

'ALLEMAGNE, de l',' description of, ii. 155
'Allgemeine Theatre-Révue,' Heine's contributions to, ii. 38
'Allgemeine Zeitung,' the, Heine's contributions to, ii. 12, 66, 213, 261, 263–287, 385; character of the journal, 67
'Almansor,' a tragedy, i. 153
Altenstein, Baron von, i. 82
Amsterdam, Rue de, Heine's residence in Paris, ii. 379
Andersen, Hans Christian, his personal appearance, ii. 206
Archer, Doctor Saul, story of his apparition, i. 225
Architecture in the middle ages, i. 373
Arnim, Achim von, influence of his writings on the development of Heine's talent, i. 407
Art, plastic, of the middle ages, essay on, i. 371; Heine's considerations on the future of, ii. 23
— French, ii. 18; deterioration of, 26
Assing, Rosa Maria, remarks on her death, ii. 204
'Atta Troll,' origin of the poem, ii. 294; Heine's description of it, 297; the Tory and Radical bear in, 301; extracts from, 306–324
Austria, observations on, i. 458

BALLET, the, Heine's remarks on, ii. 44
Barèges, description of the baths at, ii. 338
Bazard, Saint Amand, a leader of Saint Simonian doctrines, ii. 132
Beethoven, music of, ii. 43
Belgiojoso, Princess, Heine's acquaintance with, ii. 208
Berg, establishment of a French Government in, i. 8
Berlin, meetings of literary men in, i. 97; its Opera House, 99, 101; its theatres, 102; Heine's impression of the city, 108
— University of, i. 77, 80; motive for founding it, 81
— Academy, its foundation, i. 80; under the influence of Schleiermacher, *ib.*
Berlioz, description of his genius, ii. 46
Betty Hospital, i. 52
Bible, the, the means of converting Heine, ii. 367
Bohain, Victor, ii. 151
Bonapartists, their relations to the Republicans, ii. 93; Heine on their increase in 1842, 264
Bonn University, description of, i. 61; the demonstration at, 62
'Book Le Grand,' the, extracts from, concerning his youthful memories, i. 16, 27–40; passages on which he most prided himself, 261
'Book of Songs,' extract from, ii. 426
Börne, Ludwig, causes which led to his quarrel with Heine, ii. 116; his character, 117; his early acquaintances with Heine, 118; Heine's just remarks on his character, 124; his feeling towards Heine regarding political matters, 124; his desire to become again acquainted with Heine, 254
Brentano, Clemens, i. 405
Breza, Count Eugene von, a fellow-student of Heine, i 87
Brougham, Lord, Heine's commendation of his oratory, i. 278
Brühl, Graf Karl Moritz von, director of theatres of Berlin, i. 102
'Buch der Lieder,' i. 305
Burschenschaft, the, i. 62
Byron, Lord, his similarity to Heine in his younger days, i. 17; effect of his death upon Heine, 195; on Lord Castlereagh, 271; on the ministry during Lord Liverpool's time, 274

CAM

CAMPE, JULIUS, publisher of most of Heine's works, i. 238; his mode of publication, 239; his difficulties, 240; his encouragement of young and unknown authors, 240; miserable prices he paid for Heine's volumes, 240; Heine's continued disputes with him, 241; his treatment of Heine respecting the censorship, ii. 241; his relations with Heine, 243; buys the copyright of Heine's works, 326; Heine's letters to him respecting his illness, 336, 338; applies to him for money, 351: fresh money differences with Heine, 414
Canning, hopeless prospects of obtaining office, i. 272; as Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Prime Minister, 273; state of Parliament during his premiership, 274
Carlists, his aversion to the, ii. 85; their doings in France, *ib.*; their relations to the Republicans, 93
Castlereagh, Lord, unpopularity of, i. 270; Byron's verses on, 271; his death, *ib.*
Catholicism, its predominance in France, ii. 289
Censorship, the trials of, ii. 144, 190; the miseries it inflicted on Heine, 193, 194
Cholera, ravages of the, in Paris, ii. 94, 409
Chopin, his talents, ii. 41
Christiani, Rudolf, makes Heine's acquaintance, i. 232
Christianity, i. 368; ii. 139
Clausthal, Heine's account of a visit to the mines in, i. 218
Cobbett, Heine's opinion of, i. 279
Comedy in Germany, his letters on, i. 102
Communism, vague forebodings of the future of, ii. 269, 272; compared with German nationality, 361; Heine's detestation for, 360; its alliance with Atheism, 360
'Confessions,' the, extracts from, i. 85, 86, 189, 361; ii. 4, 13, 162, 227, 235, 258, 369, 371, 390
Constitutional government, disapproval of, i. 293; of France, ii. 284
Cotta, Baron, his prosperity as a publisher, i. 308; engages Heine's services, 309; contrasted with Campe, 309; Heine's relations with, 309
'Critique of the Pure Reason,' i. 433
Cuxhaven, his poems suggested by a storm at, i. 169

EUR

'DAILY NEWS,' on the life of German students, i. 89
'Daily Telegraph,' extract from, on the absence of play-element in Germany, i. 257–260
Delaroche's picture, 'Cromwell and Charles I.,' criticisms on, ii. 20
Denmark, Heine's prediction of the future of, ii. 359
'Deutsche Revue,' ii. 179; Menzel tries to suppress it, 180; Menzel's intrigues against its contributors, 183; and the consequences, 184; its suppression, 184
Dieffenbach, i. 65
'Don Quixote,' Heine's perusal of, i. 20; its effect upon him, 22
Düsseldorf, Heine's birthplace, i. 4; approves its occupation by the French, 5; result of the constitution of French government in, 8; his memories of, 30
Drachenfels, festival on the, i. 63
Dreyschock, the pianist, ii. 38

EASTERN QUESTION, the, state of the public mind in France respecting, ii. 265, 266
Education under French rule, plan of, i. 14
Eisenach, notable occurrences in, i. 401
Eliezer, Joshua Ben Siras Ben, the thoughts of his time in respect of the Bible, ii. 368
Enfantin, Barthélemy Prosper, a leader of the Saint Simonian doctrines, ii. 132; the effect of his preaching on the society, 135; imprisoned for publishing unlawful doctrines, 136; his end, 136; humorous allusion to, 142
England, Heine's first impressions of, i. 265, 292; ignorance of its people on religious topics, 286; criminal law in Heine's time, 295; his bitterness against, 297; in Shakespeare's time, 301; parallel between the Romans and the people of, 303; verses on its prejudices against France, ii. 3
'English Fragments,' extracts from, i. 255
Englishmen, colonising qualities of, i. 194
'Europe Littéraire,' its publication, ii. 151; and failure, 153; reason of this, 154

FELIX, RACHEL, compared with Mendelssohn, ii. 64
Fichte, one of the founders of the Berlin University, i. 81; an accusation of Atheism brought against him, 82; criticism on, 423; his philosophy compared with that of Kant, 434; his dismissal from Jena, 436–437; compared with Schelling, 437
'Florentine Nights,' extracts from, i. 297; ii. 6
'Forest Loneliness,' description of the poem, ii. 406
Fould, Achille, banker, i. 3; ii. 330
Fould, Benoit, banker, ii. 330
Fouqué, Baron de la Motte, his kindness to Heine, i. 94; opinion of his 'Undine,' i. 412; his genius, 413
France, establishment of its government in the Duchy of Berg, i. 8; its privileges, 8; patriotism in, 382; its Romantic school compared with the German, 415; his words of warning to, 443; its people, ii. 7; and language, 8; domestic virtues of its women, 12; principal artists of, 18; deterioration of art in, 26; politics in 1832, 66: character of its people, 70; prejudices against, 71; state of affairs in 1830, 72; its passion for war, 76; and tendency to a republic, 80; impressions of its provinces, 104; the French Romantic school, 147–150; moral aspect of, 218–223; notices of his visit to the South of, 241; a pension granted to Heine by, 248; state of the country in 1840, 265; political affairs from 1841–1843, 271–287; on the eve of the election of 1842, 275; its results, 276; effect of the death of the Duke of Orleans on, 278; considerations on the character and adaptability of the French people, 280–282; constitutional government of, 284; the intensity of spiritual faith in, 288
Frankfort, Heine's dislike to, i. 45
Frankfort, Bund of, 1835, the edict of, ii. 174; his protest addressed to, 188, 190
Frederick I., founder of the Berlin Academy, i. 80
Frederick William IV., his policy, ii. 301; his encouragement of German art and literature, 302; censorship under, 303
Freiligrath, his abilities as a poet, ii. 305; his poem, the 'Moorish King,' 308
'Freischütz,' the, criticism on, i. 99
'French Affairs,' extracts from, ii. 76; effect of its publication on Germany, 107; suppression of the Preface to, 111
Friedlander, i. 114

GANS, EDWARD, i. 84; as president of the Society of Jewish Culture and Science, 116; his arguments on Judaism, 118; introduces Heine into the Judaic Society, 118; on his conduct regarding the Jewish movement, 130; his abilities, 131; becomes a Christian, 131; as a champion of spiritual and political freedom, 182; his baptism, 183
Gautier, Théophile, his sketch of Heine's outward appearance, ii. 166; and just before his death, 416; remarks on the latter event, 423
Geldean, Dr. von, i. 4
Geldern, Betty, Heine's mother, her marriage, i. 4; her character, 11; her fondness for her children, 12
Gentz, aids in suppressing Heine's political correspondence, ii. 108; on his political ideas, 109
German refugees in Paris, their social habits, ii. 113; Heine's quarrel with them, 114; their behaviour towards him during his illness, 388
Germans, North, literary development of, i. 366
Germany, state of principalities after the occupation by the French, i. 7; the doings of the German princes, *ib.*; literature in, 66; compared to that of other countries, 78; the restriction of poets in, 79; description of the students in, 89; letters on the degradation of comedy in, 102; social habits in, 107; want of the humorous element, 256; dulness of the comic papers in, 257; total absence of play element, 257–260; reflections on literary history in, 364, 365; its political condition, 381; patriotism in, 382; spiritual liberty and Protestantism in, 383; its Romantic school compared with the French, 415; religious revolution in, 424; progress of philosophy in, 428; posthumous collections with respect to, 461; social habits of German refugees in Paris, ii. 113; dreams of a new religion in, 172; state of its religious affairs, 172; excessive drunkenness

in, 220; ingratitude to its authors, 244; representatives of nationality in, 361; Heine's dislike to the people, 383
Geständnisse, extract from, ii. 156
Ghetto, the, Heine's residence in, i. 45
Goethe, his interview with Heine, i. 201, 204; comparison between them, 202; impulsiveness of his nature, 203, 204; compared with Schiller, 386; his merits, 391; his personal appearance, 392; defends Heine's French sympathies, ii. 69; his reason for not writing tragedy, 381
Goldsmidt, Betty, i. 52
Göttingen, description of, i. 207
— University of, i. 69; its success, 71; reason of its decay, 71; state of its philosophical department, 72
Grand Chaumière, the, an account of a visit to, ii. 13
'Grenadiers,' the, i. 59; set as a song by Max Kreuzer, 60
Grimm, Jacob, i. 307
Grimm, Wilhelm, i. 307
Grisi, Carlotta, ii. 45
Gruby, Dr., ii. 386
Gubitz, Professor, publisher of Heine's first poems, i. 93
Guizot, as minister of France, ii. 266; his peace policy, 272; Heine's sketch of him as a politician, 283; his system of corruption, 285; Revolution of 1848 ascribed to his policy, 344
Gutzkow, a leader of the 'Young Germany' band, ii. 177; his literary pursuits, 178; his imprisonment for the publication of 'Wally,' 184, 185; on the ingratitude of the Germans to Heine, 244
Gymnasium of Düsseldorf, i. 44

HAMBURG, description of, i. 46; Heine's commercial pursuits at, 50; his dislike for, 235; incident of civilisation in, 353; contrasted with Paris, ii. 17; its appearance after the fire of 1842, 325
'Hamburg Watchman,' i. 53
Harz mountains, his travels through, i. 199; and volume of prose on his tour amongst the, 206
'Harzreise,' the, extracts from, i. 207; characteristics of, 215
Hegel, elected to the professorial chair in Berlin University, i. 83; its effect upon the Prussian capital, 83; his acquaintance with Heine, 86
Hegelian Philosophy, its influence on Heine, i. 83–85; its origin, ii. 367
'Heimkehr,' the, i. 168
Heindeshagen, Heine's private tutor, i. 66
Heine, Amalie, Heine's cousin, Heine falls in love with her, i. 54; their relations, 54; her marriage, 55; Heine's lines on the love affair, 55; Heine's opinion of her in later years, 56
Heine, Carl, Heine's cousin, i. 52
Heine, Gustave, Heine's brother, i. 11; his career, 162
Heine, Heinrich, uncertainty as to the date of his birth, i. 1; his birthplace, 5; his French sympathies, 6; child-days at Düsseldorf, 12; poem addressed to his sister, 13; his religion and school-days, 14; his education at home, 16; his similarity to Byron in his younger days, 17; his excessive sensibility, 19; his perusal of 'Don Quixote,' 20; and comparison of himself to him, 22; books that he read in his boyhood, 24; his distaste for music, 24; and dancing, 25; his taste for drawing, 25; extracts from 'The Book Le Grand' concerning his 'Youthful Memories,' 27–40; his residence in the Ghetto, 45; his dislike to commercial life, 46; gloomy prospects for the future, 46; at Hamburg, 50; his commercial pursuits there, 51; his first poems, 53; falls in love with his cousin and is rejected, 54; his lines on the love affair, 55; evil consequences of his attachment, 56: its influence on his future life, 57; his uncle resolves to send him to the University, 58; his return to Düsseldorf, 58; his deep affection for his mother, 60; is sent to the Bonn University, 60; his essay on the 'Ends of Academical Study,' 64; his early propensity to humour and satire, 64; his fellow students at Bonn, 64, 65; his course of study, 66; leaves the University of Bonn, 69; and enters the Göttingen University, 69; breaks his resolution to study law, 74; takes part in a duelling affair and is rusticated, 75; goes to Berlin University, 76; its influence upon the development of his genius, 77, 80; on German literature, 78; influence of Hegelian philosophy upon him, 83; his account of his inter-

course with Hegel, 86; his professors and fellow students at Berlin University, 87; his dislike to German students, 88; his duel and victory, 90; his cordiality for the Varnhagens, 92; publication of his first volume of poems, 93; friendly interest taken in them, 94, 95; proof of his power of self-control, 98; his relations with the Jews, 118; joins the Jewish Society, 118; his connection with it, 133; thoughts of changing his religion, 134; entertains a project of going to Paris, 134; his chief literary influences, 137; the style of his poems, 140; his account of his unfortunate attachment with his cousin, 142; supposed real story of the affair, 147; his conception of the passion of love, 148; his lack of chivalry, 152; failure of two of his tragedies, 153; at Lüneburg, 160; effect of his poems on his family, 161; occupies himself in educating his family, 162; his dream of an hexameter with five feet, 162; his exile from the literary world, 163; changes his future projects, 163; troubled with nervous headaches, 164; conduct of his relatives towards him, 164; at Cuxhaven, 164; disagreement with his uncle about his allowance, 164, 165; his want of prudence in dealing with his uncle, 165; his offensive letters to him, 167; his horror of revisiting Hamburg, 168; his first acquaintance with the sea, 169; his account of a violent storm, and poems suggested by it, 169; resolves to complete his juridical studies, 170, 171; and write no more poetry, 171; his state of mind during his stay at Lüneburg, 172; returns to Göttingen University, 172; his studiousness there, 175; celebrity of his poems among all classes, 174; his regularity of life at Göttingen, 176; fears about final examination, 177; passes, and becomes doctor of law, 178; changes his profession of *faith*, 179; reflections on his baptism, 179; reasons for his conversion, 180; his baptism thought a mistake, 181; the necessity for his becoming a Christian, 182; regrets his having been baptised, 184, 185; progress of his literary activity, 194; unfounded anecdote of him, 194; his stay in Berlin, 195; commencement of the 'Rabbi von Bucharach,' 196; reasons for not finishing it, 197; his tour through the Harz mountains and Thuringia, 199; various literary projects, 199; letter to Moser on the results of his journey, 201; his interview with Goethe, 201; comparsion between them, 203, 204; publishes his first volume of prose on his Harz journey, 206; his visit to the statue of the Venus de Medici, 210, 211; his tendency to dreams and legal nightmares, 213; fondness for practical jokes, 214; his humour and wit directed against the Goslar citizen, 215; verses on peasant interior, 219; his own description of his sensations on a moonlight night, 224; his weird fancies, 225–227; no sportsman, 231; how he spent his time in Nonderney, 232; his return to Lüneburg, 232; his dislike for Hamburg, 234–236; family unpleasantnesses, 237, 238; his literary friends in Hamburg, 238; prices paid him for his works, 240; continued disputes with his publisher, 241; his letters on his second visit to Nonderney, 242; publishes the second volume of the 'Reisebilder,' 248; his qualities in wit and humour, 256; effect of his abilities as a humorist on the German people, 260; his opinions of wit, 262; his reasons for visiting England, 264; his impression there, 265, 292; political period during his stay, 269–276; his residence in London, 276; story of a letter of credit he received from his uncle, 277; attends the debates in Parliament, 277; his opinions of the leading statesmen of his day, 278–283; on the opposition parties, 283; his whimsical tirade on the Tories coming into power, 286; picture of the external aspects of London, 287–291; complains of expense of life in England, 291; at the theatres, 292; the impression of his visit to London, 292; his bitterness against England, 297; his parallel between the English and Romans, 303; visits Ramsgate, 304; leaves England and returns to Hamburg, 305; publishes the 'Buch der Lieder,' 305; unfounded report of a serious attachment with Theresa Pache, 306; stops at Lüneburg and sees his father for the last time, 306; at

Munich, 308; Cotta engages his services, 309; his comments on Munich as a 'New Athens,' 310; his conversation with a Berlin Philistine, 311; anecdote regarding his humour in the society of ladies, 312; outline of his stay at Munich, 312; his comfort there, 312; his literary work at Munich, 313; his desire for a professorship, 314; Italian travels, 314; account of his journey in Italy, 319; stay at the baths of Lucca and humoristic tea with Lady Woolen, 322; feels the want of knowledge of the Italian language, 324; at Florence, 325; a singular case of presentiment, 325; death of his father, 326; progress of his literary work, 326; publishes the third volume of the 'Reisebilder,' 327; peculiarity of his Italian sketches, 329; his political tendencies, 331; his fray with Platen, 334–5; at Hamburg, 336; interests himself in Lewald, 340; his occupation at Wandsbeck, 341; his letters to Varnhagen on his position at Hamburg, 340; at Heligoland, 342; his state of mind before and after the 'Three days of July,' 342–347; his conversation with a Dutch fisherman, 346; letters describing the enthusiasm evoked by the French Revolution, 349–352; publishes a supplement to the 'Reisebilder,' 354; cause and description of his exodus from Germany, 359–361; as literary historian, 364; extracts from his essays on the Romantic School, 367–417; state of the social and political world in his time, 418; the sentiment pervading his poetry, 419; on German philosophy and mythology, 423; his talent for condensing abstract things, 423; on the importance of German philosophy, 440; his words of warning to France, 443; his want of sympathy with Chivalry, 445; extracts from his mythological essay, 445–458; his opinions about Germany and its people, 458; his nationality and character of the Germans, 460, 461; description of his entry into Paris, ii. 4; his impressions of the city, 5; and his first acquaintance with Paris, 14; enters society there, 15; his friends in Paris, 16; mingling of politics in his art-criticisms, 19; his criticism on French pictures of

1843, 27; as a musical critic, 30; on the strange vagaries of the English public, 32; on musical instruments, 36; contributes to the 'Allgemeine Theater-Révue,' 38; his intimacy with Rossini and Meyerbeer, 48; interests himself in French politics, 66: contributes to the 'Allgemeine Zeitung,' 66; his reasons, 67; reasons for modifying his political articles, 68; summary of his letters on the policy of England at this time, 88, 89; on the affairs of France, 91; stays in Paris during the cholera, 95; his visit to Normandy, 104; important epoch during his political career, 105; effect on the Germans of his political correspondence. 107; its suppression, 108; publishes his political essays. with a preface on the German government, 110; his quarrel with the German refugees in Paris, 114; causes which led to his quarrel with Börne, 116; their early acquaintances, 118; his regard for him, 119; remarks on Börne's character, 124; his relations with the different political parties, 127; his great interest in the Saint Simonian scheme, 137; examples of its doctrines in his writings, 137–140; as French author, 143; his desire to be an interpreter of French thought in Germany, 143; the immoral tone of his writings at this time, 144; consequences, 145; devotes himself to spread a knowledge of German literature and philosophy in France, 147; his success as French author, 150; contributes to the 'Europe Littéraire,' 151; the clearness of his philosophic disquisitions, 160; effect of his revelations on the French people, 162; his intellectual faculties at this time, 162; accusation against him of acting as an unpatriotic German, 163; on the superiority of German thought over French, 164; the ringleader of the school of 'Young Germany,' 169; suppression of his works, 184; his dreams of social progress, 187; his political convictions, 188; the attacks on his reputation, 195; his indifference to them, 197; his friends during these aggressions, 199; his weariness and disbelief in human striving, 199, 200; the vexations brought upon him by the Germans, 201; his acts of

generosity, 202; his social life in Paris, 204; his literary friends there, 207; his habits in society, 209; knowledge of the French language, 210; intimacy with Rothschild, and stories concerning him, 211; his straitened circumstances, 215; and income, 216; his personal habits, 217; appreciation of female beauty, 225; moral character, 226, 227; first attachment to Mathilde Mirat, 229; and supposed union with her, 231; reasons for his not marrying a woman of his own standing, 232; his enjoyment of married life, 236; misfortunes regarding money matters, 237; its effect on his health, 237; his distress of mind, and letter to Moser to borrow money, 238; his family refuse to help him, 243, 244; pensioned by the French Government, 245; reasons for not accepting employment in France, 247; literary pursuits at this time, 249; his 'Memoirs,' 250; failure of his periodical projects, 252; effect of these struggles on his faculties, 253; is affected with a malady of the eyes, 253; imprudence of his publication of his book on Börne, 255; his duel with Straus, 256; marriage in a Roman Catholic church, 257; consequent reports about his conversion to Catholicism, 258; seriousness of his malady of the eyes, 259; again contributes to the 'Allgemeine Zeitung,' 261; his letters on political affairs in France from 1841–1843, 271–287; ceases to write on French politics, 288; great change in his opinions, 292; his poem 'Atta Troll,' 294; satirical poems consequent on his depressed state of mind, 321; visits Hamburg, 323; his monetary arrangements with Campe, 326; serious illness of his mother, 326; death of his uncle and the terms of his will, 328; behaviour of his cousin towards him, 329; his dislike for commercial people, 329; quarrels with his family, 330; attack of paralysis brought on by, 331; calumniations against him, 331; settlement of the dispute, 331; his protracted illness, 334; at Montmorency, 336; and Barèges, 337: ascribes his illness to his family, 339; his will, 339; interview with his cousin and its injurious effect on his mind, 340, 341; deterioration of his health, 350; his last letter, 352; removes to Paris, 353; effect of his illness on his literary pursuits, 353; his decreasing interest in politics, 354, 356; his scepticism, 355; his inconsistent views on politics, 356, 357; his verses on his past career, 357, 358; his theological views, 362; letters respecting his conversion from atheism, 364–372; his humorous dealing with serious subjects, 372; blasphemy in his poems, 375: instructions for his funeral, 376; fearful sufferings, 384; contemplates suicide, 385; his occupation during his illness, 387, 388; desertion of his visitors, 390; reflections on his health, 390; proofs of his affection for his wife, 394–396; domestic incidents, 398; keeps his mother in ignorance of his illness, 402; his patience, 403: literary writings during his illness, 404; changes his apartments, 409; fondness for children, 412; alterations in his appearance, 413; his literature in the last year of his life, 415; his strange regard for an unknown lady a few months before his death, 417; his letters, 418; and verses to her, 419; verses to his wife, 420; his death, 421; funeral, 422; defects of his spiritual life, 424; his verses on the Sphinx-like mystery of human life, 426

Heine, Heymann, Heine's grandfather, i. 2

Heine, Isaac, Heine's uncle, i. 3

Heine, Karl, Heine's cousin, his ingratitude towards Heine, ii. 329; his interview with Heine, and stipulations regarding his uncle's pension, 340

Heine, Maximilian, Heine's brother, i. 11; his unfounded anecdote of Heine, 194; an anecdote regarding Heine while in London, 277; letter from Heine about his state of health, ii. 353

Heine, Samson, Heine's father, his marriage, i. 4; his character, 10

Heine, Solomon, Heine's uncle, i. 3; his want of appreciation of Heine's genius, 51; domestic jealousies at his house, 52; his wealth, 53; his annual allowance to Heine, 164; his relations with Heine, 166; his generous disposition, 166; behaves unjustly to Heine, 237; his illness, ii. 327; death, 328; terms of his will, 329

HEI

'Heinrich Heine über Ludwig Börne,' publication of, ii. 255
'Heinrich von Ofterdingen,' i. 401
Heligoland, visit to, i. 342
Hellenist and Nazarene, distinction between, ii. 126
Helmstädt, University of, i. 70
Herwegh, conduct of Frederick William IV. towards, ii. 303; his intercourse with Heine, 304; Heine's opinion of him as a poet, 305
'Hirtenknabe,' the, extracts from, i. 216
'Historien,' description of the poem, ii. 405
Hoffman, compared with Novalis, i. 400
Hohenhausen, Elisa von, Heine's friendship with, i. 95; sketch of the company which assembled at her house, 96
Holy Alliance, the, i. 270
Hugo, Professor, Heine's opinion of, i. 179
'Huguenots,' the, its success, ii. 48, 55
Humboldt, Wilhelm von, i. 81

IMMERMANN, his acquaintance with Heine, i. 195
Immortality of the Soul, Heine's belief in the, ii. 371
'Intermezzo,' the, a narration of his unfortunate attachment, i. 142; extracts from, 142
Isle, the, legend of, i. 222; verses on, 223
Israelitish Free School in Berlin, the first, i. 112
Italy, Heine's account of his journey in, i. 319; his sketch of its poverty, 321; on the beauty of the women of, 328; peculiarity of his sketches on, 329: the class of music in, 329

JACOBSON, ISRAEL, a leader of the Jewish Reform party, i. 115
Jesuits, the, ii. 289
Jewish Society, his interest in, i. 122; his relations with, 132; its object, 132, 133; its members, 133
Jews, the, national wealth of, i. 3; their treatment by the Germans, 9; persecution of, 111; their social movements, 112; reform of, 113; the leaders of the Reform party, 114; organization of a Society of Culture and Science, 116; its results, 116, 117; on the reformation and emancipation of, 120, 121; his interest in the Society, 122; reform looked upon with disfavour by the State, 122; proof of the determination of the Government to put the movement down, 123; Heine's reflections, 186–192; new persecution of, 353; his defence of them, ii. 371
Josephine, her acquaintance with Heine, ii. 225
'Journal of the Institute,' i. 117
Judaism, arguments on, i. 119
'Junge Leiden,' Heine's first volume of poems, i. 93; extracts from, 138

KANT, IMMANUEL, sketch of his philosophy, i. 429; compared with Fichte, 434
Kilian, the tailor, i. 33
'Kirtenknabe,' the, i. 211
Koslowski, Prince, his acquaintance with Heine, i. 245
Kreuzer, Max, i. 60

LAFAYETTE, his acquaintance with Heine, ii. 15; his mistaken policy, 73; confidence of the French people in, 74; his public and private life, 81
Lamarque, General, his funeral, ii. 99, 100
Landsmanns-chaften, the, i. 62
Lassalle, Ferdinand, Heine's letter of recommendation to Varnhagen, ii. 320; his character, 332; his intimacy with Heine, 333: interest in Heine's domestic affairs, 324; his end, 334
'Last Poems and Thoughts,' extracts from letters in, ii. 394
Laube, a leader of the 'Young Germany' band, ii. 177; is introduced into Paris society by Heine, 205; on Mathilde Mirat's ignorance of Heine's abilities, 234; on Heine's married life, 234; his visit to Heine, 341
'Lazarus,' blasphemy in the poems in, ii. 376
Legitimists, the, ii. 290
'Le Grand,' the French drummer, i. 6, 16
Le Grand, M., his mode of instructing Heine in the French language, i. 16
Lehmann, Joseph, his friendship with Heine, i. 130
Leipzig, battle of, i. 43
Lessing, Gotthold Ephraim, his influ-

ence on Heine, i. 103; Heine on his literary abilities, 375; his influence on the development of German liberty of thought, 428
'Letitia,' letters, extract from, ii. 360
Letters from Heine to Campe, ii. 191, 194, 230, 242, 254, 256, 338, 350; to Fouqué, i. 94; to Maximilian Heine, ii. 240, 253; to Solomon Heine, i. 167; to Karl Immermann, ii. 154; to Laube, 188, 201, 230, 254; to Lewald, 229, 236, 257; to Meissner, 345; to Merckel, i. 242, 276; to Mathilde Mirat, ii. 324, 394, 396; to Moser, i. 122, 161, 169, 173, 182, 183, 200; to *Mouche*, ii. 418–420; to Varnhagen, i. 264, 340; ii. 17, 203, 204, 320, 331
Levin, Rahel, i. 90; her interest in Heine, 92
Lewald, August, on Heine's abilities, i. 337; and his delicate constitution, 339; Heine's humorous comment on a present sent to, ii. 239
Lewald, Fanny, her account of an interview with Heine, ii. 346; on his returned visit to her, 348; her description of Heine's personal appearance, 348: again visits Heine, 382
Liberals, German, his detestation for, ii. 112; an account of his bitter feud with, 112; differences with, 115, 116
Limburg Chronicle, ii. 391
Lind, Jenny, Heine on her reception in London and her reputation as a singer, ii. 32
Liszt, his talents, ii. 39; compared with Thalberg, 41; another description of his genius, 42
Literature in Germany, state of, i. 77, 78; reflections on, 365
London, its drunkenness compared with that of Paris, ii. 219; picture of the external aspects of, i. 287–291
Lorelei ballads, i. 249
Lottchen, a favourite of University students, i. 174; her admiration of Heine's genius, 175
Louis XV., regard of the French people for, ii. 71
Louis Philippe, his intrigues to become King of France, ii. 73; on his character, 76; unfounded story respecting, 90; anecdotes of, 91; characteristics of his reign, 92; his strange conduct at a review in Paris, 103
Louvre, the, i. 380
Love, human conceptions of, i. 149; verses on ideal, 149; Plato's distinction between spiritual and sensual, 151
Lucca, the baths of, i. 322
Lüneburg, stay at, i. 161
Luther, his merits as the protector of religious freedom, i. 425; and as the founder of the German language, 427
Lycée, the, i. 14

MACHINERY, social effects of its introduction, i. 420
Markus, Ludwig, Heine's memorial sketch of, i. 128; in Paris, 129; his end, 130
Masque Ball, his description of a, i. 105
Massmann, satirised in Heine's 'Atta Troll,' ii. 301, 312
Matignon, Avenue, Heine's residence in Paris, ii. 409
Maurer, the publisher of the 'Gesellschafter,' i. 94
Meissner, Heine's letter to, regarding the revolution of 1848, ii. 345; an incident in Heine's life narrated by, 349; record of their conversations on politics, 355; on Heine's suffering in 1849, 379; on Heine's affection for his wife, 393; his sketch of the interior of Heine's household, 398; account of Heine's strange conduct towards an unknown lady a few weeks before his death, 417; his story of Heine's death, 422
'Memoirs,' Heine's composition of, ii. 250
Mendelssohn, Moses, the leader of the Jewish Reform party, i. 112
— Felix, his 'Paul,' ii. 62, 63; compared with Rachel Felix, 64; his 'Songs without Words, *ib.*
Menzel, Wolfgang, his desire to suppress the writers of 'Young Germany,' ii. 180; his personal appearance, *ib.*; his praise of Heine's works, *ib.*; his character as an editor, 181; his intrigues against the contributors to the 'Deutsche Revue,' 183; accuses Heine of being the leader of the 'Young Germany' party, 186; Heine's pamphlet on his cowardice, 192
Merckel, Heine's letters to, i. 242
Metaphysics, reflections on the study of, i. 439
Metternich, policy with regard to Heine's political writings, ii. 108
Meyerbeer, Heine's appreciation of his genius, ii. 52; compared with Ros-

MIC

sini, 49; success of his opera 'Robert le Diable,' 54; the 'Huguenots,' 55; his generosity towards Heine, 331
Michelet, a defender of the cause of liberty of education, ii. 290
Middle Ages, story of the, ii. 391
'Minnesingers,' the, i. 138
Mirat, Mathilde Crescence, her first attachment to Heine, ii. 229; supposed union with him, 231; her qualities, 233; personal appearance, 234; her religious habits, 235; Heine's humorous comment on a table-cover knitted by her, 239; her unartificial nature, 240; Heine's affection for her, as shown in his letters, 323; appreciation of her during his illness, 392; reasons for her not writing to Heine, 395; verses to, 421
Montaigne, on the sempiternal charm of Paris, ii. 2
Montmartre, cemetery of, Heine's burial-place, ii. 422
'Morning Greeting,' a, i. 252
Moser, Moses, his character, i. 124; letters on his scientific pursuits, 125; Heine's confidence in, 126; his influence on Heine, 126; Heine's remembrance of, 127; Heine's letter to him concerning his life at Lüneburg, 161; letter from Heine during his last days at Lüneberg, 173; letters from Heine respecting baptism, 182, 183; advises Heine not to complete the 'Rabbi von Bucharach,' 197; Heine's letter to him to borrow money, ii. 238
Mouche, Heine's letters to, 418–420
Munchausen, founder of the Göttingen University, i. 70
Mundit, Theodor, a leader of the 'Young Germany' band, ii. 176; disavows Heine, 199
Munich at the time of Heine's visit, i. 310; comments on its title to a 'New Athens,' 310
Murat, Joachim, i. 9
Music, criticisms on, ii. 30; on the talents of great musical artists, 39; on the value of proficiency of execution in, 44; reflections on the fame of grandees, 44; sketches of the genius of composers, 46; deterioration of, 65
'Musical Season of 1841,' extract from, ii. 34
Mythology, Heine's essays on, i. 445–458

PFI

NAPOLEON, Emperor, Heine's admiration for, i. 17; description of his entry into Düsseldorf, 34; impression on seeing him for the first time, 40; his doings in Germany, 42; general uprising against, 43; overthrow of, 43
Nazarene and Hellenist, distinction between, ii. 126
Neunzig, Joseph, i. 12
'Nibelungen-Lied,' Heine's opinion of the, i. 67
'Night on the Drachenfels,' a poem, i. 63
'Nixen,' the, a poem, i. 447
Nonderney, sketch of the isle of, i. 227; general reflections on people and society in, i. 228–230
Normandy, visit to, ii. 104
'North Sea' poems, explanation of, i. 250; extracts from, 252
Novalis, compared with Hoffman, i. 400; description of his novel, 401

ORLEANS, DUKE OF, son of Louis Philippe, effect on France of his death, ii. 273

PACHE, THERESA, unfounded report of a serious attachment with Heine, i. 306
Pantheism, Heine endeavours to show its existence in Germany, i. 448; not opposed to French Materialism, ii. 141; ideas on, 161
Paris, its charms, ii. 1; Montaigne on its grandeur, 2; verses on, 2; Heine's entry into, 6; first impression 6; hasty conclusion regarding the ladies of, 9; description of, 12; his visit to the Grand Chaumière, 13; contrasted with Hamburg, 17; cholera breaks out in, 94; description and ravages of the pestilence, 96; his account of a review in, 102; German refugees in, 113; moral aspect of, 218–223; feminine beauty in, 223; Heine's house in, 379; cholera outbreak in 1854, 409; Heine's residence in the Avenue Matignon, 409
Paul, Jean, as a novelist, i. 157; characterisation of, 409; compared with Sterne, 410
Périer, Casimir, Heine's account of his funeral, ii. 97; summary of his character and government, 98
Pfiser, Gustav, his insults to Heine, ii. 197

Piano, the, Heine's opinion of, ii. 36
Pictures, French, in 1843, his criticism on, ii. 27
'Pilgrimage to Kevlaar,' extract from, i. 156
Platen, Graf, his fray with Heine, i. 334
Poetry, of the Middle Ages, i. 367; Romantic and classic, 371; deterioration of, 422
'Political Annals,' editor of, i. 313
Polish students, their treatment at Berlin, i. 109
Politics, of France in 1832, ii. 66; his interest in German, 358
Popert, Mathe Eva, i. 2
Portland, a horrible scene at, ii. 219
Press in Germany, state of the, i. 77
Protestantism, its relation with spiritual liberty in Germany, i. 385
Prussia, Russia's sympathy with, i. 109; its people, 109; Heine's aversion to, 109; Paganism in, 110; observations on, 459
Pyrenees, description of the, ii. 337

QUINET, ii. 290

'RABBI VON BACHARACH,' i. 196
Ramsgate, visit to, i. 304
'Ratcliff,' a tragedy, i. 153
Rathskeller, verses on his visit to, i. 245
Raupach, Dr., ii 24
Rehabilitation of the Flesh, doctrine of, ii. 176
'Reisebilder,' the, extract from, respecting his perusal of 'Don Quixote,' i. 20; publication of the first volume, 241; of the second volume, and its reception by the public, 248; extracts from, 250; humour and wit in the prose portions, 256; author's opinion of its reception, 262; publication of, 330; publication of a supplement to the third volume, 327; extracts from, 351
Religion, State, criticism on, i. 355; in Germany, essays on, 423
Renaissance, preference for the style of the, ii. 273
Republicanism, opinions of the French papers on, ii. 78; his aversion to, 85
Revolution, French, of 1789, Heine's sympathy for, i. 17; its effect on him, 341; enthusiasm evoked by that of 1830, 349–352; effect produced in Europe, i. 358; ii. 72; its effect on France, 120; remarks on, 120; that of 1848, 344; his feelings on, 348
Revolution, German, Heine's prophecy of, i. 441, 444
'Revue des Deux Mondes,' ii. 153, 154
Robert's picture, 'Harvesters of the Campagna,' ii. 20
Robert, Frederika, her beauty, i. 95
Robert, Ludwig, his attempts to write tragedy, i. 95; letter from Heine to, 172
'Robert Le Diable,' ii. 54
Rodrigues, Olinde, ii. 135
Roman-Catholicism, definition of, i. 368
'Romancers,' extract from the preface to, ii. 364; extract from the postscript to, 390; unpardonable blasphemy in, 407; extract from, 408
Romans, parallel between the English and the, i. 303
Romantic School, Heine's essays on the, i. 367; comparison between the French and German, 415; result of its movement, 418; the French, ii. 147–150
Rossini, anecdote of, ii. 48; compared with Meyerbeer, 49; Heine's preference to him over Meyerbeer, 60; his 'Stabat Mater,' 61
Rothschild, Baron James de, his desire for Heine's society, ii. 211; story about his portrait, 211; on his character, 212

SAINT SIMON, Claude Henri de, ii. 129
Saint Simonians, philosophy of the, i. 448; influence of their doctrines on Heine, ii. 128; statement of them, 131; the career of their society, 134, 135; their society accused of being unlawful and imprisonment of its leaders, 136; Heine's great interest in their scheme, 137; example of the doctrines in his writings, 137–140; its hold on his mind, 139; his humorous allusions to, 141
'Salon,' the, difficulties in publishing, ii. 191
Sand, Georges, ii. 209
Sartorius, Professor, i. 73
Scepticism, Heine's humour of, ii. 376
Schallmeyer, Rector, i. 15
Schelling, his influence on the Romantic School, i. 399; his philosophy compared with that of Fichte 437

SCH

Schiff, Hermann, Heine's cousin, i. 88; on Heine's personal appearance, 97
Schiller, Friedrich, compared with Goethe, i. 386
Schlegel, August Wilhelm von, i. 68; as a writer of the Romantic School, 378; compared with his brother, 393; his literary activity, 395; its result, 398
Schlegel, Friedrich, as a writer of the Romantic School, i. 378; compared with his brother, 393; his character, 395
Schleiermacher, on his abilities as a preacher, i. 81; one of the founders of Berlin University, 81
Schleswig-Holstein Question, ii. 359
Schlözer, his abilities, i. 71
Schmalz, one of the founders of Berlin University, i. 81
Scott, Sir Walter, popularity of his novels in Germany, i. 104
'Sea Vision,' a, i. 253
Shakespeare, William, on his benefits to England, i. 300; extracts from his 'Maids and Women,' 302
Shelley, on the deficiencies of a mechanical age, i. 421
Shücking, Léon, on Heine's change of appearance during his illness, ii. 342
Siebengebirge, the, procession by torchlight to, i. 62
Simrock, a fellow-student of Heine at Bonn, i. 65
Sivori, the violinist, ii. 37, 38
Smith, Sydney, on social evils, i. 295
Society of Jewish Culture and Science, its organisation, i. 116; publication of the programme of and its consequences, 116, 117; its failure, 124
Society in modern times, i. 171
Solms, princess, i. 245
'Songs without Words,' ii. 64
Sophia, Mademoiselle, i. 403
'Sorrowful One,' the, i. 139
Soult, Marshal, as Président du Conseil, ii. 267
Spontini, Ritter, director of the Opera House of Berlin, i. 99; humorous sketch of him in the Louvre, ii. 47
'Stabat Mater,' the, ii. 61
Staël, Madame de, account of her 'De l'Allemagne,' ii. 165; its origin, 156
Stahr, Adolph, account of his interviews with Heine, ii. 382; his report of the change in him, 410
State religion, criticism on, i. 355
Steinmane, his letter from Heine, i. 74

VAR

Sterne, Laurence, compared with Jean Paul, i. 410
Stieglitz, Charlotte, suicide of, ii. 178
Stockmar, Baron, on the fall of the government of Louis Philippe, ii. 344; on Guizot's policy, 345
Straus, Solomon, his duel with Heine, ii. 256
Straus, Madame, her attacks on Heine, ii. 256, 257
Suabian school, ii. 196; its hatred of Heine, 197

'TENDENCY POETS,' school of, ii. 301; list of, 303; criticism on, 304; Heine's relations with, 304
Teutonic fable, Heine's partiality for, i. 446
Thalberg, compared with Liszt, ii. 41
Theodor, Karl, i. 5
Theology, his views on, ii. 362
Thiers, M., his intellectual qualities, ii. 80; his ministry, 261; Heine's appreciation of, 263
'The Boy's Magic Horn,' its effect in Germany, i. 405
'Three days of July,' the, i. 347
Thuringia, his tour through, i. 199
Tieck, Ludwig, his abilities as a poet, i. 379
'Touching the Informer,' publication of, ii. 192; extracts from, 192
'Traumbilder,' the, i. 140
'Twilight of the Gods,' extract from, i. 154
Tyrolese, his characterisation of, i. 315

UHLAND, Ludwig, effect of his poetry on Heine, i. 413–415
Ultramontanes, their conflict with the University of Paris, ii. 290
Universities of Germany, state of the, i. 70
University of Paris, their conflict with the Ultramontanes, ii. 290

VARNHAGEN, von Ense, salon of, i. 90; his abilities, 90; result of the publication of his journals, 91; his marriage, 91; his hospitality towards Heine, 92; Heine's cordiality for and letters to, 92; 'Atta Troll' dedicated to him, ii. 320; letter from Heine to, respecting his depressed state of mind, 331

Varnhagen, Rahel von, ii. 129; her death, 203
Venedey, Jacob, his behaviour to Heine, ii. 298; Heine's differences with, 299; satirised in 'Atta Troll,' 300; its effect on him, 300
Venus de Medici, statue of, his visit to, i. 210
Vernet, Horace, characteristic notice of, ii. 28; his story about Rothschild's portrait, 211
Verona, sketch of the people of, i. 321
Vilhelm, Jan, of Pfalz, i. 4
Violin, Heine's opinion of the, ii. 37
'Voice of the Mountain,' the, i 140
Voss, Johann Heinrich, i. 386

WAGNER, Richard, ii. 49; reception of his early works, 205; and Heine's assistance to him, 206
Wandsbeck, his visit to, i. 341
Warsaw, the fall of, ii. 22
Wartburg Castle, humorous episode on a visit to the armoury at, i. 205
'Waterloo,' essay on, ii. 356, 357
Weber, the popularity of the 'Freischütz,' i. 99
Wellington, Duke of, Heine's antipathy to, i. 280
Wienbarg, Ludolf, his description of Heine's apartments, i. 336; his literary career, ii. 173; his idea of creating new forms of art, 174; and of a cosmopolitan form of literature, 175; his remarkable description of poetry, 175; his Saint Simonian doctrines, 176; expelled from Frankfort, 185
Wilhelm, Elector Jan, statue of, i. 31
'Wintermährchen,' the, extracts from, ii. 324; their publication, 327
'Winter's Tale,' preface to, ii. 164
Wit, Heine's opinions of, i. 262
Wolf, Friedrich August, i. 81
Wolf, Immanuel, i. 127
Woolen, Lady, Heine's account of a humoristic tea with her, i. 322

YOUNG GERMANY, school of, its leaders, ii. 169; their chief objects, 169; aversion of the Germans towards, 171; suppression of, 173; Menzel's attacks upon its writers, 180–183; its results, 184; Heine's commendation of its writers, 186; issue of a declaration allowing them to continue writing, 190

ZUNG, his character, i. 124

LONDON: PRINTED BY
SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE
AND PARLIAMENT STREET

00023308

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 18 July, 2018